

modern screen

BING'S GARY:
dad has his
hands full

S ROCK HUDSON
AFRAID OF
MARRIAGE?



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CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
AUG 16 1954

No wonder so many women are changing to Camay!

THERE'S
COLD CREAM

NOW IN
CAMAY



"The most wonderful thing
that ever happened
to complexion care!"

Mrs. Robert Steller, an exquisite new
Camay Bride says, "New Camay with
cold cream is so luxurious! I love it!
It's the only beauty soap for me!"



NEW LUXURY AT NO EXTRA COST!

Women everywhere tell us they love the added
elegance of cold cream in Camay—the *only* leading
beauty soap with this precious ingredient.

TRY IT YOURSELF! Whether your skin is dry
or oily, new Camay with cold cream will leave it
feeling exquisitely cleansed, marvelously
refreshed. And, of course, you still get everything you've
always loved about Camay—that skin-pampering
mildness, silken-soft Camay lather and exquisite

Camay fragrance. Try exciting new Camay tonight.
There's no finer soap for your beauty *and* your bath!

Now more than ever...

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

JUL 15 1954

Now—brush away tooth decay after eating sweets!

**New Ipana with WD-9 blocks formation of tooth-decay acids for hours.
So always use it after eating...as your dentist recommends.**



Almost everybody eats some sweets—a particularly satisfying source of quick energy.

But after eating sweets, you should cut down the risk of cavities . . . with new Ipana Tooth Paste. Here's why.

Many foods team up with mouth bacteria and their enzymes to form tooth-decay acids. But WD-9 in new Ipana blocks formation of these acids for hours—because it is an active-enzyme and bacteria destroyer.

For best results, use new Ipana regularly after eating (the way most dentists recommend) **BEFORE** decay acids can do their damage. In a 2-year clinical test with hundreds of people who ate their normal amount of sweets, brushing this way prevented new cavities for most people.

So remember, while *no* dentifrice can stop all cavities—you *can* protect teeth from sweet foods by brushing this way with Ipana.



New minty flavor encourages children to brush teeth. No strong, medicinal taste in new Ipana with WD-9. And it makes your mouth so fresh and clean that even *one* brushing can stop most unpleasant mouth odor all day long.



PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

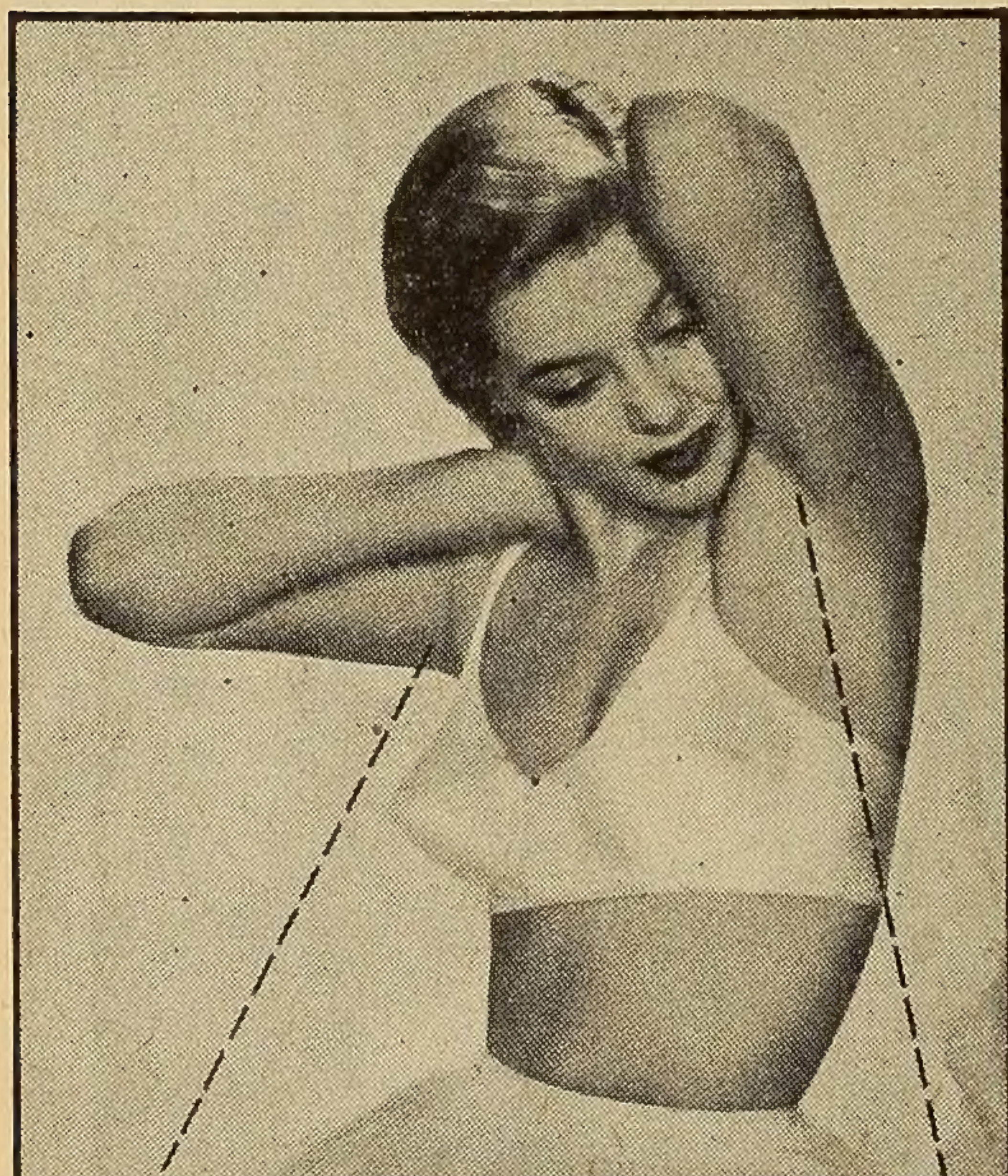
New IPANA® with WD-9

protects your teeth after sweets

NEW! DOCTOR'S DEODORANT DISCOVERY*

**SAFELY STOPS ODOR
24 HOURS A DAY!**

*New Mum with M-3
won't irritate normal skin
or damage fabrics*



Proved in underarm comparison tests made by a doctor. Deodorant *without* M-3, tested under one arm, stopped perspiration odor only a few hours. New Mum *with* M-3, tested under other arm, stopped odor a full 24 hours.

1. *Exclusive deodorant based originally on doctor's discovery, now contains long-lasting M-3 (Hexachlorophene).
2. Stops odor all day long because invisible M-3 *clings* to your skin—*keeps on* destroying odor bacteria a full 24 hours.
3. Non-irritating to normal skin. Use it daily. *Only* leading deodorant containing no strong chemical astringents—will not block pores.
4. Won't rot or discolor fabrics—certified by American Institute of Laundering.
5. Delicate new fragrance. Creamier texture—new Mum won't dry out in the jar.
6. Gentle, safe, dependable—*ideal* for sanitary napkins, too. Get new Mum today.

NEW MUM®

cream deodorant
with long-
lasting M-3
(HEXACHLOROPHENE)



AUGUST, 1954

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

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* On the cover: Color portrait of Ann Blyth by MGM

Miss Blyth's fur by Teitelbaum. See page 71 for other photographers' credits.

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IN THE OMINOUS SHADOW OF THE SPHINX...

*A desperate search for the lost
treasures of the Pharaohs!
A forbidden love that burns
like the desert sands! A fabulous
adventure that comes to its
climax in the jeweled
tombs of the Pyramids!*

M-G-M

*actually filmed it in
the valley of the Nile amid
the wonders of the ages...*
in magnificent

COLOR!

VALLEY OF THE KINGS

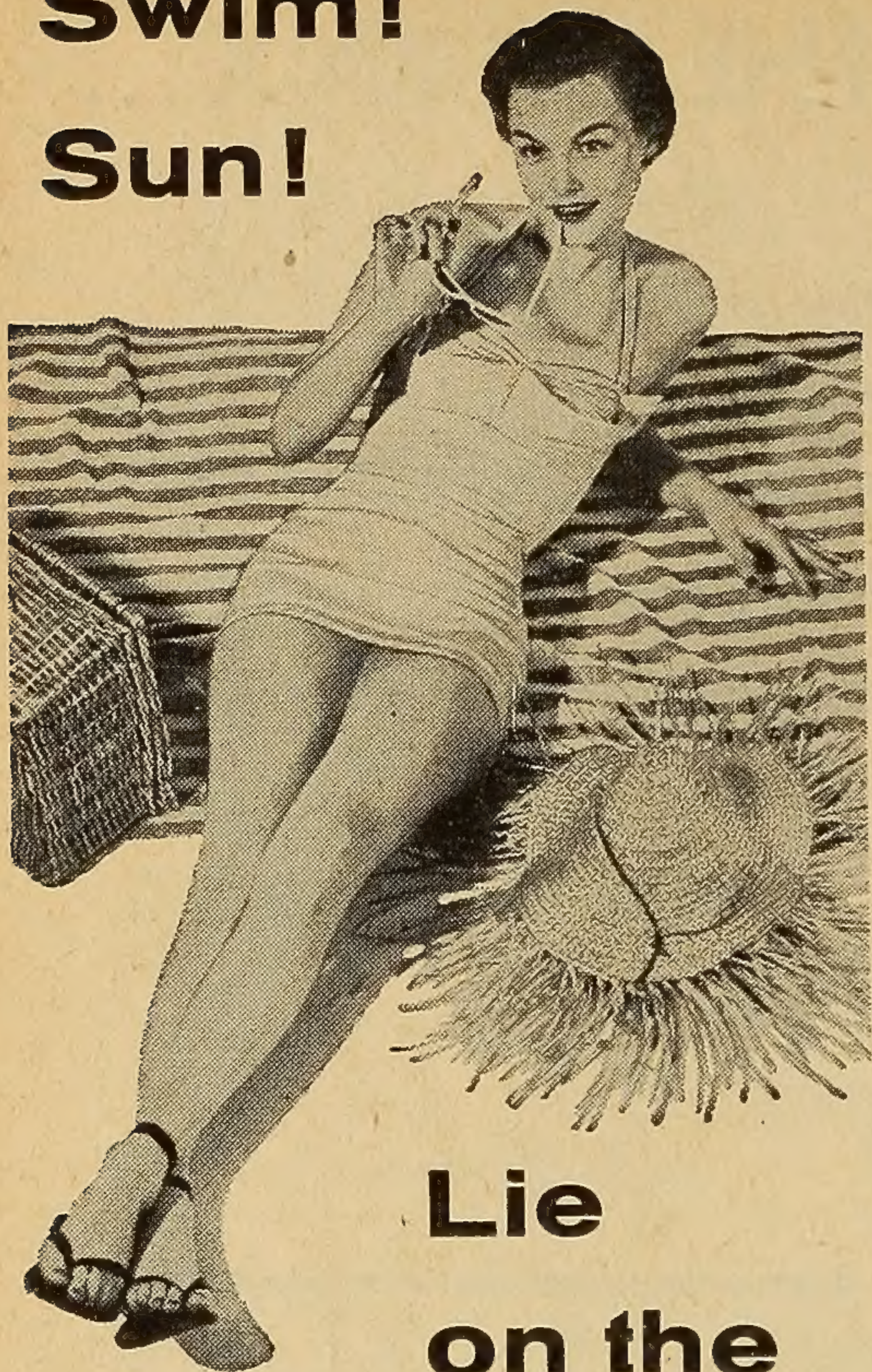
Starring

ROBERT TAYLOR · ELEANOR PARKER · CARLOS THOMPSON

With **KURT KASZNAR · VICTOR JORY** and **SAMIA GAMAL**

Written by **ROBERT PIROSH** and **KARL TUNBERG** • Suggested by Historical Data in
"Gods, Graves and Scholars" by C. W. Ceram • Photographed in **EASTMAN COLOR** • **TECHNICOLOR**

**Swim!
Sun!**



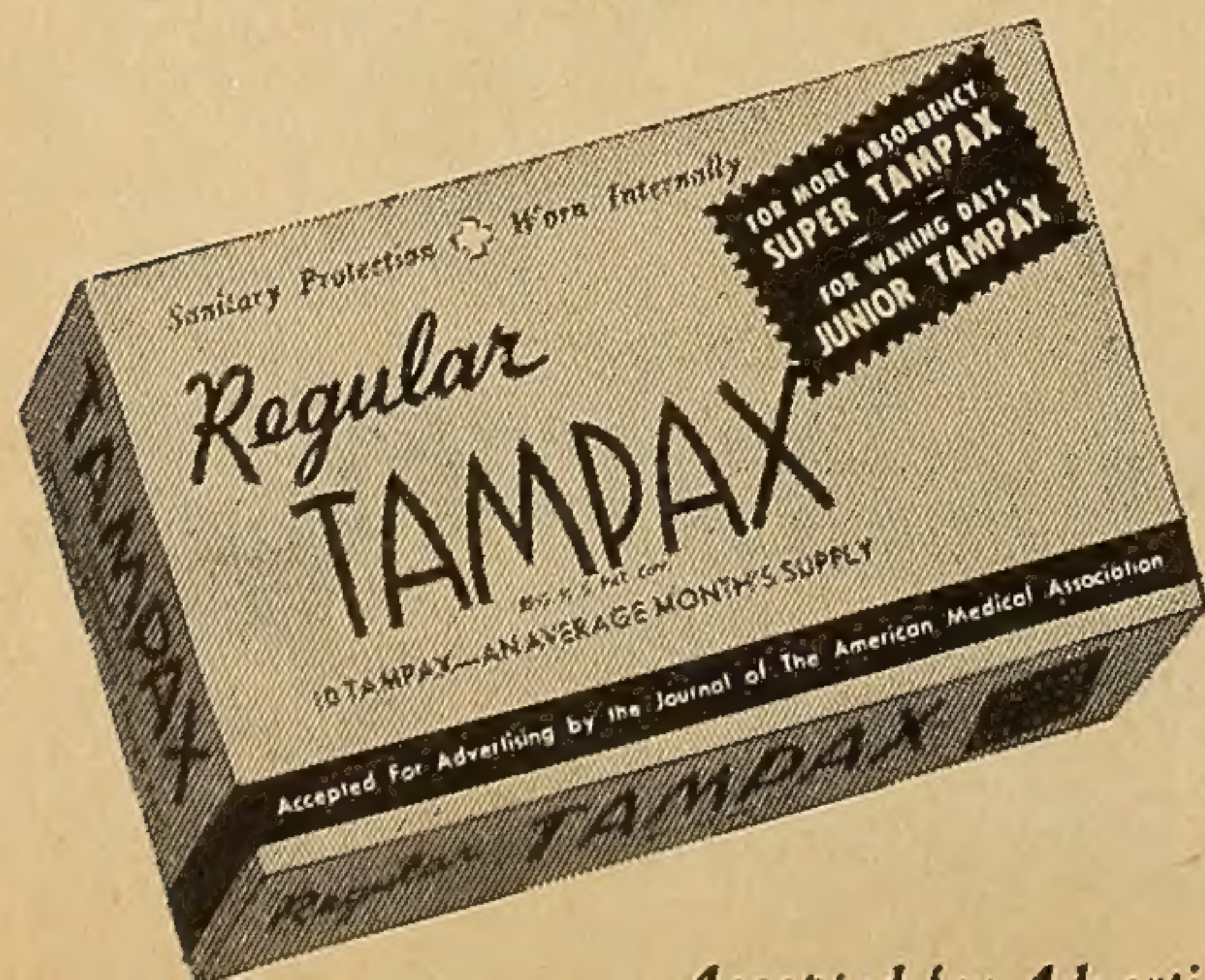
**Lie
on the
beach!**

Tampax won't "show" on "those days"

Tampax and bathing suits were made for each other! You can scarcely think of a bulky external pad in connection with today's sleek suits, but Tampax is different. It's *internal* sanitary protection — is actually invisible, once it's in place.

Tampax and sun-bathing were made for each other! The hotter it gets, the more need for Tampax. For this modern sanitary protection actually *prevents odor from forming!* And you'll surely be delighted to learn that Tampax never chafes or irritates. The wearer doesn't even feel it!

Tampax and beaches were made for each other! Yes! you can even go swimming while wearing Tampax. Think what that means during vacation days. You don't even need to worry about taking along extra protection. A whole month's supply of Tampax can be slipped into the purse. Then, too, (and this is important!) Tampax is very easy to dispose of. Get a package *this month!* At drug or notion counters. 3 absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



THE INSIDE STORY

Want the real truth? Write to **INSIDE STORY**, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. Why is it that Frank Sinatra cannot get the lead in *Pal Joey* at Columbia? He wants it badly and he's a natural. —B.T., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A. During the making of *From Here To Eternity* Sinatra directed a few harsh words toward Harry Cohn, chief of Columbia Pictures. Mr. Cohn has a long memory.

Q. Didn't Rhonda Fleming reconcile with her husband because Jeff Chandler said he wasn't interested in marriage? —T.E., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

A. No, that wasn't the reason. Miss Fleming decided to give her marriage one more chance.

Q. Before she married Freddie Karger, Jane Wyman went with Travis Kleefeld, a boy ten years her junior. What has happened to Kleefeld? —J.Y., DALLAS, TEX.

A. He has become a crooner under the name of Tony Travis.

Q. Did Rita Hayworth really have to pay off her first husband, Eddie Judson, in order to get a divorce? —S.L., MACON, GA.

A. There was a financial settlement in which Mr. Judson received a considerable amount of money.

Q. I understand that Don Taylor and Teresa Wright walked out of their respective marriages because they were attracted to each other. True or false? —H.G., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. False. They met after their respective separations, and there is still a possibility that the Taylors will reconcile.

Q. Hasn't Eddie Fisher been secretly dating Donald O'Connor's ex-wife, Gwen? —G.Y., GREAT NECK, N. Y.

A. It's no secret.

Q. Does Terry Moore really give the Mormon Church one-tenth of her earnings? What is her salary? —J.K., LOUISVILLE, KY.

A. True. She earns \$750 a week.

Q. Is Simone Silva, the girl who disrobed in front of Bob Mitchum at the Cannes Festival, really British? —T.P., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Q. Is the Dale Robertson-Mary Murphy romance on the level or another publicity gag? —D.M., MIDVALE, VA.

A. On the level.

Q. A year or so ago Colleen Townsend left the movies for religion. What's happened to her since? —F.L., MIAMI, FLA.

A. She's in Scotland with her husband, a divinity student. She hopes to make a picture soon with Evangelist Billy Graham.

Q. Does Clark Gable have any men friends? I understand all his close friends are women. —G.E., EVANSTON, ILL.

A. Two of Gable's closest friends are wine dealer Al Menasco and producer Wayne Griffin.

Q. I've read that *Gone With The Wind* will be turned into a musical comedy. When will it be ready for release? —V.D., BOISE, IDA.

A. No definite schedule. Just an idea of David Selznick's.

Q. Isn't Elizabeth Taylor pregnant again? Isn't that why she and Mike Wilding just bought a larger house? —M.T., EAST DETROIT, MICH.

A. Liz plans to have another baby as soon as possible.

Q. Where is the best place to write a movie star, at her home or at her studio? —H.B., HAMILTON, ONT.

A. Studio.

Q. I understand men are afraid to date Shelley Winters. Why is this? —D.E., NEW PHILADELPHIA, OHIO

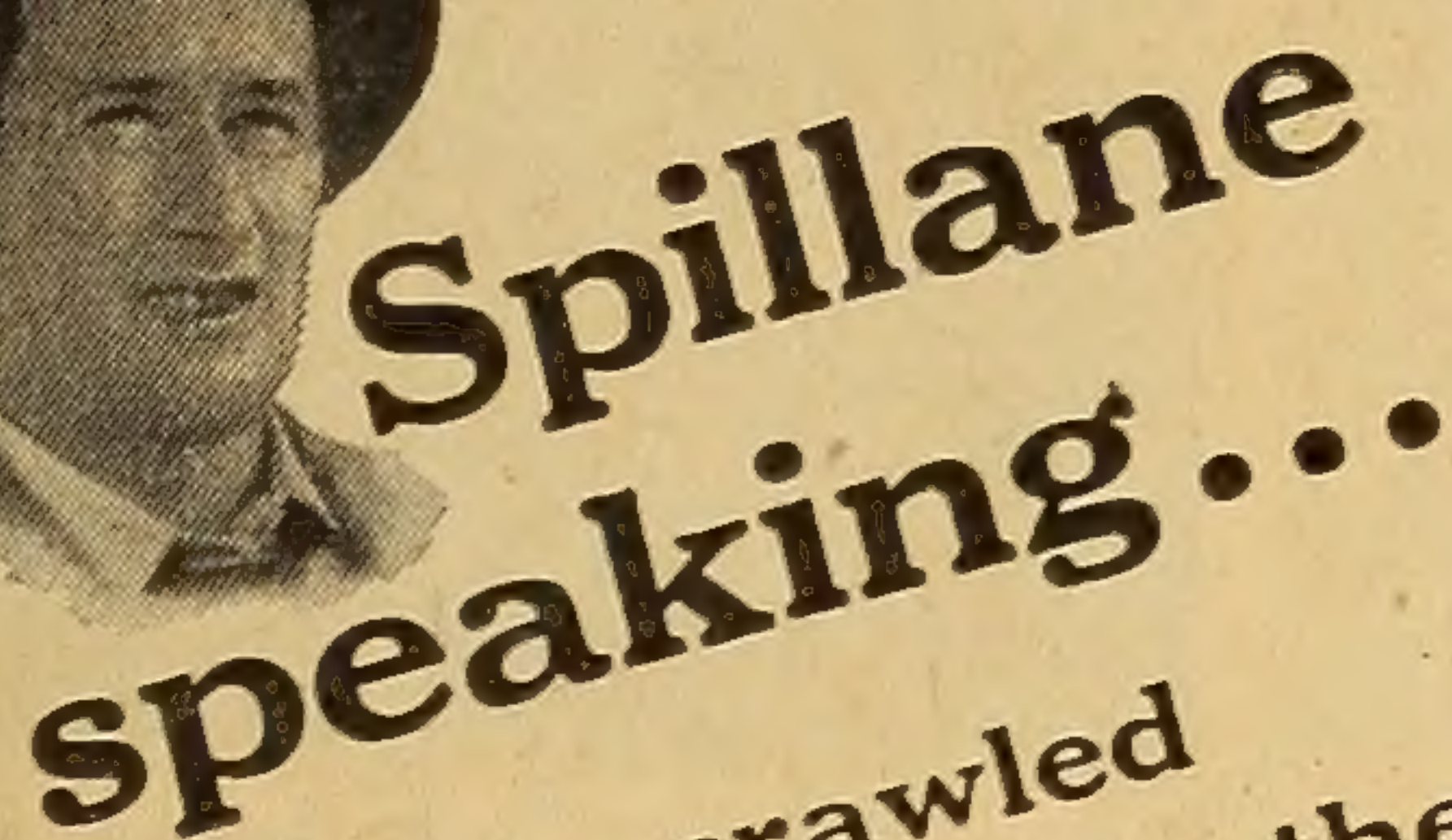
A. Miss Winters is sometimes an autocratic companion.

Q. I've been told that since she got married and got a new contract, Marilyn Monroe has gone high hat. What about it? —R.R., VINELAND, N. J.

A. No doubt Marilyn has changed. She is currently more reserved.

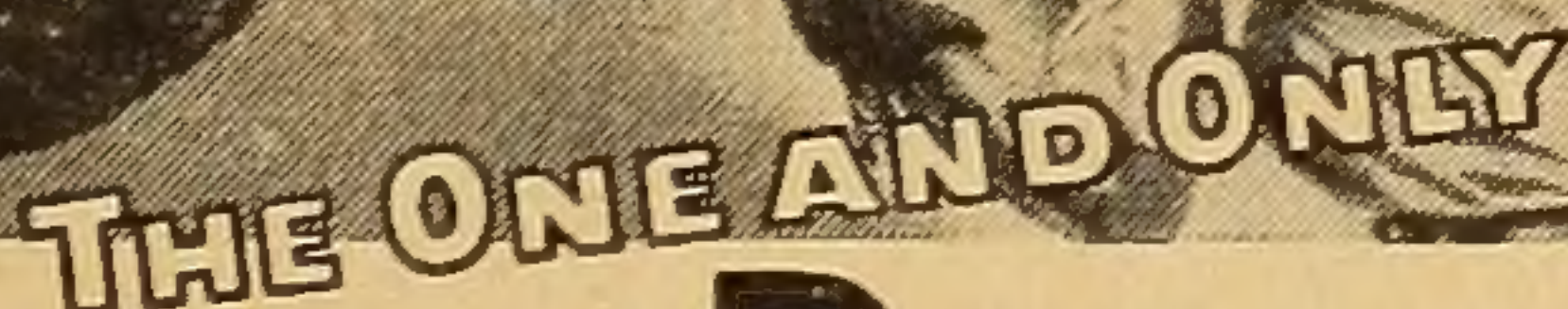
Q. Who is the oldest star in motion pictures? —B.E., MONTREAL

MICKY SPILLANE'S A MOVIE STAR NOW!



speaking

**"My eyes crawled
over the babe in the
too-tight tights, and
then it happened...
The whole circus
suddenly turned into
a shooting gallery
with the performers
as clay pigeons... I
had to catch up fast.
Maybe there would
be a .45 slug
going in one ear and
out the other...!"**



CLYDE BEATTY AND HIS GIGANTIC 3-RING CIRCUS

actually performing death-defying feats against his man-devouring jungle beasts!

MICKEY SPILLANE

bringing you every bullet-and-blondie thrill
in the sensational way he's famous for!

"RING OF FEAR"

WARNER BROS. PRESENT IT IN

WARNER BROS. PRESENT IT IN
CINEMASCOPE

AND WARNERCOLOR

ALSO STARRING

PAT O'BRIEN

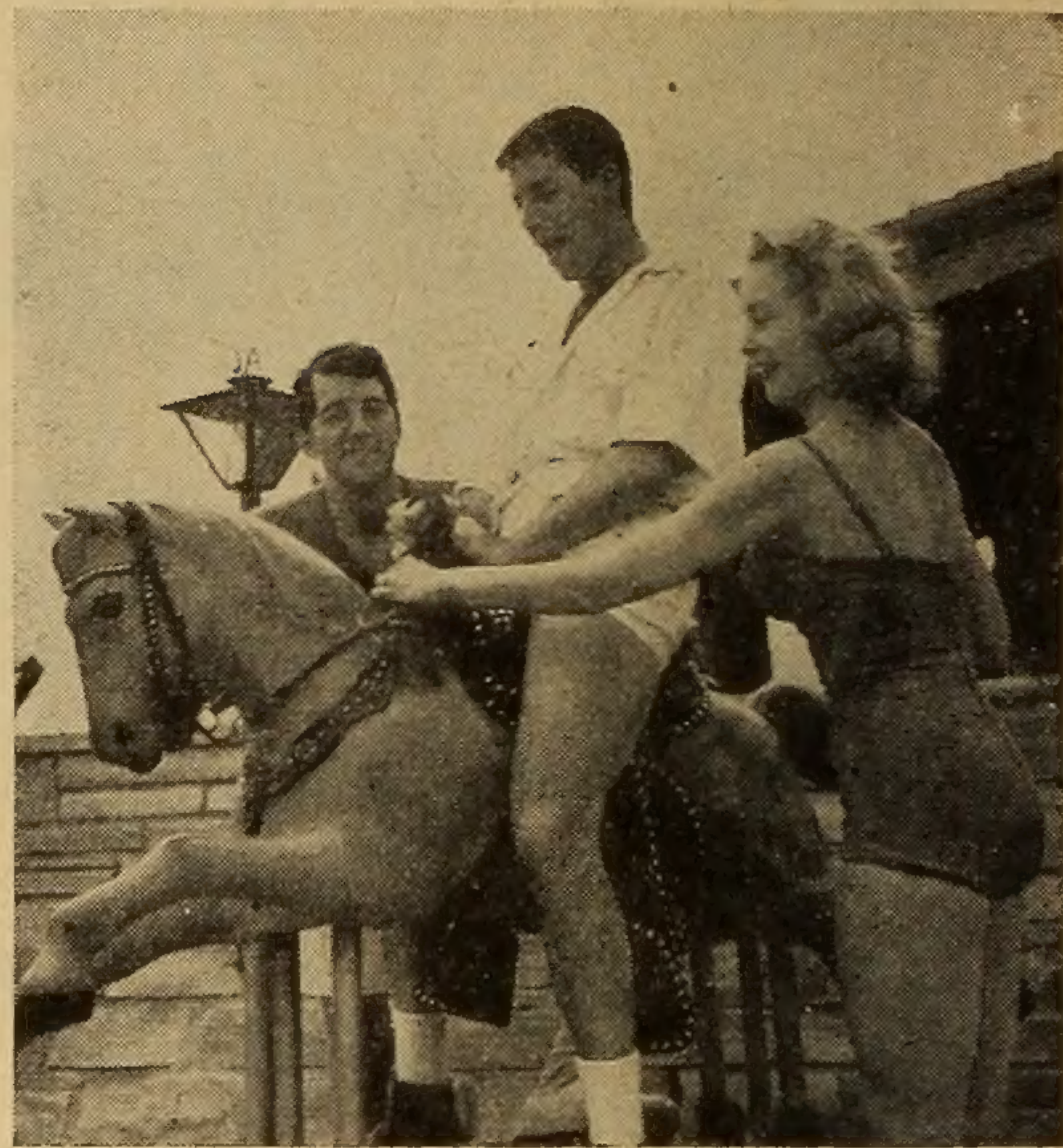
WITH SEAN MCCLORY MARIAN CARR JOHN BROMFIELD WRITTEN BY PAUL FIX PHILIP MACDONALD JAMES EDWARD GRANT PRODUCED BY ROBERT M. FELLOWS A WAYNE FELLOWS PRODUCTION





"I burnt mine!" Jerry wailed, trying unsuccessfully to bite the steak Dean meant for Janet.

LIVING IT UP TO PROMOTE LIVING IT UP



Famous rocking horse jockey Lewis dragged Dean away from the golf course and Janet out of the swimming pool to demonstrate his talent.

THE GALA MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION



Out-Monroe-ing Monroe, Mamie Van Doren came to the première in the lowest-cut gown of the evening, said she cried through the picture.



LOVELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

NEVER IN HIS life has easy-going Alan Ladd been as furious as he is over the front-page charges of the Reno Chamber of Commerce that Alan asked for \$500 cash, hotel and traveling accommodations for eight people and a tape recorder before he would show up in Reno to accept their annual Silver Spur award for *Shane*.

Alan won't say anything, but here is the blow-by-blow account furnished by Alan's press agent, Warren Cowan, who handled the unfortunate arrangements.

"It was a complete misunderstanding," Warren says, "due to the fact, I believe, that all our talks were over the phone. Take the tape recorder thing, first.

"When the Reno committee originally called, they asked if there was anything special they could furnish to make the event

as enjoyable as possible for Alan. They said they wanted all his children, his wife and his secretary to come along.

"I told them that the children had a tape recorder on which they've recorded many important events in Alan's life both here and abroad, and if it was possible to rent one or to loan them one it would please the Ladds and save taking along their own heavy machine.

"Nobody wanted a new tape recorder. The Ladds have one."

Warren went on, "Now about that \$500 cash. This is a complete goof on all sides. When I told them that the Ladds did not like to fly and had refused the offer of a chartered plane, I was asked how many people would be in the party and about how much the train fares might run.

"After checking with the railroad company about fares for only the people already invited by the Reno officials, I told them the amount would run about \$500, round trip. That's how *that* odd amount got in the picture. Believe me, if Alan were charging the regular rates he gets for a personal appearance, it would be many times \$500.

"It never crossed his mind to charge for an appearance in which he was to be honored with an award.

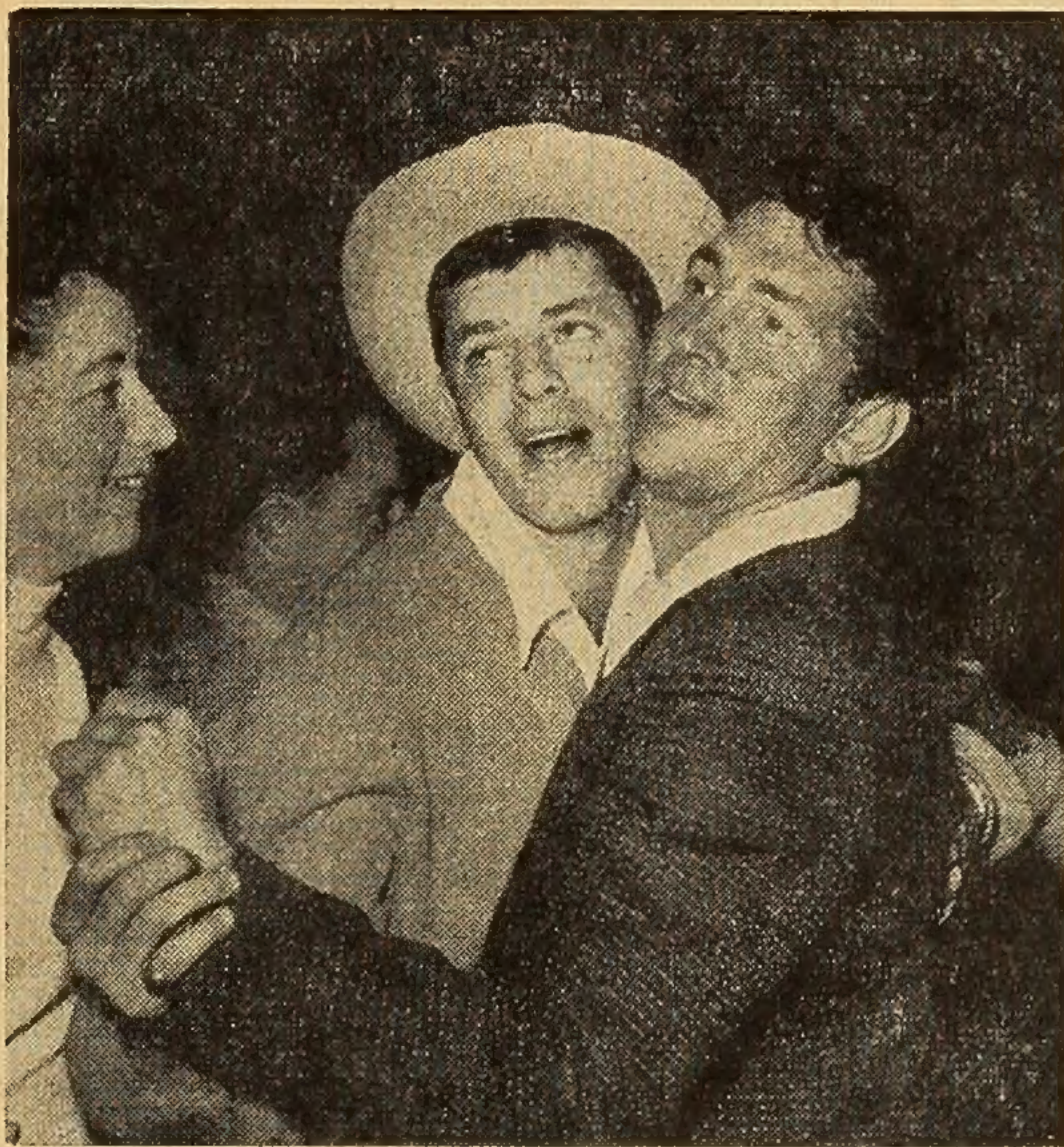
"Believe me, I know Alan in a business way and I can say that there is no more generous man to deal with nor one more fair. He's heartsick about the Silver Spur's award being called off because of misunderstandings."

I privately believe that everything could have been straightened out had the Reno

(THEIR LATEST FILM) DEAN MARTIN AND JERRY LEWIS BUMPED INTO JANET LEIGH AND DECIDED TO PROVE THEY WEREN'T FEUDING.



After which Dean dragged Jerry back to the golf course. "I'm a rider, not a pedestrian!" Jerry said, would play only in a sitting position.



For the benefit of fans and customers the boys demonstrated their undying affection for each other—but some friends say all is not yet rosy.



As usual, Jerry took over the floor show and completely drowned out Janet who was trying to sing "Wanted" for the benefit of Dean.

PREMIERE BROUGHT MANY STARS OUT IN THEIR FINERY—AND MADE A MAJOR STAR OUT OF U-I'S EX-TRUCK DRIVER ROCK HUDSON.



Jane Powell and Pat Nerney arrived together. Both now admit that they may marry soon—and Pat would like an African safari honeymoon!



Still very happy, Lana Turner arrived with Lex Barker. Both hope for an increase in the family soon, have added a room to their home.



Debbie Reynolds arrived with young actor Hugh O'Brian. (Be sure to read the story of Debbie's dating—and non-dating—life on page 38.)

officials "held their horses" instead of giving out with a blast which hit the front pages of the newspapers.

JOAN CRAWFORD called me almost in tears the day a Los Angeles newspaper started a series of stories reputedly based on her life story.

"If the other installments are like this first one," Joan said grimly, "I should be tarred and feathered."

I hadn't read the offending article at this time and I asked what was so awful.

"For one thing, it says that a reporter asked Mrs. Sterling Hayden if she had ever met me. Sterling was my leading man in *Johnny Guitar*, as you know. Mrs. Hayden is quoted as replying:

ford. And if I do I shall slap her face after what she did to Sterling all during the making of the picture."

It's hardly a friendly remark. But I told Joan she shouldn't take it too hard. I know. I've been panned by experts.

"But I'm so puzzled about Sterling," she protested. "We didn't have an unkind word during the making of the picture. With Mercedes McCambridge—that's another matter, one I'd prefer not to discuss. But Mr. Hayden always seemed very friendly.

"After the sneak preview of the picture I sent him a telegram congratulating him on his performance. Later, I sent him another congratulatory wire when I read in your column that he had been cast for a fine role in a new film."

Joan) he gave out an interview in which he stated, "I've had enough of Joan Crawford!"

If it's true that Joan loves a good fight—it appears she's got one brewing with the Sterling Haydens.

I HAVE LIVED at last—finally caught up with Portland Mason, five-year-old "wonder child" of the James Masons—who was the sensation (pro and con) of Kirk Douglas' cocktail party.

"Porty" spoke up and told me that she was in love with Kirk but she thought the party was lousy, principally, I took it, because of the presence of his date, Anne Buydens.

I wasn't close enough to hear what she was saying to Clifton Webb but it must have been something judging from his open-



Emilio of Capri: In summer, to be in style you've got to be in *Playtex* first! Slims and trims like magic.

Top Designers Agree:
Slim summer fashions start
with a Playtex figure!



See how

Playtex®

Fabric Lined

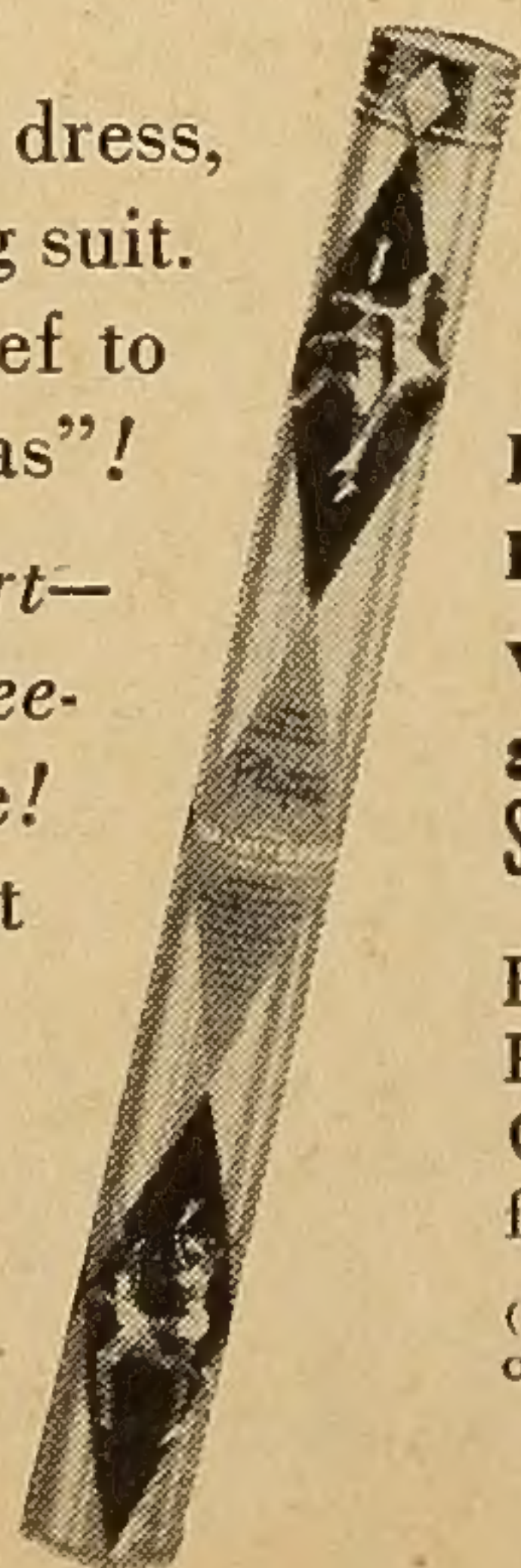
Panty Brief

narrows your silhouette in new freedom . . . widens
your choice of new sun clothes, new fun clothes!

You don't have to be tiny to shine in the briefest sun dress,
lounge in skin-tight slacks, swim in a shape-showing suit.
Not when there's Playtex Fabric Lined Panty Brief to
trim away the inches, slim away those little "extras"!

And Playtex performs its wonders in such *comfort*—
thanks to that cloud-soft fabric lining! In such *free-*
dom, too—since it hasn't a seam, stitch, stay or bone!
Just a smooth latex sheath—*invisible* under the most
figure-hugging fashions.

Wear it from dawning to dancing, wash it in sec-
onds—see how fast it dries! At department stores
and better specialty shops everywhere.



**PLAYTEX...
known every-
where as the
girdle in the
SLIM tube.**

Playtex Fabric Lined
Panty Brief, \$4.95
Other Playtex Girdles
from \$3.50 to \$7.95

(Prices slightly higher
outside U.S.A.)

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Continued

Later Clifton remarked, "I understand this child has been swimming since she was six months old. It's my considered opinion that she should remain under water at all cocktail parties."

THE ACTOR who got the most cheers and caused the most excitement at the opening of the Icecapades was John Agar! Quite a few important stars experienced the surprise of their careers when the autograph kids outside passed them up in favor of Shirley Temple's ex-husband.

John looks absolutely great these days; he's been on the wagon almost a year, and he's very happy with his wife, Loretta.

I'm very glad that Universal-International has signed John to a long term contract. I hope all his bad luck is behind him.

CLOSE-UP of Grace Kelly: She thought the Ray Millands were separated when she made *Dial M For Murder* with Ray and gossip of their romance started. When she found out that she was the cause of the trouble, she dropped him like a hotcake . . . She washes her face in soap and water which probably accounts for her very fresh scrubbed look . . . Men, married or single, fall for her practically on first sight . . . She's a great listener, never interrupts . . . Some women don't like her because they resent her . . . But she has a surprising number of women friends including lovely Rita Gam who is devoted to her . . . She eats out almost all the time, preferring cafe cooking to her own in her small apartment . . . If she doesn't have a date, she'll drop by a small cafe in Beverly Hills with a girl friend and have an early dinner before going home . . . Few fans recognize her in public—but they'll know her by this time next year after her five important pictures with such male stars as Bing Crosby, Bill Holden, Stewart Granger, Clark Gable, Ray Milland and other topnotchers are released . . . When a man is talking to her (even if it's business) she looks directly at him (there's a siren tip, gals. Don't let your attention wander from 'em) . . . At first Bing Crosby didn't want her in *Country Girl*, thought she was too flirtatious and more interested in romances than in work. After three days she had the crooner, like all the other males, eating out of her hand. On the set, she's all business—no *monkey business*. . . . She's the greatest find since Ingrid Bergman, the very first actress ever to have her picture on the covers of three national magazines within one month.

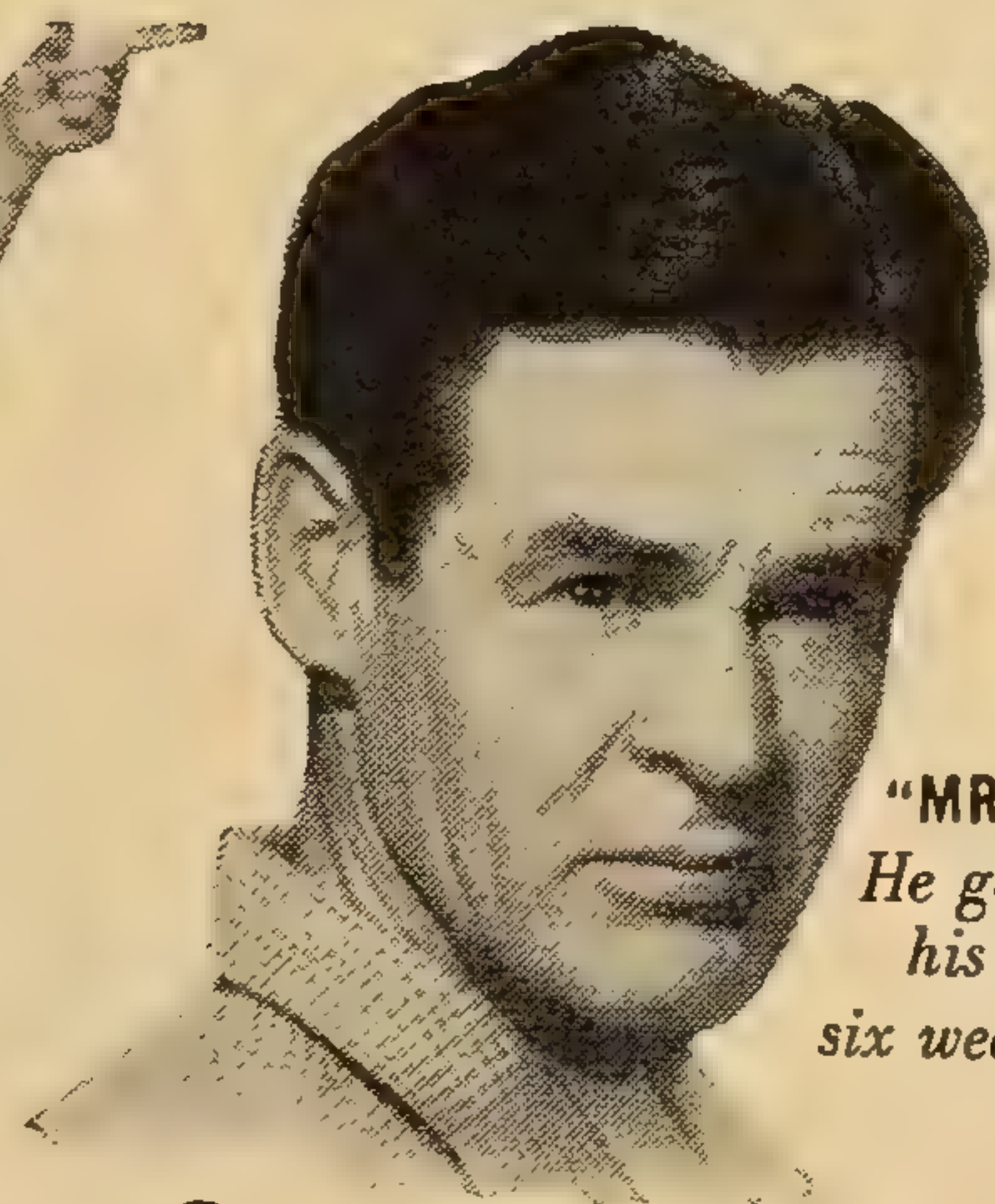


Alan Ladd made hand prints before Gra-

It's about
Mrs. Leslie...and
 the man she never
 quite married!



PIXIE...Only sixteen, but
 she knew there never was
 a Mr. Leslie...and said so!



"MR. LESLIE"...
 He gave her only half
 his name...and
 six weeks of ecstasy!



THE LOVERS...
 Mrs. Leslie's secret
 saved them...from
 their own shame!



SHIRLEY BOOTH
 ROBERT RYAN

in
 HAL WALLIS'
 production

"ABOUT MRS. LESLIE"

Co-starring
 MARJIE MILLAR - ALEX NICOL

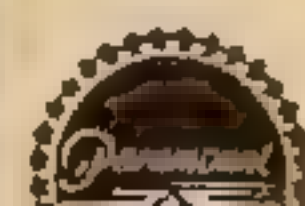
Directed by DANIEL MANN

Screenplay by KETTI FRINGS and HAL KANTER

From the novel by VINA DELMAR

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

SHIRLEY BOOTH TOPS
 HER GREAT ACADEMY AWARD
 TRIUMPH IN "COME BACK,
 LITTLE SHEBA"!





Mrs. Grace Brown of Scarsdale, New York, keeps her hands lovely as a bride's with Jergens Lotion. She says:

**"I use detergents as often as you
...but Jergens Lotion
keeps my hands pretty!"**



Grace does plenty of laundry by hand. Detergents help, but they could ruin her hands. How does she keep them so pretty?



Jergens Lotion! This famous formula has been continuously *improved* for fifty years to help *heal chapped, red hands instantly!*



No other lotion works faster, or penetrates deeper. Lovelier hands at once! Jergens never leaves a sticky film (as many others do).



Contains two softening ingredients doctors have used for years. And Jergens, the world's favorite hand care, *costs you less.*

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Continued

NEVER DID I get an anonymous tip which worked out so well as did the telegram from Jackson Lake, Wyoming, telling me that Robert Taylor and Ursula Thiess would be married aboard a cabin cruiser within the hour.

Usually I don't operate so fast on a tip from an unknown source but this time my newspaper instinct came to the fore. Frankly, I had suspected as much and had stated a week previously that I thought Bob and Ursula would elope.

That they did. And they had the knot tied up in the fishing country which Bob loves so much and where he has spent so many happy vacations.

I believe that these two will be very happy. About six months ago they tested their love by a long separation, but they found they just couldn't live without each other.

For the first time in his life, Bob is a family man. Ursula has two children whom he adores.

MARGE AND GOWER CHAMPION, both scared of elephants, do a dance with twenty elephants in Esther Williams' *Jupiter's Darling*—dancing on their backs, under them, being swept up in their trunks, and everything else conceivable.

"But worst of all," said cute little Marge, "elephants give us hay fever!"

MET HELEN ROSE, the very attractive brunette stylist who dresses all the glamour girls at MGM (including Ava Gardner, Esther Williams, Liz Taylor and Ann Blyth) on the screen and many of them in their private wardrobes.

I asked her how about passing on some fashion hints to our readers—how to look chic on perhaps not too much money—or any other ideas she might have.

"To the girl with the budgeted wardrobe, nothing is a greater boon than the current sweater and skirt outfit. Sweaters are so lovely now for all occasions that a working girl can wear the tailored type to the office and bloom out at night in the most exotic of cock-



Granted a delay and new hearing on his

Your new Lilt home permanent will look, feel and stay like the loveliest naturally curly hair!



Hi... Does *your* wave look as soft and natural as the Lilt girl in our picture? No?

Then think how much *more* beautiful you can be, when you change to Lilt with its

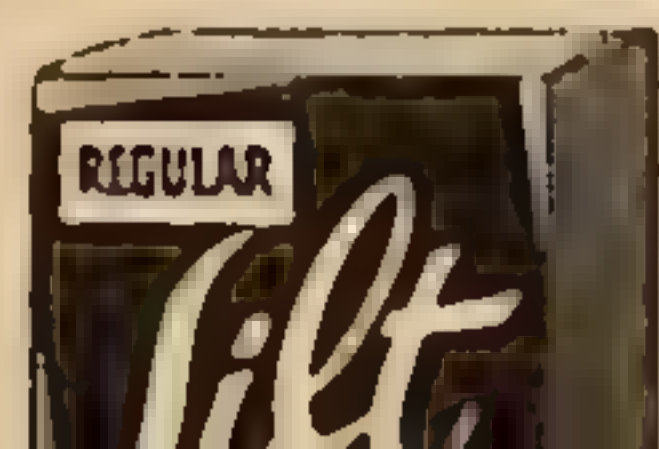
superior ingredients. You'll be admired by men . . . envied by women . . . a softer, more charming *you*. Because your Lilt will *look*, *feel* and *stay* like naturally curly hair.

Watch admiring eyes light up, when you light up your life with a Lilt.

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new **Lilt**

Choose the Lilt especially made for your type of hair!

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plus tax



Somebody
loves
me...



When other girls of her age were out with their boy friends of a Saturday night, Marilyn sat home with Rover. Good, old faithful Rover... he didn't mind the trouble* that put Marilyn in wrong wherever she went.

Even your best friend won't tell you

The insidious thing about *halitosis (unpleasant breath) is that you, yourself, seldom realize you're guilty of it... and even your best friend won't tell you.

You needn't be a wallflower

Why risk offending needlessly? And why trust to lesser precautions that deodorize only momentarily? Why not let Listerine Antiseptic look after your breath with that wonderful germ-killing action? Listerine instantly stops bad breath and keeps it stopped

usually for hours on end... four times better than any tooth paste.

Listerine clinically proved 4 times better than tooth paste

Is it any wonder Listerine Antiseptic in recent clinical tests averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than the chlorophyll products or tooth pastes it was tested against? Make it a habit to always gargle Listerine.

No Tooth Paste Kills Odor Germs Like This... Instantly

Listerine Antiseptic does what no tooth paste does—instantly kills bacteria, by millions—stops bad breath instantly, and usually for hours on end. Bacterial fermentation of proteins which are always present in the mouth is by far the most common cause of bad breath. Research shows that breath stays sweeter longer depending on the degree to which you reduce germs in the mouth.



A Product of The Lambert Company

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Continued

tail or evening sweaters with beads and bows.

"I'm also putting on a one-woman campaign to get my girls to give up, temporarily anyway, that old standby, 'the little black number.' All right, so there is nothing so serviceable. Be different. Try a kelly green chiffon cocktail dress for a change—or a lovely yellow, if it is becoming. I promise—vivid colors will give you an added zing—and men like them.

"Stay away, however, from chartreuse, the most awful color in the world for any woman.

"If a girl can't have too many clothes, then she can vary what she has with interesting changes in costume jewelry. It's never been more beautiful than it is this season—and reasonable, too."

As a parting shot, Miss Rose advises, "Girls, narrow your skirts a bit. If you are still petticoat crazy, and many girls are, use one instead of four."

WHEN I WENT out to Judy Garland's house to tape a radio interview with Miss Star Re-Born, both of her daughters, eight-year-old Liza, and seventeen-months-old Lorna, were very much present.

Liza, with her enormous brown eyes and Audrey Hepburn haircut, sat in on the recording. When her mother missed a cue, Liza said, "You goofed!"

Liza can stand on her head, a feat she performs at the slightest provocation. However, this mature child who talks like a grown-up, says, "Standing on my head hasn't done me much good socially—so far."

Lorna, a little beauty who looks like a great big doll, imitates everything her older sister does. Not quite able to stand on her head, she rolls around clutching her toes with her hands, like a tumbleweed.

It can't be that Judy is as highly nervous as she is cracked up to be. The kids are all over her, literally in her hair, climbing over her shoulders or grabbing piggyback rides. All this, Judy takes in stride.

When I left, Liza accompanied me to the door. She said, hospitably, "Come again. There's always something doing around here." And, I believe her.

YIPES! Shelley Winters' London-made movie, *Million Dollar Baby* will be directed by a woman, Muriel Box!

Duck for the shelters, men!

TALK THAT Mitzi Gaynor and her mother were at swords' points and that Mama



After months of house hunting, Marilyn and

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC STOPS BAD BREATH



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gold bronzing, red velvet, lovely embossing
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IS YOURS**

for selling only 50 boxes of
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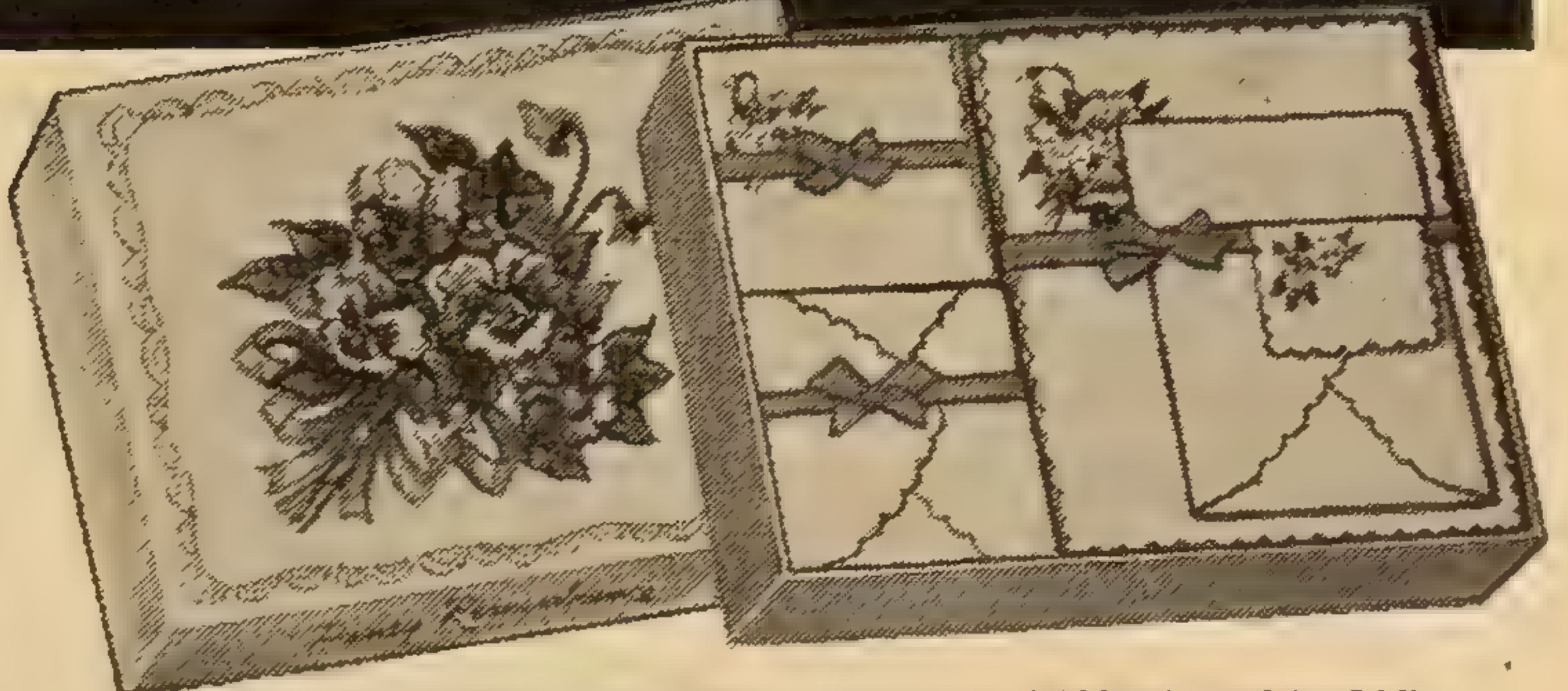
Last year some folks made \$250—\$500—\$1,000
and more this very way. Church groups and organ-
izations can do this, too. No experience necessary.



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GIFT WRAPPING ENSEMBLE**
20 large multi-color 20"x 30" sheets in a
fascinating variety of designs
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**FAVORITE
ALL OCCASION ASSORTMENT**
Exquisite Birthday, Get Well cards
of unusual beauty and design
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Charming Pansy design, dainty scalloped
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had moved out were all over town.

"It's true Mother has taken her own apartment," Mitzi tells me, "but we did not quarrel about Jack Bean (whom Mitzi is engaged to marry (?)) or anything else too important.

"Mother just thought I was old enough to start living my own life. She said she'd been picking up after me for years and it was time she took a rest from both my wardrobe and my emotions."

IT MADE ME very happy to entertain the charming Mrs. William Randolph Hearst on one of the two evenings she spent recently in Beverly Hills. I can't recall a visitor to our town whom more of my star friends were eager to meet. Millicent, in her stunning blue gown and necklace of cabochon sapphires and diamonds was a gracious figure greeting the guests with her two handsome sons, William, Jr., and David, and their beautiful wives by her side.

We had cocktails in the garden and buffet dinner inside later. But the party really began to roll when Jimmy McHugh and Freddie Karger started alternating at the piano.

Judy Garland, who arrived late with Sid Luft, was in fine fettle and gave with encore after encore.

Jane Wyman, in a stunning white taffeta dress, sang "Sunny Side Of The Street," with composer McHugh playing his own tune.

Then Jane—along with June Haver and Fred MacMurray—gave forth with some close harmony that would do credit to the Andrews Sisters. Fred brought along his saxophone.

But I think the singing which surprised everyone the most—and I mean Joan Crawford, Merle Oberon, Lana Turner, Lex Barker and Clifton Webb, among many more—was when Jack Warner, boss of Warners, "invited" himself to sing a number—and he was terrific. After he received rounds and rounds of applause, Jack said, "May cast myself in a musical with Doris Day."

PERSONAL OPINIONS: Hope Doris Day and Frank Sinatra remember to remain young at heart while they're making *Young At Heart* at Warners; no fireworks, please.

I'm very happy that Doe Avedon's career is off to such a big start in *The High And The Mighty*, particularly after the big tragedy in

this is how you feel...

All over... all day
— wrapped in the flower
freshness of
Cashmere Bouquet

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bouquet

TALCUM POWDER



Conover Girls Pick
Cashmere Bouquet

"Borrow this good
grooming cue from
our Conover Career
School students!

A quick dusting with
Cashmere Bouquet Talc
smooths hot, chafed
skin... helps girdles,
stockings and shoes
ease on smoothly."

59¢
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Plus Tax

Says

Candy Jones

(Mrs. Harry Conover)
Director Conover School



One of Pat Crowley's most frequent California dates is popular crooner and man-about-town Vic Damone. (Pat's life story is on page 54.)

her life. Her husband was killed in an automobile accident on their way to Hollywood.

Eleanor Parker can't hide it anymore. She's very much in love with artist Paul Clemens.

My, my. Isn't Terry Moore quiet these days?

Anne Baxter looks like a young Marlene Dietrich in *Carnival Story*, sooooo sexy.

Don't miss *Three Coins In The Fountain*, the most charming and delightful picture since *Roman Holiday*. You'll love Maggie McNamara, Dorothy McGuire, Jean Peters and that old smoothie, Clifton Webb.

I hear that Debbie Reynolds saves more money out of her salary than any other actress in Hollywood. Smart girl.

And the girl who has gained the most confidence in herself is Janet Leigh. A few years back Janet wouldn't have thought of putting her foot down to a studio. But she did recently—and plenty—when she told two studios, MGM and U-I, she had no intention of doing anything but loaf when she went to New York with Tony!

THE LETTER BOX: Pat Kennedy (no relation to Peter Lawford) of Key West, Florida, writes: "Thought you might be interested to hear that Dick Haymes and Rita Hayworth made a great hit here—and that's more than I can say for conceited Robert Wagner when he was making *12-Mile Reef* in our city. Dick and Rita were always cordial and friendly and we are sorry for their troubles. As for Robert Wagner, he should take lessons from a veteran like Gilbert Roland (in the same cast) and learn how to treat the public. Mr. Wagner can be replaced whether he knows it or not." Well, he knows it now, Pat.

I continue to be amazed at the amount of mail to this department from Europe, the most amazing angle being the excellent English in which it is written. From Barbara Sivgard, Stockholm, we hear: "One of our newspapers recently took a poll of the most popular American actors and actresses. The winning star was Elizabeth Taylor followed by Marilyn Monroe, Doris Day, Pier Angeli and Mitzi Gaynor. The leading actor was Gregory Peck with Farley Granger, Alan Ladd, Audie Murphy and Frank Sinatra as runners-up."

That's all for now. See you next month.



John Agar's sudden popularity has put his career back on a solid footing. His private life with wife Loretta is now well under control, too.



Your Second (so much prettier) Skin!

Umm-mmm—what a complexion! It looks all yours—only prettier than it's ever looked before. Because this silk-textured powder clings close as your own skin... never flakes, shines or streaks. And there's a Cashmere Bouquet shade that's twin to your skin—whether your basic skin color is pink, ivory, olive or any tone in between!



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"All our Conover students use this silky Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder," says the Beauty Director of the Conover School. "We teach them to pat it on lavishly, press in well, then brush off the excess for a velvet finish."

7 Cover Girl Colors **29¢** plus tax

Candy Jones (Mrs. Harry Conover)

cashmere bouquet

FACE POWDER



Are you in the know?

The guest no one invites again is —

☐ A lazy daisy ☐ A lem-me girl ☐ A Plain Jane

That camera she's toting on a tippy-canoe ride: It's expensive; it belongs to her hostess. Like the swim suit she's wearing—and the tennis racket she'll use later. Don't be a lem-me girl ("lend me" this or that). When visiting, bring your own sports props; why inconvenience your friends—or risk being dubbed a vandal? Dodge *calendar-time* risks, too. You get safety you trust with Kotex, for this *extra absorbent* napkin gives protection that doesn't fail!



Does that very swish shindig call for—

☐ A new hairdo ☐ Your usual style

Yah—you look *different* all right, with that new siren-ish chignon! In fact, you're a Stranger in Harry's eyes—so now you feel unsure. A special occasion's no time to try new hairdo tricks. But at "that" time, it's no trick to be sure about whether Regular, Junior or Super Kotex suits you best. Try all 3. Each size has chafe-free softness; *holds its shape!*



More women choose KOTEX[®]
than all other sanitary napkins



If you're baffled by a French menu —

☐ Take a chance ☐ Get a translation

Better not stab at just *anything* listed. It might turn out to be snails' brains—when you were drooling for duck! So even if your squire is that suave new blade-about-town you'd impress—let him pollyvoo for you. Ask what vittles he'd suggest. In any language, *confidence* (on certain days) means Kotex. One reason: special *flat pressed ends* that prevent telltale outlines.

When shouldn't a gal just trust to luck?

☐ On a quiz show ☐ On certain days ☐ In Canasta

It's the wise lassie who doesn't take chances with personal daintiness on certain days, but trusts to Quest[®] deodorant powder. Quest was specially designed for sanitary napkins... no moisture resistant base to slow up absorption. Unscented Quest powder positively *destroys* odors. Use Quest to be sure!



Yvonne De Carlo found Carlos Thompson

STEPSON OF THE SHEIK

*Great lovers are
few and far between—
and hard to find!*

■ Hollywood, with its penchant for repeating its successes, has been combing the Latin countries for another Rudolph Valentino. Now MGM hopes to have found Valentino II in Carlos Thompson.

If you missed Carlos in *Fort Algiers* you can see him with Lana Turner in *Flame And The Flesh* and with Eleanor Parker in *Valley Of The Kings*.

Thompson is tall, dark and twenty-nine. He has been regarded as a "De Carlo property," because it was Yvonne who discovered him at the Uruguayan Film Festival in 1952 and said, "I must have you for my new picture!" She brought him to the States, got him the lead in *Fort Algiers*. But instead of signing with her little company as she had expected, he signed with MGM.

Piper Laurie—and his other dates say he is an intellectual. The son of a former CBS correspondent in South America, Juan José Mundanschaffter (his real name) was educated in the States as a child and went to college in Buenos Aires. He says he has written three books in Spanish and is now at work on a fourth.

Since the Gary Coopers have been estranged, Rocky has been doing Hollywood with Carlos.

Carlos may yet become a Valentino.

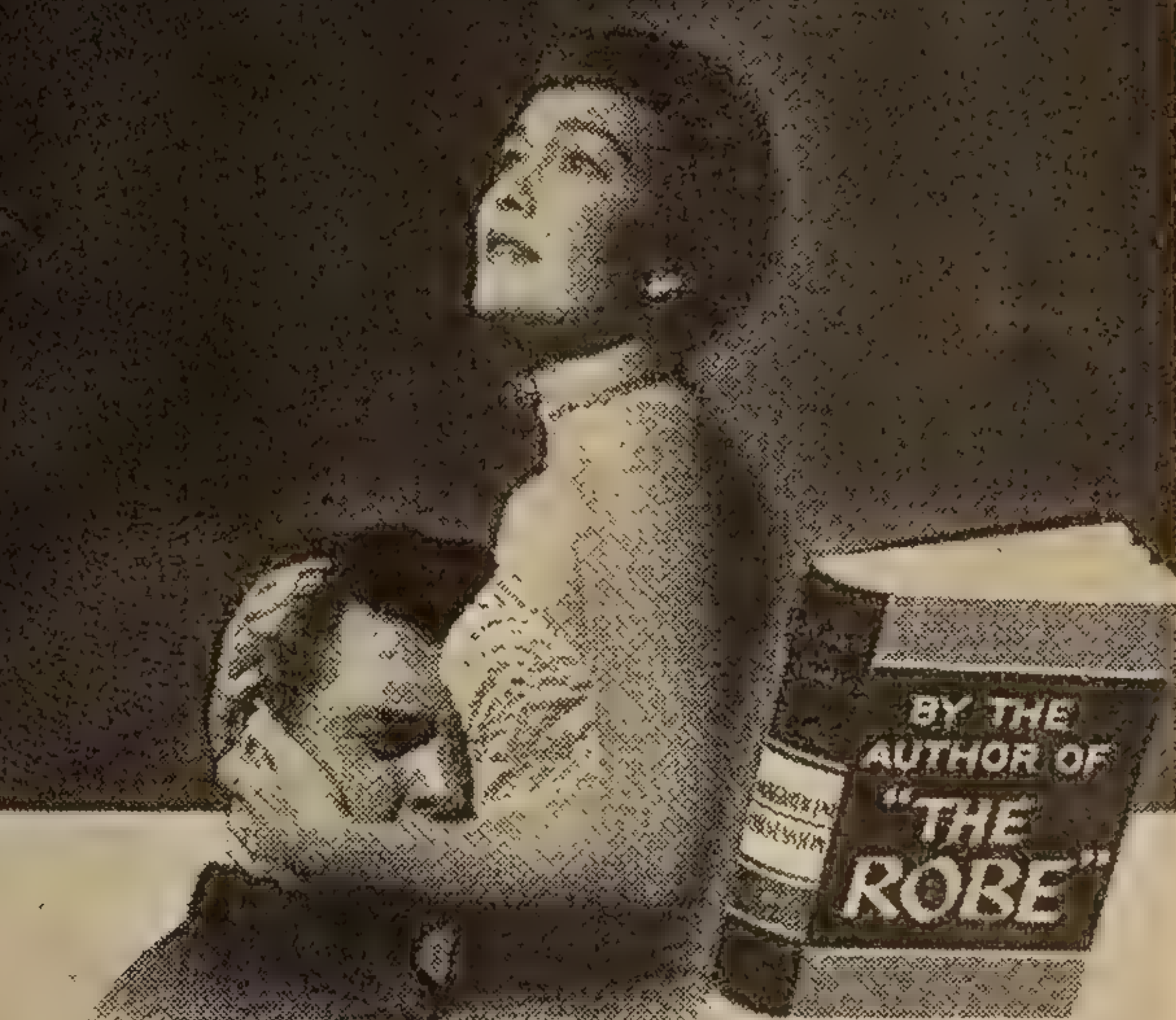
This was the moment
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when this
man and
this woman
felt the first
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Wonderful DJER-KISS Talc gives your skin a delightful fresh fragrance ... a wonderful pampered softness. Made of finest imported talc, soothing, cooling DJER-KISS helps prevent chafing, absorbs perspiration, makes you delightful to be near!

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NEW MOVIES

by Florence Epstein



In the biggest role of his career, wealthy Rock Hudson brings tragedy, then love, to Jane Wyman.

Picture of the Month: MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION

■ Based on a novel by Lloyd C. Douglas (author of *The Robe*) the *Magnificent Obsession* is an inspirational, poignant drama of the power, usually latent within men, to love and help each other. The use of this power, as Otto Kruger explains, is the obsession. Once you choose to give yourself in the service of others, the giving becomes a need and driving force in your own life. Millionaire Rock Hudson has been squandering his life in high times and daredevil stunts, one of which indirectly leads to the death of an eminent physician—Jane Wyman's husband. In clumsy attempts at repayment, Hudson involves Jane Wyman in an accident which causes her blindness. Then a gradual transformation occurs in Hudson as the "magnificent obsession" takes over his life and brings him to personal fulfillment. Here, basically, is a love story charged with moments of great tenderness and pathos. At times it borders on sentimentality but its spiritual message is never lost. Among the cast are Barbara Rush, Agnes Moorehead, Gregg Palmer, Judy Nugent. Technicolor—U.I.



THREE COINS IN THE FOUNTAIN Toss a coin into the Fountain of Trevi and next year you'll be back in Rome. I'm willing—because this CinemaScope production makes Italy look like dreamland. The plot can't compare to the scenery but that doesn't spoil the fun. Arriving in Rome to work at the U.S. Distribution Agency, Maggie McNamara tosses a coin into the fountain and presto meets Prince Dino (Louis Jourdan). The poor guy doesn't have a chance when she sets him up for a proposal. Jean Peters, not so happy, because there's an agency rule forbidding co-workers to date, decides to go home. Rossano Brazzi (the co-worker in question) risks all, however, to proclaim his love. For 15 years Dorothy McGuire has been enamored of and secretary to novelist Clifton Webb. Until this year he has ignored her existence. This year, though, he acts like Cupid all over the place. Frank Sinatra sings the title song.—20th Century-Fox.

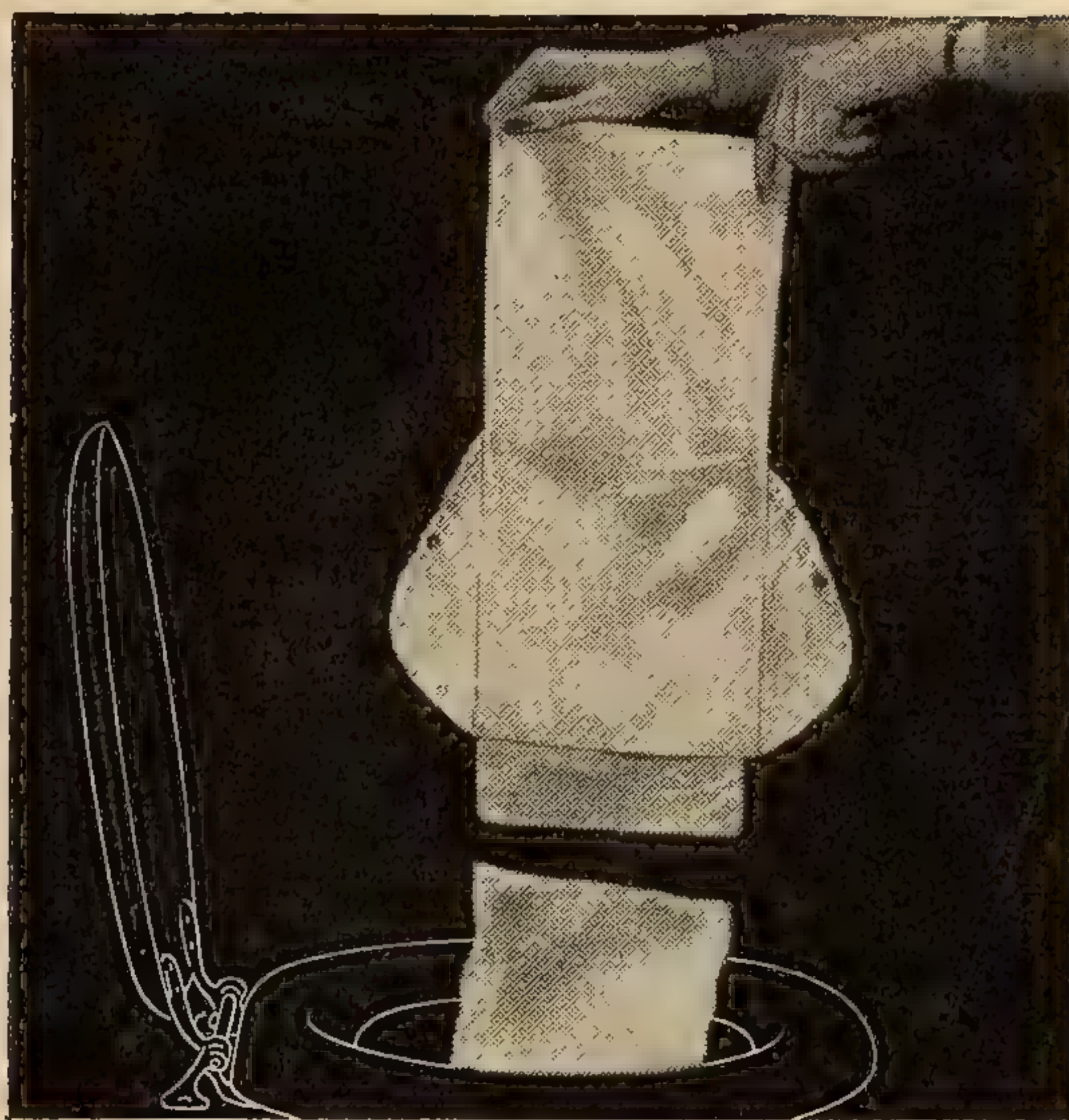


THE HIGH AND THE MIGHTY A four-engine airliner takes off from Honolulu for San Francisco with 17 passengers aboard. Before that "routine" flight is over those passengers go through an experience that will leave a lifetime mark. Pilot Robert Stack is young, assured—but he's never faced an emergency before. Co-pilot John Wayne is an old timer, veteran of three wars and sole survivor of a plane crash that killed his wife and child (he, himself, was pilot). When this plane runs into trouble Stack is prepared to ditch it: Wayne wants to keep it in the air. Tension mounts between them. And the passengers, alerted to danger, reveal themselves—sometimes in flashbacks, often by their action in the present situation. Claire Trevor, David Brian, Laraine Day, Robert Newton, Phil Harris, Jan Sterling, Paul Kelly, Sidney Blackmer, Doe Avedon and Joy Kim are among the large cast who make this film a gripping, human event. CinemaScope—Warners.

Sensational New *Flushaway** Diapering Method

PLAYTEX *DRYPER*

1. Flushaway pad inside waterproof panty.
2. Sanitary. Uses snow-white pad only once.
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1. Shake out used *Dryper* pad. Flush away. Rinse Panty. You never even touch pad. 2. Place fresh *Dryper* pad of super-absorbent cellulon under cloud-soft nylon web of another clean *Dryper* panty. 3. A happy, dry, *Dryper* baby—yours!

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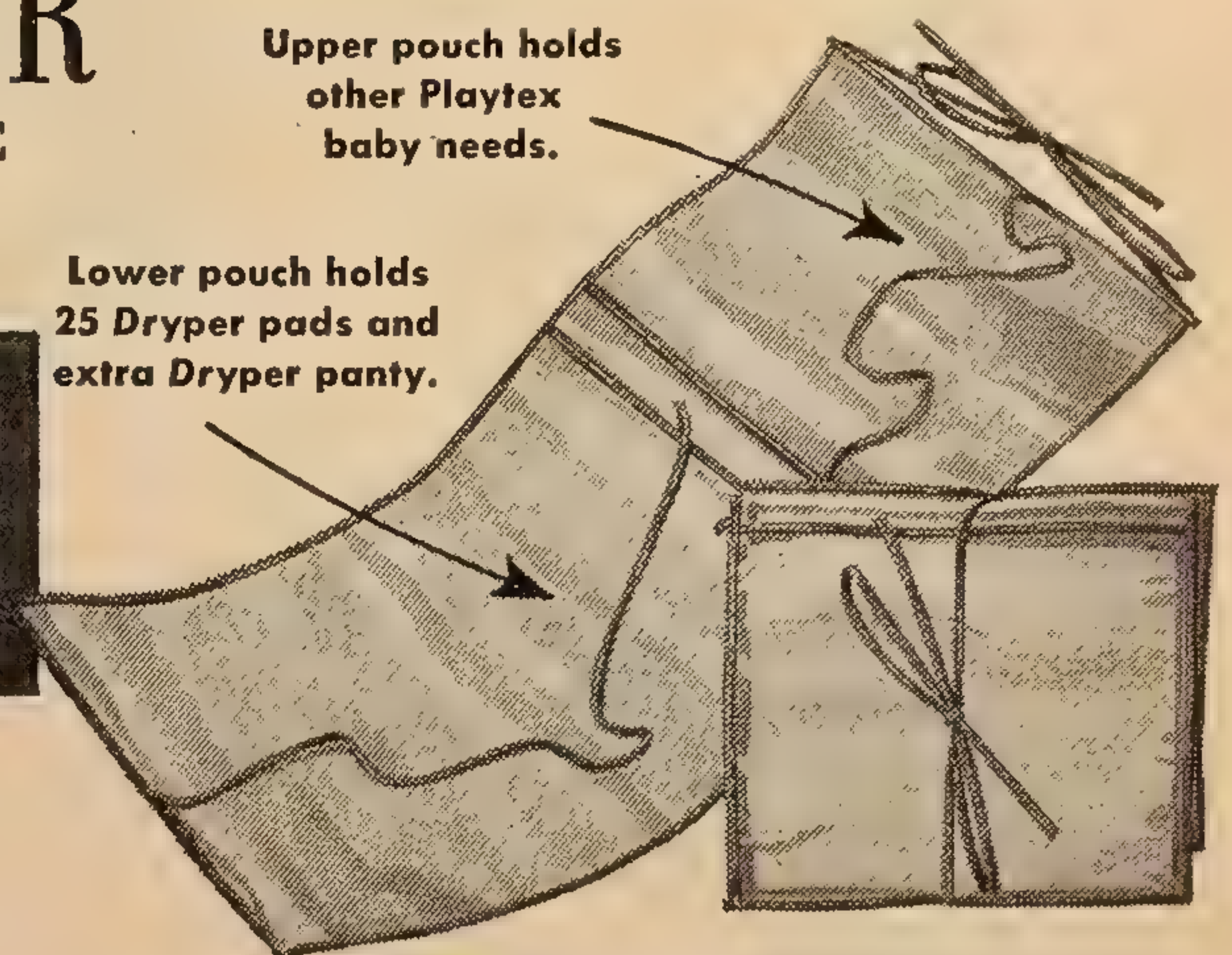
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14 capsules 50¢



Used by more women than any other rinse in the world

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Ask for professional applications at your beauty shop

JACKPOT OF THE MONTH

DEMETRIUS AND THE GLADIATORS

If the CinemaScope sets look familiar, remember *The Robe*. Once again, a character created in that famous novel becomes a hero of a film about early Christians. The hero is Demetrius (Victor Mature) who came into possession of the robe when Jesus was crucified. This spectacular production deals less with religion and more with gore. In it Mature lays waste three tigers and five gladiators in the Roman arena. A Christian at first, bitterness turns him temporarily into a pagan under the eager guidance of Susan Hayward, aunt (through marriage) of the mad emperor Caligula (Jay Robinson). But Debra Paget and Michael Rennie bring him back into the fold. Caligula, whose lunacy becomes unbearable, is finally overthrown by his own guards and is replaced by Claudius (Barry Jones) who promises the end of persecution. With Anne Bancroft, Richard Egan, William Marshall, Ernest Borgnine. Technicolor—20th-Fox.



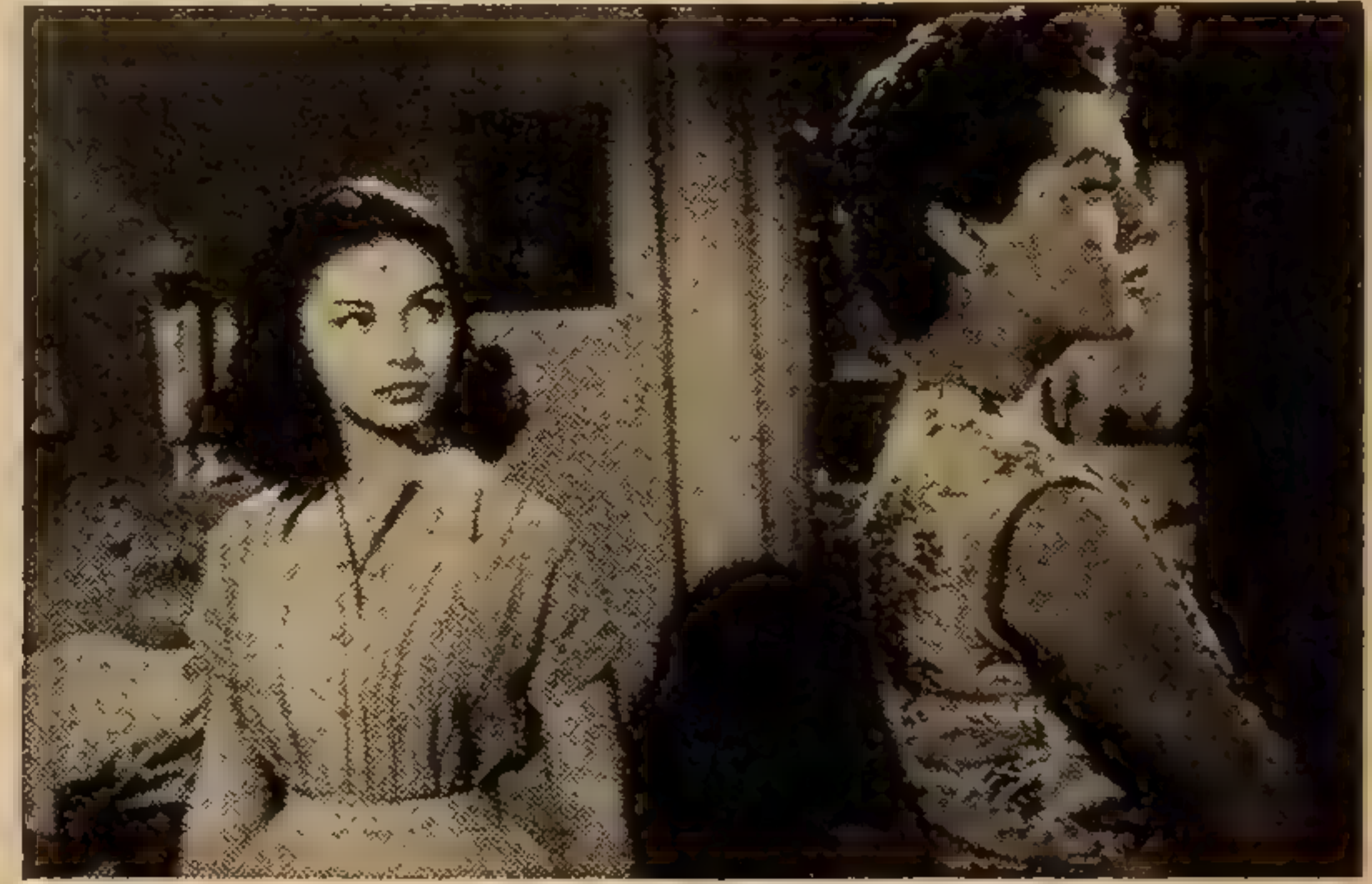
ON THE WATERFRONT One of the outstanding films of the year, *On the Waterfront* touches the peak of dramatic realism. It's a story of longshoremen enslaved by crooked union leaders, and in particular, it's the story of Marlon Brando's awakening to a sense of truth and loyalty. Brando, under the thumb of his big brother Charlie (Rod Steiger) the union boss' right hand man, is instrumental in the murder of young, well-liked Joey Doyle who had the nerve to speak out against union boss Lee J. Cobb. From the moment of Doyle's death, when Brando meets his sister Eva Marie Saint, a struggle begins in him which leads inevitably to a showdown. Here, in this graphic film of mob rule, one sees the terror and helplessness of its victims, and the long-reaching effect of both on their minds and lives. Directed by Elia Kazan. With Karl Malden, Pat Henning—Col.



DIAL M FOR MURDER A hit on Broadway, *Dial M for Murder* is even better as a movie under Alfred Hitchcock's direction. Ray Milland, ex-tennis champ and very jealous husband, goes about his London apartment coolly plotting the death of his wife. That's Grace Kelly, who's in love with writer Robert Cummings. Grace is faithful to Milland now, though—she thinks he deserves it. Ray blackmails an old schoolmate (Anthony Dawson) into murdering Grace. Everything is perfectly planned except that Grace doesn't go easily. In fact, she kills Dawson in self-defense. Husband hears it all on the phone and is only a little ruffled. After all, he can still see her hanged. Trouble is, you can fool the judge and the jury but you can't kid Scotland Yard Inspector John Williams. The acting is polished, the suspense is terrific. Warnercolor—Warners.



THE SARACEN BLADE Set in the 13th century, *The Saracen Blade* is full of baronial estates, violent passions and noblemen invading the Holy Land to tilt swords with the Saracens when they tire of warring at home. For Ricardo Montalban, son of a blacksmith, it's full of confusion. Since I couldn't tell you the plot if I took all day, I'll tell you that Montalban starts life with nothing but nerve and winds up with that and Betta St. John. His aim is to avenge his father's death. Count Siniscola (Michael Ansara) and his son (Rick Jason) killed dad. But before Montalban can carry out his plan he has to escape from the dungeon Jason tossed him in, become a knight, fight the Saracens, win land and titles and marry a woman he loathes (Carolyn Jones). All that's enough to keep anyone hopping. With Whitfield Connor. Technicolor—Columbia.



FLAME AND THE FLESH Take this nice musician Bonar Colleano. He invites Lana Turner into his home (that morning Lana's landlady had kicked her out) only to have her fall for his roommate Carlos Thompson. Does she care that Bonar loves her? Does she care that Carlos is engaged to Pier Angeli? No, sir. Does she even care for Carlos Thompson? Well, kind of. She runs off with him and they go from one town in Italy to another. He takes singing jobs in cafes and she takes to flirting with the customers. Carlos gets terribly jealous. Lana, I love you, he cries. She shrugs her shoulders. Tell it to the Marines, she says, or words to that effect. Until the day Charles Goldner hires Carlos and propositions Lana all within a matter of hours. This is too much for Carlos. Goodbye, he says. Lana shrugs her shoulders and walks off into the mist. Technicolor—MGM.

THRILLS NEVER SEEN BEFORE!

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WITH THE
WHALING FLEET
IN THE
FROZEN
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MAGNIFICENT
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COLUMBIA PICTURES presents A WARWICK PRODUCTION

ALAN LADD in **"HELL BELOW ZERO"**

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Based on the novel "The White South" by Hammond Innes

Associate Producer George W. Willoughby • Produced by IRVING ALLEN and ALBERT R. BROCCOLI • Directed by **MARK ROBSON**



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PERIODIC PAIN

Menstruation is natural and necessary but menstrual suffering is not. Just take a Midol tablet, Mary, and go your way in comfort. Midol brings faster relief from menstrual pain—it relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues."

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RIVER OF NO RETURN Robert Mitchum and son (Tommy Rettig) live in the middle of a wilderness. Only thing that keeps off Indians is Mitchum's rifle. Has a horse, too, just in case he runs out of ammunition. Rory Calhoun and guitar-strumming Marilyn Monroe arrive one day via raft. Rory makes off with the gun and the horse—he's heading up river to stake out a gold claim. Mitchum's left with Monroe on his hands. Boy, he's sore. Practically tosses her onto the raft because without that rifle and that horse he's uneasy. Pretty rough ride up the river. Marilyn takes it like a trouper but she can't wring a smile out of Mitchum. Little Tommy sure goes for her, though (he had lost his mother). When they catch up with that rascal Calhoun, Mitchum softens. Sure makes little Tommy happy when he pops the question to Marilyn. CinemaScope-Technicolor—20th Century-Fox.



SECRET OF THE INCAS Charlton Heston is lounging around in Peru, picking up a buck when he can, never shaving and always exchanging threatening words with Thomas Mitchell, a broken-down, unsavory finagler. What Heston is interested in, if anyone cares, is a fabulously jeweled sunburst said to be buried in the tomb of an ancient Inca. Well, Inca country is just around the corner, along with Inca Yma Sumac who sings prayers while archaeologist Robert Young digs his way into the remains of some goddess' grave. And here comes Nicole Maurey, late of Rumania. She's dodging Leon Askin, a consul who wishes to bring her back alive to fatherland. Heston steals Askin's plane, stows Nicole in it and off they go to steal the sunburst. Heston acts like a heel but it's never too late for a man to get a shave and settle down, is it? Technicolor—Para.



BLACK HORSE CANYON In the days when horses were horses it wasn't so easy to throw saddles on their backs and lead 'em to a bridle path. Mari Blanchard used to own a black colt named Outlaw. He was so smart she taught him how to slip the latch of the corral gate. Now he's racing all over the countryside, slipping latches and freeing every horse in sight. Joel McCrea and his partner, Race Gentry, want to start their own horse ranch but with Outlaw loose it's impossible. Murvyn Vye, if he can't have Outlaw himself, would like to see him shot. So there's trouble when McCrea captures the stallion, and there's trouble when Race Gentry falls for Mari, because it's in the cards that she was made for McCrea. Anyone can tell: they talk so mean to each other, and Gentry is still too young for marriage. Technicolor—U.I.



THE EGG AND I The warm, unusual humor of *The Egg And I* made the book a best seller and maybe you've seen the movie before, but it's worth another glance. Claudette Colbert is a city bride who's borne into the mountains by her groom (Fred MacMurray) to cope with a dilapidated farm and the raising of chickens. Claudette knows nothing about farming but her groom knows even less. He's dying to learn, though, and what the elements won't teach him experience and the neighbors will. Their closest neighbors are a clan of shiftless but lovable hillbillies headed by Marjorie Main and Percy Kilbride. Also around is wealthy divorcee Louise Allbritton. Claudette has plenty to worry about without her—especially when the farm she and MacMurray put together with their own hands burns down. But tragedy takes a backseat in *The Egg And I* which abounds with life and good will.—U.I.



SOUTHWEST PASSAGE Rod Cameron has a pack of camels (life-size) and he's convinced they'll forge a way across the desert to California. John Ireland is in no position to argue. He just robbed a bank and the posse is hot on his heels. He joins Rod's caravan as a doctor, leaving Joanne Dru behind to bury her brother (Darryl Hickman) who was shot down by the same posse. When Joanne catches up to Ireland she's tired of bank thieves and appalled at his willingness to amputate whatever limbs are bothering his patients. She tells Cameron the sordid truth, he beats up Ireland and sends him into the desert. Apaches haven't been attacking: they think the camels are gods, but when they wise up arrows fly across a desert waterhole. Know who found that waterhole in the first place? Same guy who gives up crime to become a hero. Pathecolor—United Artists.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

THE CAINE MUTINY (Col.): Humphrey Bogart, José Ferrer, Van Johnson, Fred MacMurray, newcomers Bob Francis and May Wynn star in this excellent film adaptation of Herman Wouk's best-selling Pulitzer Prize novel about Navy life.

HER TWELVE MEN (MGM): Greer Garson, as charming as ever, plays the only woman teacher in a boys' boarding school where she is alternately loved and loathed by fellow-teacher Robert Ryan. Technicolor.

LUCKY ME (Warners): Doris Day is delightful in this Technicolor musical about show people. With Bob Cummings, Phil Silvers, Bill Goodwin, Eddie Foy, Jr.—and a lot of top tunes you'll love.

APACHE (U.A.): Burt Lancaster stars as the Indian Massai, one of the last and bravest of his tribe. Jean Peters plays his equally fearless girl. Technicolor.

PRINCE VALIANT (20th-Fox): Bob Wagner, James Mason, Janet Leigh, Debra Paget star in this swash-buckling, romantic tale of medieval chivalry. CinemaScope and Technicolor.

FRENCH LINE (RKO): Jane Russell sings, dances and clowns her way through this Technicolor musical about a girl too rich to be married. With Gilbert Roland.

EXECUTIVE SUITE (MGM): June Allyson, Bill Holden, Fredric March, Barbara Stanwyck, Shelley Winters, Walter Pidgeon, Paul Douglas are among the exciting people involved in the business (and love) life of a big corporation.



Casual, carefree—that's the "Signet"—thanks to Bobbi. Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents always give you soft, carefree curls and waves right from the start.

NO TIGHT, FUSSY CURLS ON THIS PAGE!

These hairdos were made with Bobbi ... the special home permanent for casual hair styles

Yes, Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent is *designed* to give you lovelier, softer curls... the kind you need for today's casual hairdos. *Never* the tight, fussy curls you get with ordinary home or beauty shop permanents. Immediately after you use Bobbi your hair has the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And *your hair stays* that way—your wave lasts week after week.

Bobbi's so easy to use, too. *You just put your hair in pin curls.* Then apply Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion. A little later rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out—and *that's all.* No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed.

Ask for Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent. If you like to be in fashion—if you can make a simple pin curl—you'll love Bobbi.



Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. Neutralizing is automatic. No curlers, no resetting.



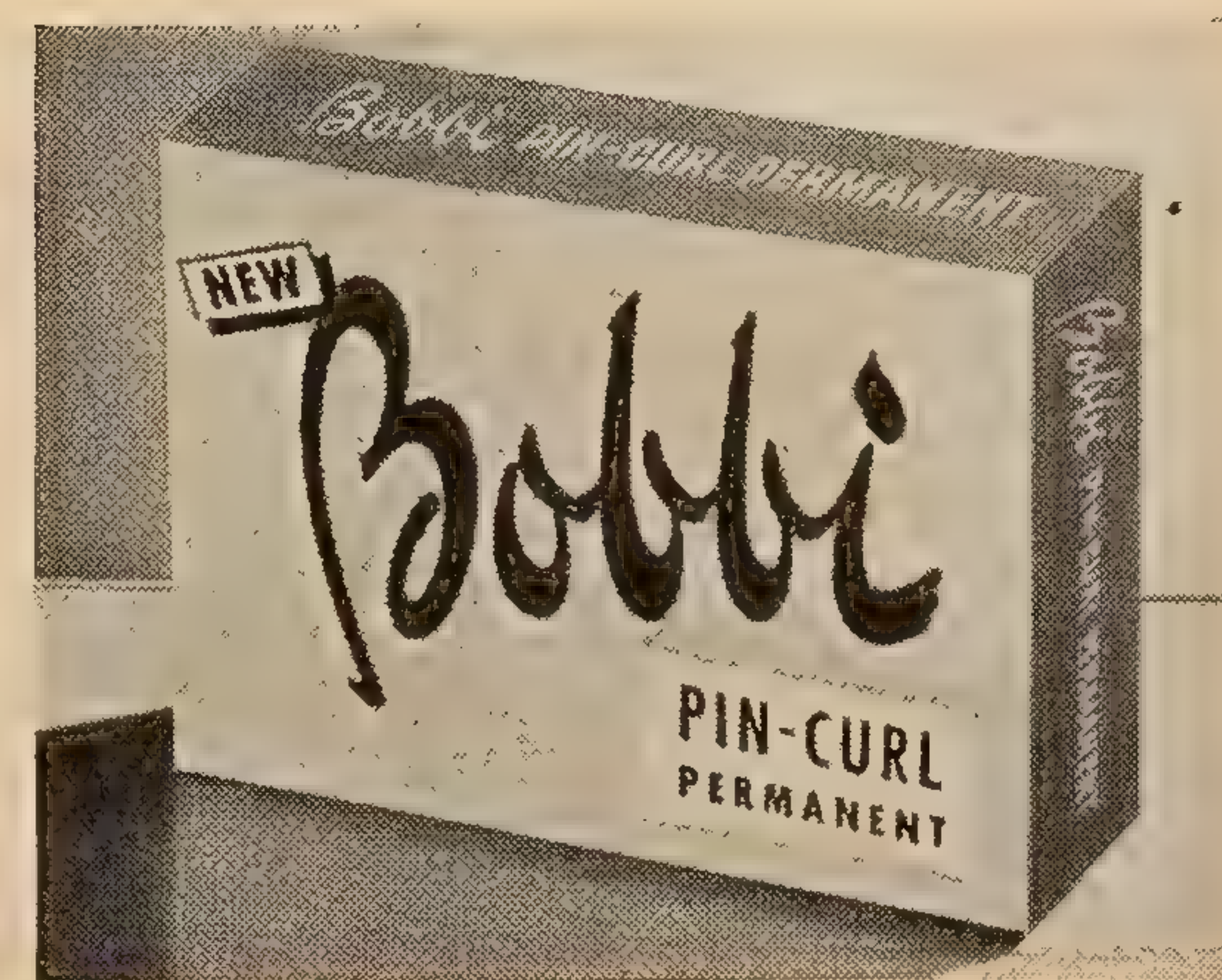
Bobbi is perfect for this gay "Miss Liberty" hairdo. Bobbi is the permanent designed to give soft, casual looking curls. No nightly settings necessary.



Only Bobbi is designed to give the soft waves needed for this "Aloha" hairdo. With Bobbi you get curls and waves *exactly* where you want them.



Bobbi's soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Notice the soft, natural look of the new "Jasmine" hair style. So simple! No help is needed.



Everything you need! New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins, complete instructions for use. \$1.50 plus tax.



Ex-husband Charlie O'Curran acted as Betty's dance director, gave up Paramount job to rehearse her night-club act . . .



. . . in which Betty did two to five shows a day from New York to London. Her ambitions are fame and a million in the bank . . .



. . . and she felt O'Curran, like her first husband Ted Briskin, was more a hindrance than a help to her all-important career.

LOVE COMES LAST



Betty Hutton has just ended her second marriage—and knows exactly why. There's something else she wants far more than love.

■ When Betty Hutton and husband Charlie O'Curran announced their separation, Betty said, "I know everyone will blame me, but in my heart I did my best."

Charlie said, "I was eighty per cent wrong. I still love Betty desperately. We just couldn't beat the career obstacle."

Betty June Thornburg is married to her career first. After that comes the husband. The reason lies in the terrible poverty she knew as a child.

Her father Percy, a railroad brakeman, deserted his family when Betty was three, her sister Marion was five.

Her mother worked in the cereal factories of Battle Creek for \$12 a week and later went to work punch-pressing sheet metal at sixteen cents an hour. When Betty was seven the family moved to Detroit where Mrs. Thornburg got a job in the Chrysler factory. This time she made twenty-two cents an hour.

Betty tried to help out by singing in saloons and on street corners.

"I'll never forget those days," Betty has said, "singing for whatever coins people wanted to throw. We even made home brew and tried to sell it."

As Betty grew up, she wanted more than anything else in life *not* to be poor.

At fourteen, she left school to sing in amateur contests. At sixteen she signed with Vincent Lopez for \$65 a week.

At eighteen she fell in love with a successful New York lawyer. She expected rainbows. She wound up paying most of the expenses.

Disillusioned, she threw herself into work. Buddy de Sylva brought her out to Paramount. There she fell in love with a married director. He talked about a divorce but it never came off.

Ted Briskin, son of a wealthy manufacturer, met Betty when she was on the rebound and married her.

Betty had said many times, "I've worked too hard to give up my career for any man." Ted thought she was fooling. He himself had relatively little money, so Betty took care of most expenses. The divorce was inevitable.

Two years ago when she married dance director Charlie O'Curran, Betty said, "At last I've found happiness."

She quit the studio—her last few films hadn't made money—and embarked on a personal appearance tour. Charlie supervised the show.

Their separation came in April. Charlie learned that he couldn't compete with Betty's career, or even share it.

"Twenty years from now," Betty has said, "I'll be just like Sophie Tucker, singing from one club to another."

Love is important to Betty. But take love out of her life and she still has her mansion, her cars, her two daughters and her great box office appeal. But take her career out of her life and the spectre of poverty returns to haunt her.

One of Betty's friends once said, "The only man Hutton could stay happily married to would be one who makes more money than she does."

Betty earns about \$5,000 a week. Take it from there.

TAKE YOUR CHOICE OF THESE **ARTISTIC CHRISTMAS CARD ASSORTMENTS!**

ANY BOX FOR



CHRISTMAS BELLS. De luxe Assortment. 21 cards, lavished with luxury features. Very low price. Easy to sell!



GOLDEN PICTURE FRAMES. Reproductions of natural-color Xmas photos in metallic frames. 14 popular cards.



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HOLIDAY WREATH. Our famous Feature Assortment of 21 lovely cards—the season's biggest order-getter!

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THIS OFFER MADE TO PROVE HOW EASILY YOU CAN
EARN \$50 SPARE-TIME!

Never before a 'get-acquainted' offer to match this! We want to prove you'll find it easy as pie to take orders for exquisitely designed CHRISTMAS CARDS. And also to show how quickly you can make \$50.00 in cash profit—and even more—just by spending a few hours now and then taking orders from your friends,

neighbors, and others. So here's the astonishing offer we're making:

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Holiday Wreath | <input type="checkbox"/> Christmas Bells |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Golden Picture Frames | <input type="checkbox"/> White Holiday |
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Shampoo...



Cream or Lotion

"Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo," says Virginia Mayo. It's the favorite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars!

It never dries your hair! Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with lanolin . . . foams into rich lather, even in hardest water . . . leaves hair so easy to manage.

It beautifies! For soft, bright, fragrantly clean hair—without special after-rinses—choose the shampoo of America's most glamorous women. Use the favorite of Hollywood movie stars—Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

Never Dries— it Beautifies!



Virginia Mayo

co-starring in

"KING RICHARD
AND THE CRUSADERS"

A Warner Bros. Production
in CinemaScope and WarnerColor.



Bing is playing
his toughest role
these days—
father and mother
to a college romeo,
golf-happy twins
and a high school boy!

BY WILLIAM BARBOUR

Grace Kelly, recently one of Bing's frequent dates, may have replaced Mona Freeman, Margot James, in the Wife-To-Crosby-Sweepstakes. Careful to introduce his dates to his sons, Bing hopes that they will not resent a possible second wife or compare her to Dixie.

Dad has his hands full



Budding star Gary has given his fraternity pin—not a ring—to Barbara Stanislaus, twenty-one-year-old college senior.

■ Although Bing Crosby would be the last to admit it, he is sacrificing his career for the guidance and welfare of his children. Since the boys have lost their mother, he believes this is the least he can do. When General Electric asked him to name his own figure for a weekly TV show, Bing said, "Thanks a lot, but I just don't have the time."

The jaunty crooner abdicated his radio program, too, although it has been practically a national institution for the last twenty years. But he did suggest his son Gary as a summer radio replacement. Bing did this for three reasons: Gary was twenty-one in June and he wants to make show business his career. Bing wants his first-born to see what it's like to be on his own. And he wants the boy to concentrate on work instead of girls this summer.

Bing has always given attention to long-range training and discipline. Lindsay, the youngest of the four Crosby boys, was ten when he said to Bing, "I'd like to play golf the way you do, Dad."

(Continued on page 60)



Irish Lullaby



"Jim encouraged me to keep busy," Ann said, told of her flights with him and TV shows. "I've felt much too well to be idle!"

by Louella Parsons

Just before her baby
was born, Ann Blyth
had a chat with Louella—
including a few reminis-
cences—and some predic-
tions of things to come!

■ Ann Blyth McNulty was exactly two weeks and three days away from giving birth to her first child, it later turned out, when she arrived in my garden (newly landscaped at no small expense, I might add) carrying in her arms an unusually large assortment of bundles.

In a casual but curious glance I spotted a fat TV script, a notepad, three bags filled with materials, plus what appeared to be some samples of wallpaper.

"What in the world have you got here?" I gasped, helping her to put down her armload, even before I said hello. There was a time, I could remember, when mothers-to-be were very careful about carrying heavy things.

Ann laughed as she slipped—nudged herself, rather—into one of my new garden chairs and sat down. "Whew! It's getting warm. May we sit here?" When I said *they* (Continued on page 67)



A stranger in a make-believe

paradise is Jeff

Chandler these days—

a big, solitary, quiet

guy who never

quite feels he belongs.

BY JIM NEWTON

the lonesome road



Too involved in his career to be a good husband, Jeff was nonetheless saddened by his divorce from Dorothy, sees daughters Jamie, 6, and Dana, 4, every week.

■ A curly-haired giant of eighteen stopped mowing his lawn in Long Branch, New Jersey, sat on the porch steps and feverishly scribbled notes for the novel he was planning. Little did he know that he would live it instead.

The hero of that yet unwritten book was a young man who had everything. He was big, strong and athletic. He was handsome, forceful and magnetic. He had a fine mind and many talents. He could sing, paint, act, write—there was hardly a gift he did not possess.

So he went forth into the world and, talent by talent, sought recognition. Each time he almost succeeded, but not quite: always when the goal was at his fingertips he lost it. Finally at thirty-five, he looked back on his disappointments and decided he was a failure. Then something happened which brought him a satisfying realization and inner peace: Although fame had escaped him, still he was fulfilled. Success was in the striving.

The boy, named Ira Grossel, never (Continued on page 83)





Fond of Betty Abbott (right), Rock's mother (center) hopes that they will marry.

heading for a **WEDDING?**

Maybe taking Betty
to Ireland is just
friendship on Rock's part.
But people are
grinning wisely and
asking, "How *are* things
in *Glocca Morra*?"

BY IMOGENE COLLINS

■ The daisy could give you a better answer to this question. Ask Rock Hudson about his marriage plans and he fixes you with his handsome boyish grin and says, "What marriage? I'm in no rush."

Ask the same question of his steady girl, the blonde and beautiful Betty Abbott, niece of comedian Bud Abbott and ace script girl at Universal Studios, and you get a similar answer.

"There's always time to get married," says Betty.

Ask them both when they're together and they put on a show of diplomatic evasion.

"Don't put me on a spot like that," Rock will say.

He's fond of Betty, isn't he?

"Sure, I'm fond of her," Rock will assert. "I think she's the greatest. A very good friend."

How long has she been a good friend?

"Five years, I guess. I met Betty on my first picture. I don't know a finer girl."

There's no romance between you?

"I wouldn't exactly say that," Rock admits. "It's just that we're very good friends."

These last few years, Rock has been in a lot of pictures. Which one is the most important to him?

"I guess I'd say *Magnificent Obsession*."

Whom had he taken to the preview? It was (Continued on page 58)



From Leonard Goldstein

to Dick Contino—

where Piper's concerned

as long as they're men,

they're neither too young

nor too old!

BY JOHN MAYNARD

Mad about the "boys"

■ At tea time Piper Laurie was drinking tea. In Hollywood this is considered rather fey conduct, even in the British colony, but Miss Laurie likes the stuff. She was drinking tea and talking about men—she likes that stuff, too. At twenty-two, Miss Laurie might even be considered a connoisseur. Her preference for tea was by way of a guarantee that there never will be a pied Piper, which may or may not be a joke. Miss Laurie was moved to laugh slightly.

"You spoke of older men?" she said, making it sound like a question. "What do you mean by older men? Older than whom?"

Never mind. What was *Piper's* definition of older men? What, for example, would be call middle-aged?

"Over sixty," said Miss Piper, "for most men. Not until ninety for a few. And for one or two, never! Some have that wonderful ageless quality. But I never think of age in relation to men anyway. Or not much. It's the men themselves that count."

That had a fairly profound ring. Would Miss Laurie go on? The background is that she dates both older men—Producer Leonard Goldstein being a notable case in point—and younger men—among whom it is fairly safe to cite Dick Contino, despite reports that the two have shed one another over a little matter of who works and who doesn't. Not so. But it probably is so that Contino and Piper have never discussed marriage.

"I'm not going to marry Dick," said Piper, with what might be termed firmness. "I'm (Cont'd on page 75)

PIPER AND CONTINO HAVE TORRID
BUT TROUBLED ROMANCE . . .



may not be
able to solve their
many problems together.



Bob's romance with German actress Ursula seemed to have petered out for a while but close friends predicted marriage all along.

What do you know!

Beautiful Ursula Thiess has
just married lonely old
Bob Taylor—that poor cuss
who has nothing
to offer a girl but
love, fun and security!

BY RICHARD MOORE



"I DON'T LIKE PARTIES," BOB ADMITS, PREFERS SOLITARY SPORTS HE CAN ENJOY WITH

the lady said "YES"

■ We won't keep you in suspense or withhold information. This is how they happened to get married. On the twenty-fifth of May, 1954, Ursula Thiess and her fiancé, Bob Taylor, boarded a cabin cruiser on Jackson Lake, Wyoming. They were, they said, en route to location for the MGM film, *Many Rivers To Cross*. No one paid much attention. When, however, Ursula Thiess disembarked, she was accompanied by her husband, Bob Taylor—whose astounded, completely surprised press agent and studio were paying a great deal of attention.

The exact date was a shock—but many people had surmised that the marriage would take place soon. All they knew for sure, however, was the story of the proposal. It went like this:

On the early evening of Thursday, April 29, Robert Taylor knocked off work on *Rogue Cop*, went to the telephone on the set, and called his dear and close friend Ursula Thiess, the German actress to whom he had been so long devoted. He would like, he said, to call on her that night.

Miss Thiess, who had been just as devoted to Taylor for just as long a time, acquiesced, but evidently with no intimation of what was coming.

Taylor arrived about eight o'clock, and they used up a few hours talking of whatever he and Miss Thiess talk about—themselves, certainly—and perhaps of her daughter, eight-year-old Manuela, who lives with her in Hollywood, and of her son and her mother, both of whom still are in Germany but will come here as soon as immigration authorities (Continued on page 78)



IS DOG OR WITH VERY CLOSE FRIENDS



"I can take a goodnight
kiss or leave it alone," Debbie
says. And the crazy thing
is—the crazy kid really means it!

BY TONI NOEL

WHO NEEDS MEN ?

■ Have you ever seen perpetual motion?
Ever had lunch with a windmill?
Meet Miss Debbie Reynolds.

She zips into the restaurant like the devil himself is behind her, because she's late and punctuality is a habit of which she approves. The tardiness today isn't her fault. Over at MGM the cast of *Athena* broke late for lunch. That's all. You get no effusive, movie star apology from Debbie. She gives you a quick grin and that direct, green-eyed glance of friendliness as she slips into her chair and picks up a menu.

She looks it over, but she'd rather talk than eat. As a matter of fact, she never stops. "Have you ordered? What'll I have? Let's see—no, I'd better not have that. I have to dance this afternoon. The fruit salad. Yes, fruit salad." The imp disappears; now she's a wistful little waif, turning large, appealing eyes up to the middle-aged waitress whose answering smile is fond but not fatuous. "But could I have more pears or something in it instead of grapefruit? I *hate* grapefruit! Now, what to drink?"

"Milk," chorus her companions.

"Nnnnnnnh," the pert nose wrinkles indecisively. "I've already drunk about two gallons on the set this morning. I'll have to think about it and tell you later. Big decision."

Food disappears from her mind with the retreating back of the waitress. "How do you like my new skirt (*Pictures and text continued on page 40*)



Dates with boys like USC student Ed Wilkerson are strictly for fun, strictly for laughs. It may be a long time before Debbie, burned once, will take a chance on love again.





Playing tennis with Lori Nelson, Debbie takes defeat cheerfully. Only once have friends seen her badly hurt by losing something she wanted.

"I remember once when I didn't have a date for eight months. I was too busy and too



WHO NEEDS MEN ?

continued

tired to go out. It didn't bother me."



An avid baseball fan, Debbie frequently takes Lori with her when she watches her brother's team, the Burbank Blues, work out. Brother Bill (next to Debbie) closely resembles his sister.



Friends for some time, Lori and Deb may become business partners, too. If their business managers approve, they will open a dress shop to be operated by their sewing-happy mothers and grandmothers, plan to call it "Lori-Debs."

(Continued from page 38) It's full and blue, with an all-over pattern of spools. "Mother made it. And she found some buttons made of tiny spools, and we're going to put them on a blouse. And then I'm going to cover a handbag and sew spools all over that. The living end, isn't it?"

"Lori Nelson and I are going to open a shop in the valley with ideas just like this. Well, it's really our mothers who'll do the work, but they're the ones who want to do it. You know, my mother makes all my clothes and my grandmother sews, too. Then, Mrs. Nelson makes lots of Lori's things and her grandmother sews. We have to talk to our business managers, though, and see if we can afford it. We're going to call the shop Lori-Debs. Pretty cute idea?"

The food appears and Debbie takes one bite. "Know what I'm going to do? I'm going to ask Harriet Parsons if I can borrow *Susan Slept Here* to run for Mr. Schary on the lot. That's the only way. If a thing's important to you, do it yourself. He's a very busy man, and why should he take time out to go see a picture I made for another company? But I want (Continued on page 56)



Sports, business projects, are only part of the activities that keep Debbie too busy to date. Afraid she may have attained stardom too easily, she takes dancing, singing, voice lessons; rehearses her scenes until exhausted.

James Stewart: MODEL HUSBAND



"Here's the family—I'm holding Judy, that's Michael (he's eight), Ronald (ten), then Kelly—and the best husband any woman could ask."

"JIMMY'S NOT PERFECT—I SUPPOSE," SAYS MRS. S.—THEN PROCEEDS TO TELL HOW PERFECT HE IS!

■ Marrying a forty-ish bachelor is risky, no matter who he is. But when he's also a famous movie star—well, it's a chance most women wouldn't want to take—much.

When Jimmy Stewart's engagement to Gloria Hatrick McLean was announced, his friends took Gloria aside.

"Jimmy is wonderful," one of his pals confided. "But he's forty-one years old. And I don't have to tell you, Gloria, that he's really settled in his ways."

Another friend cautioned the future Mrs. Stewart: "Jim's awfully persnickety about his food. And when it comes to clothes—well, really, Gloria, you're just going to have to be very tolerant with Jim. He just isn't used to sharing his time or his money or his life with a woman. It may be hard for him to change."

Gloria smiled, nodded, thanked them all for the ad-

vice and married Jim on August 9, 1949, in the Beverly Hills Presbyterian Church.

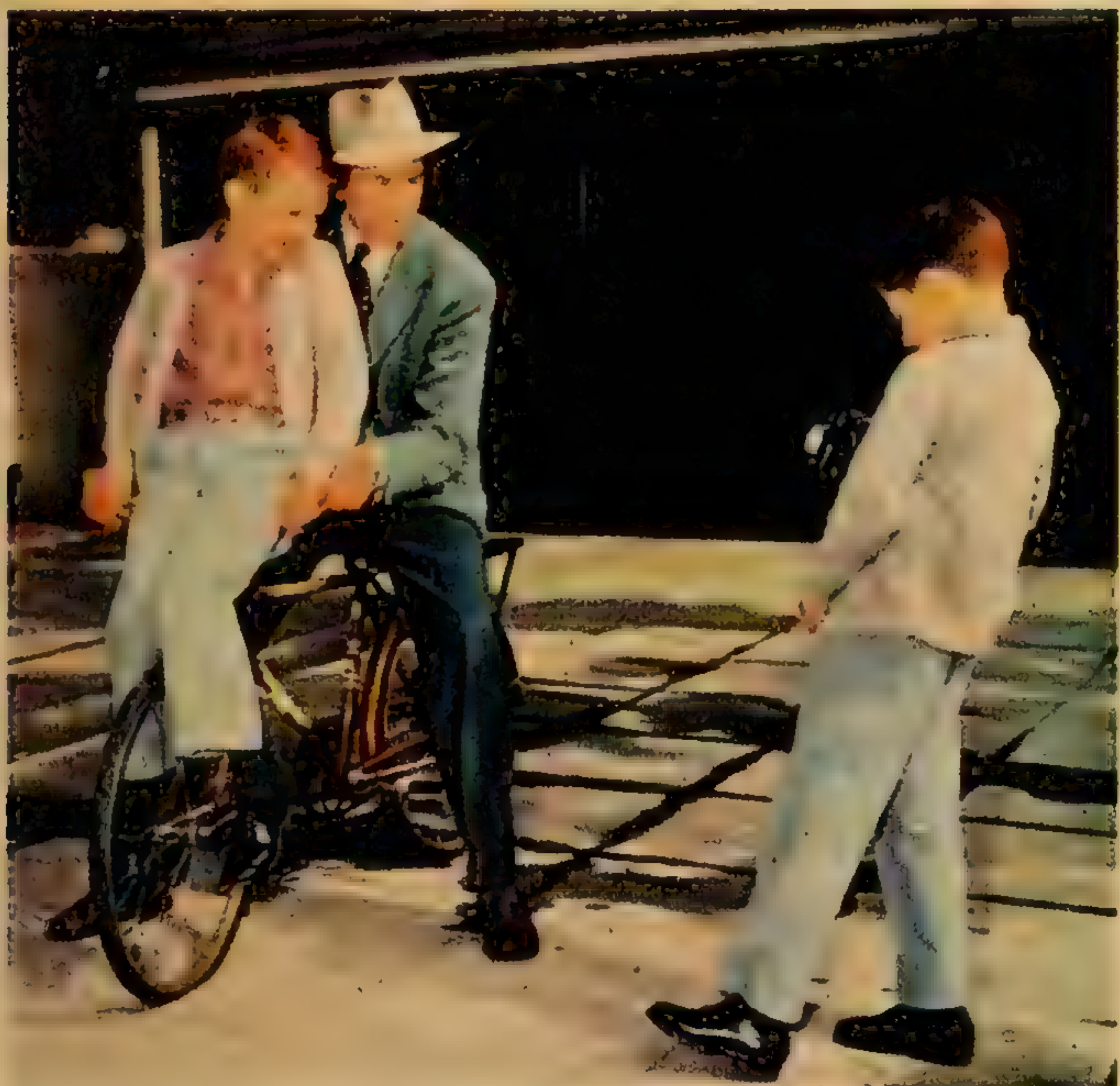
Gloria had been married before. Her two sons Ronald, ten, and Michael, eight, are from her first marriage to Edward McLean II, of Washington, D. C.

After five years of marriage to Jimmy, she admits he isn't perfect, but she makes no complaints. "Jim is certainly the best husband any woman could ask for. All those stories about his being a dyed-in-the-wool bachelor and a stick-in-the-mud are ridiculous.

"Jim eats anything, and he's so easy to get on with, you couldn't ask for a better adjusted human being. The children are crazy about him, especially the boys.

"They're old enough for him to have fun with. He wrestles with them and plays (*Continued on page 62*)

By ALICE FINLETTER



"The boys are crazy about him. They're old enough for him to have fun with. He wrestles with them and plays ball and goes hiking . . . they just love to go hiking together."



"It's absolutely incredible how Jim can study in any kind of a racket. I think this concentration is responsible for his absentmindedness. He never forgets anniversaries or birthdays, though . . . he's given me so many things."



"He's a camera bug. Jim has one of every kind of camera in existence. I've never seen so many cameras in my life. And he's plane-crazy, too—having his own plane thrills him."



"You've heard of the absent-minded professor? Well, Jim is the original. After the twins were born he was supposed to take me home from the hospital. He almost forgot it!"



"Of course, Jim doesn't quite know what to do with our twin girls, Judy and Kelly, because they are only three. But I'm sure he likes holding them. And he's sure they're going to grow up into great cooks—I'm a flop at that!"

Jean Simmons' life is a modern
fairy tale. But will she have to make some changes
to find the happy ending?

BY LOUIS POLLOCK

if she could only cook...

■ Once there was a little English girl whose life got off to the most glorious start any little girl could think of. She was a movie actress! She not only had talent, she had an appetite for fun and an attitude that as much as asked: "What's the point of good fortune if you can't live it up a bit?" And that's what Jean Simmons did.

She had a little racing roadster for flying around the countryside, she had a lovely flat in London with a housekeeper to do for her, and she had a hatful of dashing admirers to take her nightclubbing in gay film parties until dawn caught up with the revelers and they had to scramble back hilariously to the studios without a wink of sleep.

Some of her friends used to say, "Oh, Jean has made good in such a hurry she'll never bother to grow up!" But she knew they were wrong. She knew she would grow up—and like all women, all too soon. In the meantime, why, what could mean more than the fact that you were young?

That was hardly five years ago. Today Jean Simmons is in Hollywood and when her friends telephone her at home, or at her dressingroom suite at 20th Century-Fox Studios, they often begin with, "Is this 'Dreadful' Simmons?"

"Righto!" Jean will admit. "That's me!"

It's a joke, of course, yet it is founded on the supposition that Jean, if you didn't know any better than to believe local gossip, is a frosty-natured gal ready to bite off the head of anyone who wants to be friendly.

In England, people used to like to crowd around her and reporters always asked, "What's up, Jean? Been any place important? Got any plans we ought to know about?" In Hollywood most of them now tell each other that she is quite unapproachable, quite uncooperative. Some—and she has to smile about this, especially—even say it is because she is English—"and so reserved, you know." And there are newspaper people and writers who have advised each other: "Don't (Continued on page 70)





the secret romance
of Marlon and Movita

Here at last
is the real story
of Marlon's flight from fear—
and the story
of the one girl
who has helped him
find peace!

BY STEVE CRONIN

■ Marlon Brando is not a happy man. By nature a non-conformist, he is confused, tormented and super-sensitive.

Like all men, he seeks contentment and laughter and joy. He decided to invite his best friends to a small party. He called Wally Cox, the Mr. Peepers of tv, Phil and Marie Rhodes, Sydney and Sandra Armes, all show folk, and ask them to meet him and Movita at his apartment in New York's Carnegie Hall Building.

The purpose of the gathering was "to celebrate my three years of friendship with Movita."

It was a warm and wonderful and unforgettable party, because everyone there understood that the keynote was love, the kind of love which is all too rare, the kind of love that calls for courage and sacrifice and gives pleasure and pain.

The guests danced and drank and sang, and toward the night's end, Marlon Brando and Movita Castaneda found themselves relatively alone in a dimly-lit corner of the studio.

Marlon slipped one arm around Movita's waist and his other hand into his pocket—to find his gift for Movita. It was a beautiful ring with a cluster of little diamonds. Marlon took Movita's hand and slipped the ring onto her marriage finger.

"This is our three-year friendship ring," he said softly.

Movita gulped hard and her eyes grew moist with tears.

"Thank you, darling," she whispered. "Thank you." And then she kissed him (*Continued on page 88*)



SALT WATER DILLIES



Left to right the non-bathing beauties are: Kim Novak, Scott Brady, Bob Francis, May Wynn (at whose Malibu Beach cottage party took place).

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A BEACH TO HELP PEOPLE FORGET THEIR TROUBLES—ESPECIALLY IF THEY'RE FOUR

■ A butterfly with too much flitting to do ceases to believe he is a butterfly. That's what happens now and then to movie stars. It's a butterfly's life but they do get fed up with endless memorizing of dialogue, endless terrific love scenes with people they don't know very well, and equally endless nights of dressed-up premières and fancy parties at nightclubs.

A MODERN SCREEN editor fell to

talking with old friend Scott Brady about this situation. Said old friend Scott, restlessly, "I'd like to do something *different*, meet some new people."

"I think," the editor said, "I have an idea. You are always beefing that we magazine people put too much emphasis on the glamorous side of life in Hollywood and that we don't give enough of a break to the exciting young newcomers. Why don't we kill two birds with

one rock? We'll let you cook the spaghetti dinner you're always bragging about and we'll let *you* introduce some youngsters who are going to be the big stars of tomorrow. What do you say?"

"Well, golly," was the first thing Scott said. "This is the millenium or whatever you call small miracles. I accept with pleasure."

The next afternoon Mr. Brady, whose arrival and departure time at gatherings



Columbia's Kim Novak was Scott Brady's blind date for the day; 28 years old, she began to act to combat an inferiority complex.



May Wynn worked with Bob Francis in *The Caine Mutiny*, took her new name from role in that film. Original name: Donna Lee Hickey.



The girls' idea of a walk on the beach turned out to be a ride for them and a marathon for the fellows—who managed to prove that their biceps were not mere stage effects. Ride ended when Kim spotted stray dog (below), jumped off for a closer look.

YOUNG STARS AND HAVEN'T ANY.

usually is highly indefinite, slid his big convertible to a stop outside May (*The Caine Mutiny*) Wynn's neat little Malibu Beach home at two-thirty—a half hour before he was expected. He unloaded the precious ingredients for his spaghetti dinner and perched them on the back doorstep along with himself.

The sea gulls may have had the impression that this man was talking to himself. And (*Continued on next page*).

turn page for more pictures





"When I was a kid," Kim said, looking longingly after departing pooch, "my sister and I kept a sign in the window—'Stray Animals Welcome!' We were mobbed with them—I guess they could read!"



"I'll find you an animal," Scott told Kim, produced a starfish from the Malibu rocks. Net result: both girls fled and even Bob looked skeptical, finally left Scott to continue his nature studies alone.



"She eats like a horse," Bob said admiringly when asked to describe May, "and she has a twenty-inch waistline!" An ex-model and chorus girl, May always planned on a show business career.

(Continued from page 49) he was. He was making a mental check of his supplies against his simple, perfect menu, to wit:

SPAGHETTI
with meat sauce and grated
Parmesan cheese

GARLIC BREAD
OLIVES AND CELERY
TOSSED GREEN SALAD

DESSERT
Large slices of chilled fresh pineapple
served on long lollipop sticks

COFFEE
(served on the beach, hot and strong)

By the time the gang arrived, the impatient Mr. Brady had pulled a screen off a rear window to make his own entrance. Miss Wynn, jumping out of her own convertible, said to him: "If I didn't suspect that you're Scott Brady, I'd blow a whistle and have the Malibu gendarmes toss you in the local jug."

"That," said Mr. Brady, pulling one long leg from inside the window, "will not be necessary, Miss Wynn, and how do you do?"

With the aid of a key, May let them both in and in a moment they were joined by Bob Francis (who takes his bow in a personal story on page 55) and Kim Novak, the voomy type blonde ex-model who began her career wearing one of Rita Hayworth's slinky black dresses in *The Killer Wore A Badge*.

They were all friends (Cont'd on page 81)

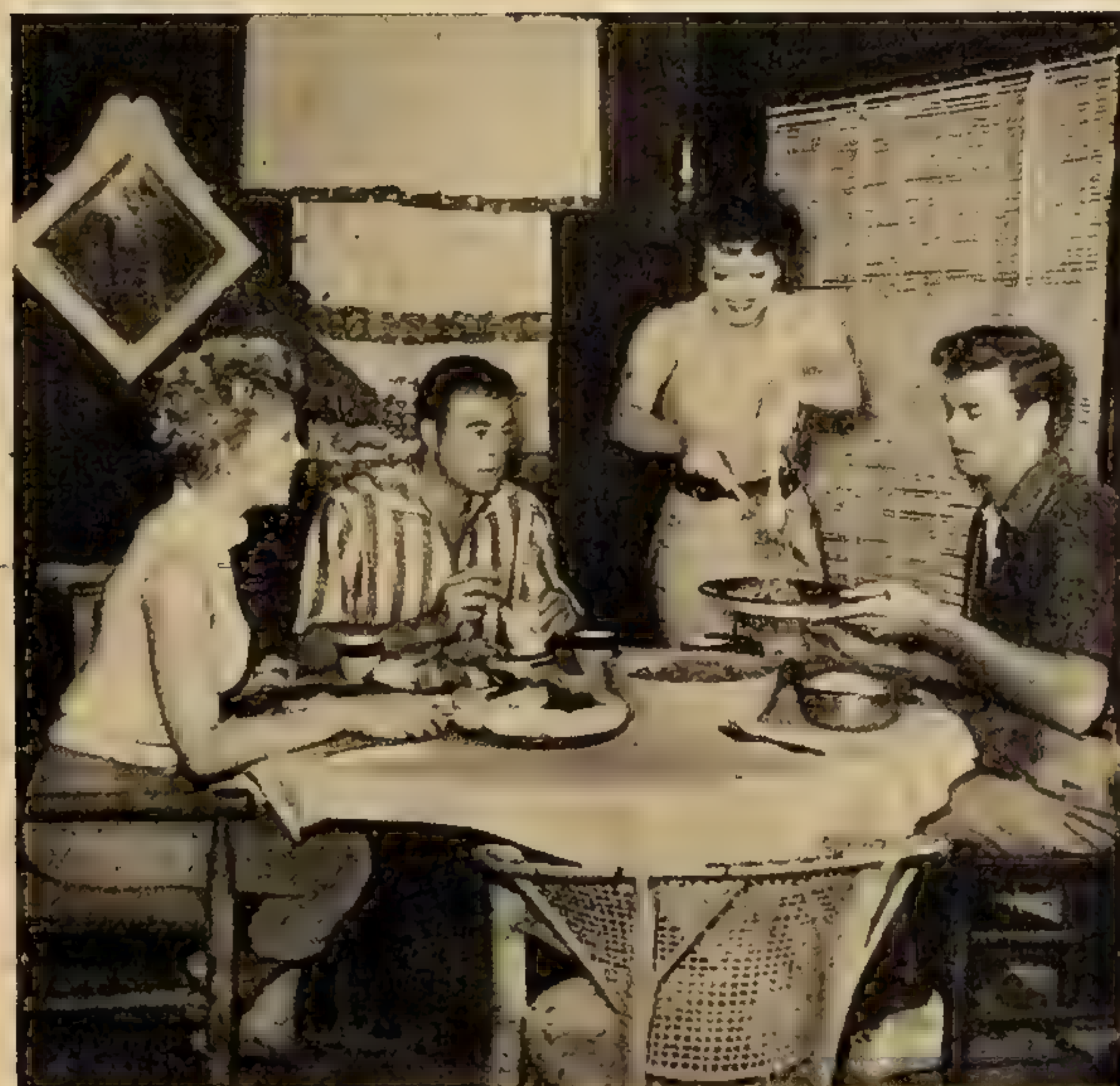


At sundown the kids headed for the house. All afternoon Scott begged for Kim's phone number, finally got it. Now there's talk of romance!

IN MAY'S COTTAGE SCOTT DISAPPEARED INTO THE KITCHEN AND PRODUCED ONE OF HIS JUSTLY FAMOUS HOMEMADE SPAGHETTI DINNERS



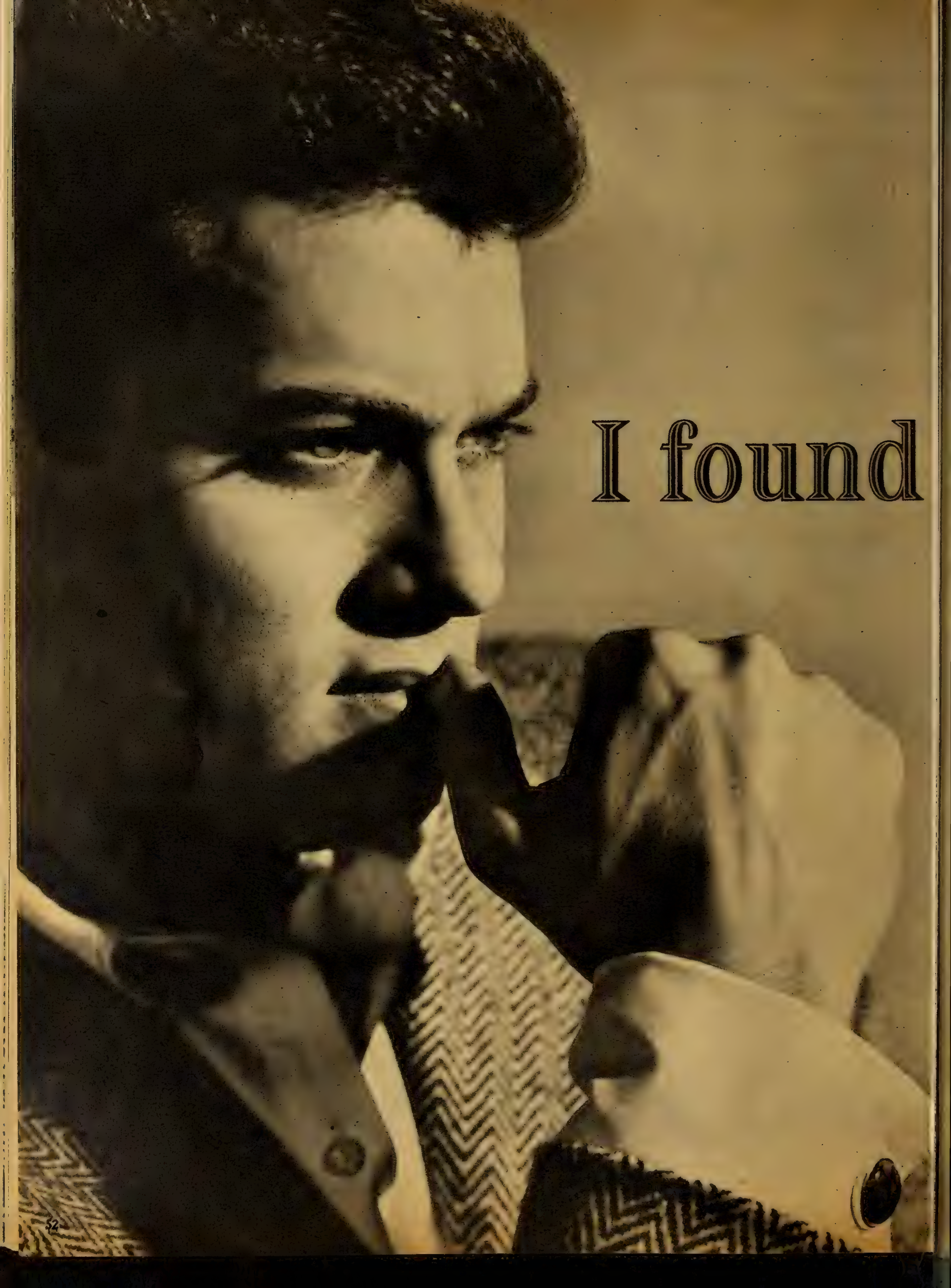
"There is a knack," Scott explained to Kim, "of eating as well as cooking a good spaghetti dinner!" and proceeded to demonstrate.



Dessert (fresh pineapple slices on lollipop sticks) looked so attractive that the girls insisted on having it on the table throughout the delicious meal.

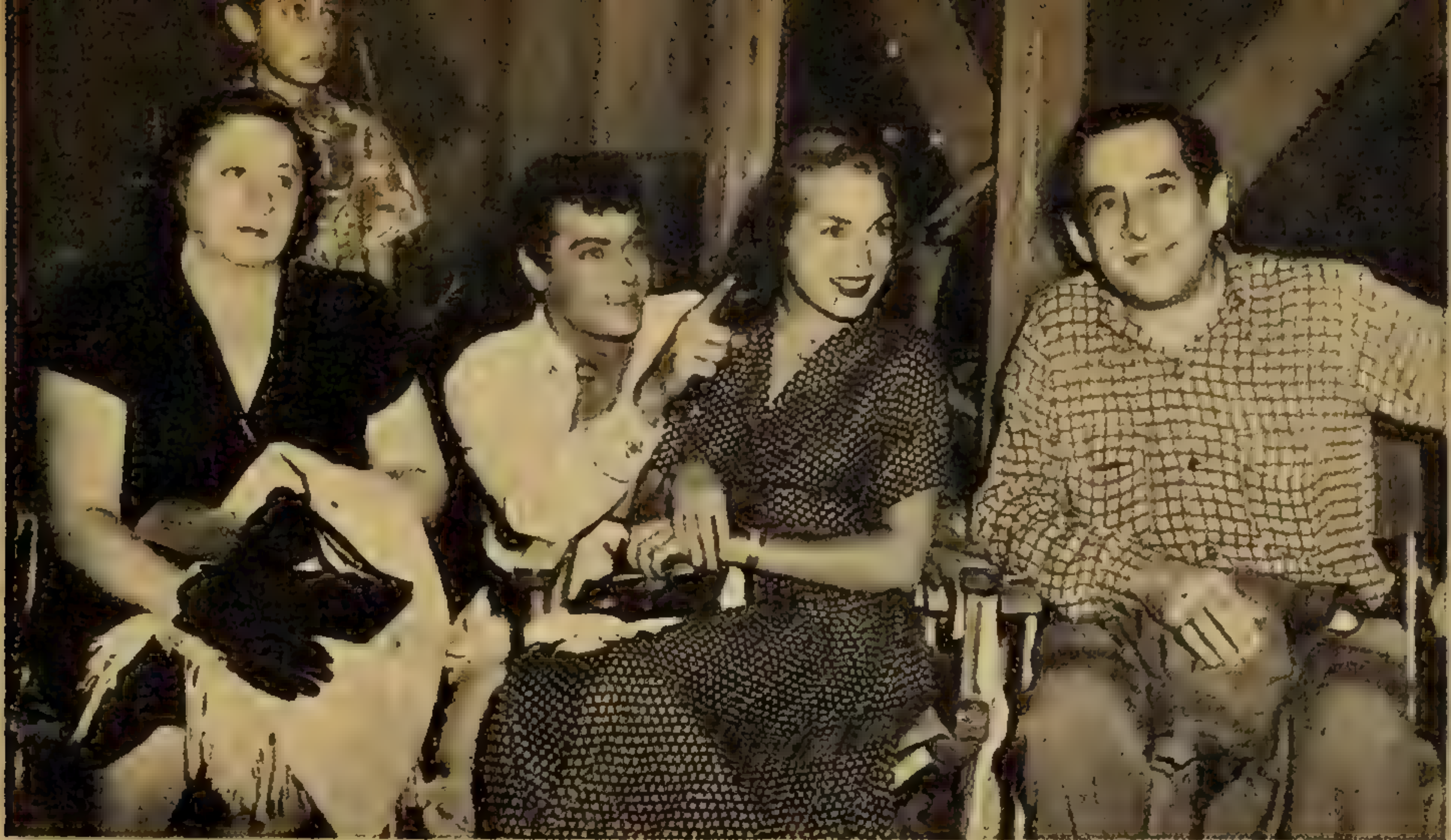


After dinner the girls traded life stories, then (to their own surprise) persuaded the fellows to do dishes before the party broke up.



I found

by Tony Curtis



Tony's father and mother, Helen and Manuel Schwartz, see a great deal of their son and daughter-in-law, often bring son Bobby to watch Tony work. The difference between Tony's religion and Janet's has created no conflicts, they say.

God in the streets

In one of New York's
toughest tenement districts
Tony Curtis learned
many things—
among them love
and kindness and faith—
and to know himself!

■ In the sections of New York where I was born and grew up I always had to count on competition. I learned even as a small boy that if I as much as stepped part way out of my shoes somebody would be sure to shove me all the way out so he could step into them. Seeing to it that nothing sudden happened to me took most of my time and I had little left to waste on worrying about the other guy.

Maybe I would have gone on like that if it weren't for a strange thing that had no right to take place in a tough neighborhood—but did every now and then. For no reason at all that I could see, and in cases where he couldn't possibly benefit or be rewarded for it, a fellow would help his fellow man. Some dope! I would think, and try to forget about it. But sometimes it would stick in my mind and bother me.

Instead of thinking that the man who had received help was lucky, I found myself envying the fellow who had gone to all the trouble to help him. Somehow he had gained something. What? I used to puzzle over it and try to hammer my head back to where it would operate right. Gradually, over the years, I began to feel and understand the wonder of helping the other guy; why it was even better than getting helped, and that it was the human heart at work. In time I even knew that the heart meant the soul and that even here, in the tenement canyons of New York, God was around.

I got real smart at figuring out why people did certain things. (After I got to Hollywood I learned that the better the writer the more he knows about the same thing, that is, the motivation behind people's deeds.) And I realized that there was not only unselfish action—there could be such a thing as unselfish thinking!

I remember one day in school when a pencil box was stolen and the teacher found it in my desk. She asked me why I had stolen it. I blazed up at her and denied the theft. I was so angry about her accusation, so fiery about it, and sounded so convincing that I almost convinced myself I was innocent. We stood there, face to face, and it was a horrible, ugly moment. Suddenly the teacher said something that just took the whole floor from under me.

"Oh, I've made a big mistake if you say you didn't take it," she cried. "I'm sorry. I apologize!"

(Continued on page 81)



PERT AND PRETTY, PAT DECIDED TO BE AN ACTRESS WHEN HER SISTER SAID SHE TALKED TOO MUCH! ■ by Alice Hoffmann

■ Pat Crowley and two other young New York actresses found themselves in Hollywood facing a horrible weekend of suspense. Paramount Pictures had brought them west, put them up at the same hotel (where they met each other for the first time) and then tested each one for a lead role in a movie which was to star William Holden, Ginger Rogers and Paul Douglas. The tests were over by a Thursday morning and the girls were told they would have to wait around until Monday before finding out which was the lucky one.

By late Thursday afternoon Pat Crowley, a dark-haired Irish girl whose beauty is as vivid as her name is plain, decided something must be done and she was the one to do it. She telephoned the others.

(Continued on page 86)

PAT CROWLEY

FACES



BOB FRANCIS

MOVIES' NEWEST, BIGGEST, BLONDEST GIANT WAS PULLED OFF A PAIR OF SKIS TO STAR IN HIS FIRST FILM. ■ by Kirtley Baskette

■ Where did this Bob Francis come from? That is the question Hollywood citizens are asking each other.

One writer was talking to Columbia Pictures' publicity department. "I can't understand how I've missed him! What pictures has he made?"

"No other pictures. This is his first."

"What Broadway plays?"

"He's never seen Broadway."

"Oh, I get it," she brightened, "television!" Wrong again—no tv. Radio? Never in his life.

Stubbornly, she ran out the list: Little theatre? (Continued on page 71)

(Continued from page 41) him to see it, because that's the kind of picture I want to concentrate on. Comedy. Well, yes, singing and dancing, too, but musical comedy. Not just ingénues. I hate playing ingénues.

"When Red Skelton was on the lot, we used to talk about a picture we wanted to make together. About clowns. A father-and-daughter clown act—with a plot, too, of course. Very sad plot. But I'd love to play a part like that.

"Know the kind of comedy Lucille Ball does? The cream pie-in-the-face routine? Crazy! The living end! Love it. Have I ever had a pie in the face?" she winks broadly. "Had to practice, you know. Dick Powell calls me his clown in baggy britches. He's a great man. People ask me who is the greatest talent in Hollywood, I say 'Dick Powell.' I love him. He's just like a big, woolly bear.

"You know how busy he is? He's only producing, directing and acting; he's only making a couple of million a year to say nothing of his interests outside the industry. And he takes time to call me on the phone. Just calls and says, 'Whatcha doing?' I tell him whatever it is, and then he says, 'Well, don't let them work you too hard, Deb. Don't do too much. You have to take some time out for rest and relaxation.' Imagine! He's the greatest. And June and those two kids—it's a perfect marriage, a perfect family. He's given her such a feeling of security. That's what I need, what I'll have to have in my marriage.

"Of course, I'm much more fortunate than most. Because of the closeness of my family, I've had emotional security all my life. I've grown up with it. And if I didn't find it in my marriage, I'd be more lost than the person who had never had it. See what I mean? By the way, aren't we going to talk about my love life today? Too bad. I had such a scoop for you, too!

"No, I was only kidding. No romance of mine would ever be of the 'scoop' variety. You know, when I'm not working, I go out a lot. I really enjoy it; it gives me a chance to be with boys I like and I love to dance. But it isn't everything. Sometimes I don't go out at all. I remember once, last year or the year before, when I didn't have a date for eight months. I was taking lessons every night, voice, singing, dancing, and when you work that hard, you either don't have time or you're too tired for dating. I've been goofing off for about six months now, having a ball, and I'm glad to be back at work. I have plenty to do.

"My next big project is a nightclub routine. I have very definite ideas about that. I think you really have to knock yourself out, give them everything you've got, stay out there almost but not quite as long as the audience wants you. Don't overstay your welcome, but don't let them go away feeling a little cheated. I spent the weekend in Las Vegas with Bob Neal and his mother, and we went to Danny Thomas' opening. What a talent! The living end—the greatest. I want to be able to hold an audience like he does.

"People have the idea that you can whip a show together in six weeks or something. That's crazy. It takes years to put a really good show together, and mine has to be sensational right from the beginning. I'd hate to be just a movie actress coming out to sing them a couple of dumb little songs. I want to knock 'em dead, lay 'em in the aisles.

"Maybe I'll do an act alone or maybe with a couple of boys. I haven't decided yet. I'm going to try to talk Roger Edens into writing some special material for me,

an opening number. He wrote a song for me that's the living end. People ask me who's the greatest talent in Hollywood, I say 'Roger Edens.' Absolutely the greatest.

"My biggest problem is finding hit songs from old shows. My education has been badly neglected in that department. As far as I was concerned, New York was eight thousand miles away, and since Broadway didn't have anything to do with movies, it was nowhere. So I really need a lot of filling in on show tunes."

A FRIEND OFFERED her a file of same, and Debbie said instantly, "I'll take it—and I'll cherish it, too, because I know how people feel about their hobbies. You know, once I loaned my monkey collection to a hobby exhibit. I had monkeys from everywhere in the world that I've been and some that friends brought me and fans sent me. I loved every one of them. Well, these people promised to take good care of them, but while they were on exhibit two of my monkeys were stolen. What could they do to make up for that? They gave me first prize. I said, 'Thanks a lot,' and pinned the ribbon on one of my monkeys—but I don't lend them out any more. That's why I say I understand how much a person's hobby means, and I'll take good care of your song collection if you'll trust me with it.

There is the tape from the time the sound effects failed in a dramatic skit on WOR in NY: "And so I'm going to shoot you through the head." Silence. "This time I'm really going to shoot you through the head." Silence again. "Instead I'm going to cut your throat." Two shots.

Leo Guild in
The Hollywood Reporter

"Sure, I still collect monkeys. People still send me live ones, too, but mother sends them right back. She says, 'We have the parakeets and Tour Jeté (the dog) and you in the house. That's enough!' See how she classifies me with the rest of the animals? We had a cat, too, Michael O'Flaherty Reynolds, but we had to give him up. He was too mean, the living end! He used to hide under the furniture or behind the door, and every time Mother went by he'd run out and grab her by the leg or bite her. He used to let me hold him for about seven seconds when he felt like it, because he knew that I was supposed to be his mistress. After that—look out!"

SHE TALKS on and on and, after a time, one can see that this talk has a pattern, an unconscious purpose. You should be amused. Debbie grins, frowns, leers, mugs; every thought wears a different expression of drollery. Her hands are never still, her hair literally stands on end, and her pleasure is evident when you are amused. Debbie is inwardly a clown. With or without the baggy britches, she's always on stage, always knocking herself out for the reward of a smile.

Like great clowns before her, Debbie's compulsion to keep us laughing hides a deep sensitivity that she doesn't want exposed. She can be wounded—oh, yes; her heart isn't scar-proof—but instinctively she knows that we gratefully accept her great talent for tickling us and dig no deeper into Debbie Reynolds. Let the world believe she's a crazy, happy little kid who can belt a song, dance up a storm and make more faces than her monkeys, and the world lets the inner girl go her way in peace.

She's a tiny one who doesn't believe in her own talents half as much as you do. Because she became a star practically

overnight, she isn't at all convinced that she's deserving of a place so high and she works twice as hard to stay there. You'll find her real feelings somewhere in the bright chatter that was calculated to make you smile. She shows her palms, covered with brutal blisters because she has worked out so strenuously on the bars for her role in *Athena*.

Debbie's eyes may be on the stars, but her feet are planted pretty firmly on the ground. She has a curiously ancient wisdom, knowing without being old enough to have learned it that in the end we pay for everything we get. If not in the beginning, then in the end. She didn't have to labor much to become Miss Burbank of 1948, and her subsequent movie contracts followed as a result of that contest—but how many girls who win contests of one kind or another actually become stars? Far from being a crazy kid, Debbie is a very bright little character who could read the handwriting on the wall more easily than most. Something was wrong. Getting into the movies had been too easy. Then she saw it. Because she had got in so easily, she was going to have to work like the dickens to prove her right to stay there. Hollywood was justifiably blasé about flash-in-the-pan contest winners.

DEBBIE WAS still pretty new at the acting game when she discovered that it isn't all cakes and ale. She sat down all alone, there at the crossroads of her life, to decide which way it would go. If she had decided to take the road away from movies, she would have chucked the career without a backward glance, because that's the way she is. She would have knocked herself out in the interest of other things, because she isn't capable of half-hearted participation. Once she decided that a career in pictures was what she wanted, that it would be worth all the blood, sweat and tears, she began to give it a full measure of each.

It takes a full measure. Those blistered little hands will bleed before she willingly gives up working on the bar. Her practice clothes will be plastered to her back and her hair will be clinging damply to her forehead before she is satisfied with her dance routines. And there'll be tears, too, though you will never see them, and it's entirely possible that even her own family won't know when her throat is aching and her eyes sting with salt.

Once there was a role in a picture that Debbie wanted in the worst way. Different from anything she had ever done, non-musical, it would give her a chance to display whatever genuine acting ability she possessed. When she won the part, Deb was happy. Than this there is no happier. She glowed, she sparkled, she danced on the wind, she bubbled inwardly as she has always done on the surface. She had worked hard and now she was rewarded.

And then another actress took over the role when she thought beyond doubt that the coveted picture was hers.

Debbie didn't throw a temperamental tantrum—she wouldn't know how. But she couldn't make the little clown come to life, either. The loss was too painful and it came too quickly, before she could throw those defenses up. That day, for the first and perhaps for the only time, Hollywood saw Debbie disarmed—without the shield of a wry grin and a comic answer.

In a quiet voice she agreed with the executives who broke the news to her that the more experienced actress would probably do a whale of a job. That was the gesture of a good sport. And then she added evenly, "I hope you'll never again ask me to give up anything that means as much as this role meant to me." These were the tears.

SHE ISN'T BITTER—never bitter—but the experience taught her something. So that she says now, "I've tested twice for *Oklahoma*. I'd really love to play that role, to do Ado Annie, but from the beginning I've somehow known inside myself that I wasn't going to get it. So, I'll keep doing tests as long as they ask me, but when they cast somebody else, I'm not going to be disappointed. I just know."

She isn't going to hope again in that particular way. She hoped too hard once and got hurt, and she's too smart a girl to need two belts over the head where one will suffice. Nobody knows whether Debbie ever took a belt over the heart because she isn't saying.

She continues to confound—and even irritate—the biographers of Hollywood by refusing to follow the patterns of behavior they expect. By this time success certainly should have gone to her little round head. Instead of which she does pretty much what she has always done.

She doesn't spend money like a drunken sailor, nor buy and wreck Cadillacs, nor make headlines by her contractual disagreements with MGM. She refuses to elope and divorce or even engage and disengage. The girl is twenty-two years old, for heaven's sake, and she still doesn't drink or smoke!

The columnists and feature writers have cooed about how refreshing it was to have this natural little person in our midst in tones so sugary that it took a steady hand to read the stories after a while. Nothing happened, except that Debbie went on working and improving as an actress, doing, outside the studio the things she had always done.

Then they took the opposite tack. When, they asked sourly, was this girl going to grow up? Wasn't she a little old to be climbing trees? If Debbie was stung by their ridicule of her Girl Scout activities, of the fact that she played the French horn, she gave no indication. The grin stayed on straight, her talents continued to blossom and she went her own way.

THE FINAL BLOW to the scoffers has been the steadfast loyalty of the boys Debbie dates. They, too, have been ridiculed—for robbing the cradle, for enjoying the company of a girl who considers a weinie roast as much fun as a première, for having their romantic appeal passed over by a girl who says, "I can take a good night kiss or leave it alone." According to their standards, little Miss Reynolds ought to be a one-date girl, but the most eligible bachelors in town keep coming back. She can have her choice of dates any night of the week and if it happens to be one of the periods when she's working or studying, they'll try again in three months or six. It seems strange, to say the least, in a town where eligible young males are at a premium, but that's the way the ball bounces. Debbie's ball, anyhow.

An erudite local disc jockey announced a record, "The music is by George Gershwin and lyrics by his lovely wife, Ira."

*Leo Guild in
The Hollywood Reporter*

Maybe she's too busy forging a career to think of romance, as she says. And maybe she got clobbered once, as she isn't saying. Anyway, Debbie Reynolds isn't going to have one of those early, scalded-over-with-scandal marriages spawned by the dizzy pace of kids who don't know enough to come in out of the glamour.

It isn't that she's rebellious in not doing the tragic expected; it's just that she wouldn't be Debbie if she did. **END**

*Here's the mysterious
Veronique Pasanie—
journaliste and
traveling companion
of Gregory Peck—*

THE GIRL WHO CAME TO INTERVIEW



One of the very few photos ever taken of Greg and Veronica, this rare picture was snapped near Paris.

■ One of the most camera-shy girls in Europe is Gregory Peck's mysterious French-Russian-Italian friend, Veronica Pasanie.

This photograph was snapped at Orly Airport outside Paris. Tired and drawn from the long flight, Greg and Veronica had just returned from Ceylon and were walking toward the Immigration Office to have their passports checked. Veronica removed the dark glasses she usually wears and an alert photographer dashed out, clicked his shutter and disappeared.

Until recently, Veronica, traveling under various names, has had an easy time avoiding publicity. But after a couple of years of tracking her in London, Paris, St. Moritz, the French Riviera and Ceylon, the press is able to recognize her. One photographer said, "No girl can go around with Gregory Peck and hide behind sunglasses forever!"

Veronica first met Greg two years ago when, as a cub reporter for the *Paris Presse*, she was assigned to interview him. Greg was as gracious as usual—so gracious, in fact, that she decided to do a sequel in Rome where Greg had gone to make *Roman Holiday*.

What with all the interviewing, Greg's wife Greta took the three Peck

sons, Jonathan, Stephen and Carey Paul, back to California. Then the press—quite naturally—became more curious about Greg's friendship with Veronica.

"She's just a girl I met in Paris," he said. "Nothing serious. I see her once in a while—just like any old friend."

When Veronica turned up in Ceylon with Greg while he was making *The Purple Plains*, reporters asked why.

"I think she came out here," was the far from inevitable reply, "to buy some tea for her mother."

Veronica says, "Gregory Peck is a good friend and I am a *journaliste* and this is my own private business and I will answer no questions about it."

Her friends say, "Veronique is a shrewd girl and she expects that Greg will divorce his wife eventually and marry her." Veronica, twenty-one years old, lives with her mother in a small Parisian apartment on Avenue Franklin Roosevelt.

As for Peck, he is scheduled to be in London now to work with John Huston on a re-make of *Moby Dick*. After a two-week visit with his wife and children in Hollywood, he is still keeping his own counsel about his private decisions—if any.

heading for a wedding?

(Continued from page 33) said that he escorted two girls.

Rock grinned. "I took my mother and Betty."

Despite the diplomacy, the hedging, the shying away from any talk about marriage, Betty Abbott is the number one girl in Rock Hudson's life.

LAST YEAR when Rock came down with a near-ruptured appendix and had to be rushed to the hospital for an emergency operation it was Betty Abbott who stayed at his bedside. Rock kept referring to her as "Nurse Nancy."

After the surgery, Rock urged Betty to go to Europe for her vacation. He knew she had been planning this first trip abroad for years. Betty demurred. Rock insisted. Betty finally went.

While she was crossing the Atlantic, the steward notified Betty that there was a radio call for her. The shore-to-ship operator out of New York was trying to get in touch with her. Not knowing what to expect, the attractive blonde ran to the phone.

It was Rock calling from Hollywood. "Having any laughs?" he asked.

Betty was delighted. What a considerate thing for Rock to do! He had thought she might be lonely aboard ship.

When Betty arrived at her hotel in London, weary from the trip up from Southampton, there was still another surprise. She found her room bedecked with flowers. Was this typical British hotel hospitality? No. The British are hospitable, but attached to one red rose was a card. On it was written, "Have fun! Rock."

Presently Betty phoned him from Europe. These transatlantic phone calls are expensive, and most people don't make them just to pass the time of day. There was need here for the sound of loved voices, the communication of kindred souls, the reassurance that one was thinking of the other no matter how vast the separation.

A few weeks later when Rock was down at Laguna Beach ostensibly recuperating, he went surf riding. The surf of the Pacific gets pretty rough, even for a six-foot, four-inch giant like Hudson. A wave caught the actor, upset his surfboard and banged him into a jutting boulder.

Result: a collar bone broken in three places, an ambulance ride from the Emergency Hospital in Laguna to St. Joseph's Hospital in Burbank, and eight long weeks of convalescence.

Betty Abbott was notified of the accident and she came back from Europe in a hurry. She denies that she cut short her trip because she was worried about Rock, but her friends tell it differently.

"Of course she was worried," one of her close relatives insists. "After all, she and Rock have known each other for years. He lives just over the hill and he takes her to work each morning. Whenever he possibly can, he drives her home. They've been every place together. And Olive—that's Betty's mother—considers him one of the family. So naturally Betty was worried when he cracked up."

"I know that young people like to be nonchalant. It makes them feel more sophisticated. They don't want to give vent to their emotions, but Betty is very fond of Rock. Naturally, she's not going to say anything about marriage. But have you ever heard of a girl's going around with a boy on and off for five years without thinking of him as a possible husband? Of course not."

"As for Rock, I'm sure he's thought of Betty as a wife, but like many men, he's got to be shoved into marriage. I don't

care what anybody says, it's women who do most of the proposing. And it so happens that Betty isn't a forward girl."

A STUDIO EMPLOYEE who knows both Betty and Rock well, is of the opinion that Rock might ask Betty to marry him while they're both in Europe this summer.

"When it was announced," he explained "that *Captain Lightfoot* was going to be shot in Ireland, Rock dropped hints all over the studio that it would be wonderful if somehow Betty could be assigned to it."

"She was. People around here like to keep Rock happy. After all, he's a pretty big noise. He doesn't throw his weight around but he *does* get 4,000 fan letters a month. *Magnificent Obsession* is doing very good business and Rock is entitled to a few favors."

"Besides, Betty is a fine script girl. She's been on—well, I'd say off-hand—at least nine of Rock's pictures. She's seen him under all kinds of pressure and she understands his moods and his ambitions."

As a matter of fact, these two young people couldn't be more perfect for each other. He is twenty-eight or twenty-nine. Betty's twenty-five or twenty-six. She's pretty; she's intelligent; she has a great figure and a nifty sense of humor. Her folks were in show business, and she knows all the problems an actor faces.

"I've been around Hollywood a long time, and I've never met a nicer kid. Matter of fact, if I weren't married, I'd marry her myself."

ROCK HUDSON uses the same sort of superlatives in talking about Betty—except that he avoids the marriage discussion. He described their first meeting.

"I was in this picture, *Bright Victory*, had a one-line or two-line bit. Didn't know what it was all about. Betty was the script girl, and one day between setups, I wandered over and started talking to her. I guess it was about acting."

"She's pretty, of course, but what really impressed me was her mind and her manner. Very knowing and very gentle."

"Lots of times you'll meet a girl who's one or the other. If she's knowing there's usually a tendency to be a little domineering. Not with Betty. I noticed that right away."

"Later on when we did other pictures together—when we were up in Oregon on *Bend Of the River*, particularly, I noticed how much at home she was everywhere—such an adaptable girl. Everyone is at ease talking to her."

"She's got a wonderful sense of humor, too. But don't get me wrong. She's just a good friend."

What Rock didn't say about his "good friend" was that he was planning a rendezvous with her and Barbara Rush in Paris before *Captain Lightfoot* got underway.

With Barbara as chaperone, Rock and Betty planned to tour France. By this

time the tour should be over and they both should be working in Ireland.

Whether the European vacation will change their status no one can be sure, yet.

One woman who hopes it will is Rock's mother, Mrs. Kay Olson, a woman of character, humor, understanding and beauty.

"I surely hope," Mrs. Olson says, "that Rock marries Betty if he marries anyone. I would love to have that girl as my daughter-in-law. I can't tell you how much fun we have together."

"When my son lived just opposite Betty I used to see more of her than I do now. But I know they care for each other. Really care. If Roy (Mrs. Olson refers to her son by his real name) didn't, why would he take her to all those previews, on all those dates?"

"He's shy about marriage. But that's understandable in view of what he's seen in connection with me. I've been married three times. The first two were horrible nightmares. I'm very happy now, but what Roy remembers is the first two, and you can't blame him for taking his time."

Rock Hudson's father deserted his family back in Illinois when Rock was six years old. Just why he left Rock and his wife is difficult to determine. But he walked out on his wife and son and never came back.

YOUNG Rock was thereupon sent to live with his grandmother. He was a good boy. The teachers at Skokie Grade School who remember him say he was always "big for his age but nice."

In 1933 his mother obtained a divorce on grounds of desertion, and a few years later she married a Marine. This Marine adopted Rock, legally made him his son, but Rock hated him with a fervor that has never died.

If you mention the man's name today, Rock grows livid with rage. "If I ever see him," he says, "well, I'll try to control myself but I doubt if I can do it."

Why does Rock feel this way about his stepfather? According to the actor, he was beaten mercilessly day after day for no reason whatever. And being the kind of boy he was, he never told his mother who was out working in Winnetka, supporting both him and his step-father.

"He used to beat Roy savagely," Mrs. Olson recalls, "and the boy never told me about it until after I was divorced. Then he told me everything. I feel very sorry for that man if he ever crosses Roy's path."

As a child, Rock Hudson had no happy family life, no father to go to for help or money or guidance. It's a tribute to his hard-working mother that he was graduated from New Trier Township High and that he developed into a young man of character and kindness and decency.

What he saw of marriage as a youngster has not disillusioned him but it has made him sensitive, extra careful.

BETTY ABBOTT, who was born in Rochester, New York, and reared in Los Angeles, knows what happiness marriage can bring because hers has always been a happy home life. But when Rock looks back on his younger years, he grows sullen and meditative, and he realizes how happy he is now, just by comparison.

Because he is happy, Rock is reluctant to change his present state. But as his wonderful mother says, "Love has a way of moving men and mountains. Nothing would please me more than to have Betty and Roy return from Europe man and wife."

With the exception of a few hundred girls in Hollywood who want Rock for themselves, most of the movie colony hopes this will come to pass. "It's a natural."

END

Milton Berle invited Phil Silvers to drive to Long Island in his chauffeur-driven car. They were stopped by a traffic cop who examined the owner's license, peered into the back of the car and recognized the TV star. "Milton Berle, eh?" the cop smiled. "Okay Uncle Miltie, but take it easy" . . . "And you know who this is? This is Phil Silvers," Berle told the cop, who waved them on . . . "Milton," said Silvers later, "thanks for letting me take a bow."

Leonard Lyons in
The New York Post

“Who’s been
sleeping in
my bed?”



It's all about
a man-about-town
and a girl about 18...and
the things he learns
about love
FROM HER!



DICK POWELL • DEBBIE REYNOLDS
Susan Slept Here

color by
TECHNICOLOR



co-starring

ANNE FRANCIS

• Directed by FRANK TASHLIN • Screenplay by ALEX GOTTLIEB • Produced by HARRIET PARSONS



dad has his hands full

(Continued from page 27) Bing was pleasantly surprised. "Okay, Lin," he agreed. "I'll get you a set of clubs and we'll see how good you are."

That year Lindsay left most of his clubs strewn around the links. By December he could find only one. So Bing bought him a set of ladies' clubs because they were light and Lindsay was small. Again they got lost.

Last year Lindsay asked for some more golf clubs. Again Bing complied, but this time he paid for the clubs with the money Lindsay had earned working all summer on the Crosby cattle ranch in Elko, Nevada. Nine bucks a day.

Lindsay has not only taken scrupulous care of the golf clubs "bought with my hard-earned dough" but last summer, using those same clubs up at Hayden Lake, Idaho, he shot a seventy-two to win The Mughunters' tourney for kids.

This incident is typical of Bing Crosby's policy as a father. He will give his boys plenty of rope—and then no more. The minute one goes too far, Bing bears down.

He has said many times, "Until they're twenty-one the boys are my biggest responsibility. And I'm going to keep a watchful eye on all of them."

BING MAKES it a point every few months to drop in on the deans of the various schools attended by his sons.

Phil and Denny, the nineteen-year-old twins, go to Washington State College in Pullman, Washington, which is why you read so frequently that Bing is bound for Spokane. Actually he is on his way to Pullman to visit the boys, both of whom happen to be pretty good students. They like agriculture and animal husbandry and undoubtedly will take over the Elko ranch

some day. Bing visits with them about six or seven times during a collegiate year.

Of the four boys, Gary has given Bing the most worry, undoubtedly because he's the oldest, the most headstrong and, via his recordings, the most famous. He has shown a great aversion to ranch work and, at one point, to his school work.

After Gary graduated from Bellarmine Prep, a Jesuit school, his father gave him a Mercury coupe for a graduation gift. The next year when Gary was a freshman at Stanford, he spent more time in the coupe than he did in the library.

Bing pulled into Palo Alto one day and called on the dean.

"How's my boy doing?" he asked.

"After Christmas," said the dean, "I don't think he'll be with us."

Bing arched a quizzical eyebrow. "What's wrong?" he asked.

"His work," the Dean answered. "Or to put it more exactly, his lack of work."

That's all Bing had to hear. It took him about five minutes to get over to the freshman dorm, about ten minutes to take Gary's car away and lock it up in a garage, and about fifteen minutes to lay down the law of the land.

From that moment Gary began to study, and while he will never make Phi Beta Kappa, it looks as though he will be a graduate of Stanford next June.

Dixie always insisted that all her sons finish college. "After that," she used to say, "they can follow whatever profession or business they like. But first comes their education."

BING, OF COURSE, agrees with this requirement and is constantly impressing his sons with the importance of education. Moreover, he is sure they see it his way.

He wasn't upset when the newspapers carried stories of Gary's engagement to

Barbara Stanislaus, a pretty, twenty-one-year-old senior at San José College.

Asked about the incident, Bing was non-committal. "Gary gave her his Zeta Psi pin," he said, "not an engagement ring."

When Barbara was asked if she were betrothed to Gary, she said, "No. I'm just wearing his pin. That's all."

Barbara, who is studying business administration at San José with her twin sister Beverly, has been a Crosby house guest and has dated Gary since last fall.

That Gary is sweet on her goes without saying, but when it comes to talk of marriage, he says, "I'm not saying a word."

On May 24, twenty-year-old Gary was returning from a date. Near San José he collided with a car carrying five Mexican nationals, one of whom was killed. Bing, knowing that his son would be subjected to criticism because he is his son, through an accident that was perhaps not his fault, drove at once from his Elko ranch to Gary's bedside to assure him of his dad's love and loyalty.

THE ONE FAULT Bing will not abide is immodesty. Dixie used to accuse her husband of spoiling the boys, of "punishing them one minute and taking them to the movies the next." Bing never wants it to be said that any of his sons is spoiled or trading on the old man's glory. That's one reason it's so difficult for reporters to get any of the four boys to talk.

They know that in their own right they're not celebrities and that Bing does not like publicity. At The Mughunters' Golf Tournament last year, the teen-age girls who competed were asked what they thought of Lindsay and Gary.

The unanimous impression was, "They remind you of their father. They take golf very seriously but they've got good senses of humor. There's not one bit of snobbishness about them and only thing that makes them nervous is the flash bulbs."

Because Bing is a strict disciplinarian ("I don't know, maybe I'm too strict. But I guess it's better to be too strict than too easy.") he makes sure to toe the line himself. If he doesn't, he automatically gets some pretty rough family kidding.

Six months ago, Bing was on his way home from a party, having just dropped Mona Freeman at her house. He was heading for Holmby Hills when crash! An automobile collision. Two men in the hospital and Bing's \$13,000 Mercedes folded like an accordion.

Bing still hasn't heard the last of it. When he leaves for an evening out, he is asked if he still has his learner's license, and admonished to "drive carefully and take it easy." Fortunately, the crooner can take it as well as dish it out.

BING KNOWS that his boys idolize him. That's why he's doubly careful in his social life these days. Since Dixie's death he has dated only four or five girls, Mona Freeman, Audrey Hepburn, Margot James and Grace Kelly, all young and discreet.

As a rule Bing stays away from nightclubs—he doesn't like to be photographed without his hairpiece—but a few weeks ago he took a chance and dropped in at Mocambo with Grace Kelly. The photographers saw him and, although he voiced his objections in no uncertain terms, the flash bulbs popped.

He was planning to take all of the boys to Europe this year. He took Lindsay last year, and six months ago he announced that the son who received the highest grades could go with him in 1954. But Gary's summer job changed all that.

In case Gary had too many problems, Bing wanted to be nearby to lend a helping hand. "I've promised, however," he says, "to take the boys to Hawaii some-



Doggone if it isn't

the dog days again. Hot and heavy—and there you lie, panting like a pooped pooch. Nothing to do, poor baby, but pretend you're a snow-bound Great Dane? Ah, cheer up—this is the perfect time to reach for MODERN SCREEN; it's as refreshing as that glass of water you're too lazy to get. And if you're smart—you don't even have to get up to cheer up. Subscribe right away (the coupon's right below) and your copy will be delivered to your door every month without a bit of effort on your part. May seem a bit rough on the mailman—but it'll be real cool for you and save you money besides. After all, every dog must have her day—and this can be yours!

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time during their vacation."

Bing doesn't make a move without first checking the possible effects upon his sons.

When he's offered picture jobs overseas (and he has been offered a dozen since *Little Boy Lost*) he refuses. When he was offered \$50,000 a week by one Las Vegas gambling hotel, he was a bit more emphatic. He not only said no, but he added, "I'll never be a shill for anyone to lose money."

WHEN HE STARTED going around with Mona Freeman he introduced her to all the boys so that they would bear her no unconscious grudge and wouldn't unwittingly compare her with their mother.

Bing is a good, considerate, level-headed father with definite ideas of right and wrong. Asked if he'd ever spanked any of his gang, he admitted that, "I used to let 'em have it once in a while."

The one spanking all the boys remember came as a result of their stripping their mother's canary of all its feathers. "We thought it was a cute idea," Gary recalls. "You know, just for the hot weather so that the canary wouldn't be so uncomfortable. Mother told my old man about it when he came home that night. And boy! We really caught it."

Joe Erens described a recent western film: "The Indians shot thousands of arrows, but nobody got stuck except the audience."

Earl Wilson in
The New York Post

It has been years, of course, since Bing has punished any of his boys in that way; and whereas they once feared his strap, they now fear his tongue lashings. Of late, these have been remarkably few. The boys are well on their way to manhood.

As a youngster, Gary used to be something of a sorehead, particularly if he lost in a game or contest, but after three years at Stanford, he has developed a genuine graciousness and is extremely popular.

"We could understand it," one of them said, "if he threw his weight around a little. But ever since we pledged him he's been okay. He knows, I'm sure, that he can't afford to louse up his old man's great reputation. Jon Lindbergh is like that, too and so was Joan Benny, Jack's daughter—unassuming and regular."

In the Crosby household, Lindsay, a junior at Loyola High in Los Angeles, is by far the best student. Denny has the best temperament, nonchalant and easy-going, while Phil is the best athlete and Gary is heir to the Crosby voice.

BING KNOWS the strong and weak points of his kids and he treats them on a highly individual basis. He does have, however, a standard set of group punishments. For minor infractions, their tv set is taken away from one to three days. For major infractions they lose all privileges—no dates, no ball games, "no nothin'."

Bing was fifty on May 2, and the question asked him most frequently then was, "When are you getting married?" Bing's stock answer: "It's in the hands of God."

Bing's closest associates are convinced that he will find a bride within the next two or three years. Mona Freeman, it was said, had the inside track on *der Bingle's* heart until she started dating Frank Sinatra. But Mona didn't start dating Frank until Bing started dating Grace Kelly with whom he starred in *Country Girl*.

Bing has always been a man who lived by his own high standards, a set of standards, incidentally, which he has passed on to his four sons and which makes him a fine father.

END

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"This will put egg-citement into your hair!"

Robert Q. Lewis,
CBS
Coast-to-Coast.

START THE MUSIC

*Diana Lynn isn't
playing the blues any more!*

■ Diana Lynn has not had it easy in either her career or her private life. The collapse of her marriage to John Lindsey affected her deeply, and for a long time her work provided little comfort. Producers regarded her as a successful pianist turned actress, beamed down on her delicate face and wry little smile—and cast her over and over as the sweet but misguided little other woman.

Diana hated it. She began to take little interest in her work, less in her piano, none in the bright young bachelors who asked for dates. Wanting to get away for a while, she accepted the lead in the London company of *The Moon Is Blue*—and suddenly everything changed.

The play was a hit and Diana scored a personal triumph, hailed by tough London critics as one of the few “real” actresses to come out of Hollywood.

She felt good enough to look for new worlds to conquer, so she decided to leave the cast and treat herself to a solo tour of Germany, France, Spain and Italy.

Back in Hollywood she found a few more very pleasant changes. There was a most satisfactory delayed reaction to her starring roles with Dan Dailey in *Meet Me At The Fair* and with Glenn Ford in *Plunder Of The Sun*. Television offers began to pour in. In the gaps in her suddenly happily, crowded schedule, Diana found time for the music she had almost given up. Now she's playing piano for fun . . . and enjoying herself socially as well. “It's wonderful to read the hundreds of letters from those who wish me well,” she says. “And in case the word hasn't completely gone around, I'm not disheartened any more!”

james stewart: model husband

(Continued from page 42) ball and goes hiking. They just love to hike together. Last year they climbed to the top of some mountain in Santa Monica Canyon and hid a golf tee. Well, a week ago they hiked back to see if they could find it. They not only found it, but this time they buried two golf tees.

“Of course Jim doesn't know quite what to do with our twin girls, Judy and Kelly, because they are only three. But he surely likes holding them.

“I'm not saying this because he's my husband, but I've yet to find anyone here who doesn't genuinely like Jim.”

JIMMY STEWART's behavior as a citizen, like his behavior as a husband, is a result of his background and philosophy.

In his own words, “I'm just a small-town guy with small-town values and a small-town attitude.”

Jimmy tries to live in Hollywood today as he would live in Indiana, Pennsylvania.

Jim was born and reared in Indiana (population 11,743) where his father runs the hardware store. Husbands there, as he remembers, are simple, unsophisticated, hard-working, church-going providers.

Jim is very much like them. No night-clubs, no yachts, no fancy racing cars.

HE HAS MADE a lot of money, and although lavish with his family, he gives himself relatively few luxuries.

But according to his wife, “He's a camera bug. Jim has one of every kind of camera in existence. I've never seen so many cameras in my life.”

Jim has always been plane-crazy. When he was a boy he took flying lessons and made model planes.

Now he owns an F-51 Mustang which has broken the coast-to-coast speed record, piloted by Joe De Bona, one of Stewart's best friends. Stewart and De Bona own a charter plane service out of Clover Field, Santa Monica. But Jim is usually too busy for pleasure flying.

“As soon as I finish one picture,” he says, “seems as if there's another right behind.”

STEWART IS blessed with great powers of concentration. He studies while his two stepsons are watching television, his dog Belo is barking and Gloria is talking or dancing with Judy and Kelly.

“It's absolutely incredible,” says the wondering Mrs. Stewart, “how Jim can study while any kind of racket is going on. I think this concentration is responsible for his absent-mindedness.

“You've heard of the absent-minded professor? Well, Jim is the original.

“I love him and he's wonderful, but after the twins were born and he was supposed to take me home from the hospital, he almost forgot about it!”

He drove to the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital, all right. The nurse said she would take Mrs. Stewart's gifts and bags to the car.

“Let me help,” Jim offered, whereupon he scooped up an armload of packages and headed for the elevator.

When he got to his car, Jim dumped the packages. Somehow he had started thinking about a camera he'd read about. Forgetting the nurse who was following him, her arms laden with bags, he jumped into his car and drove to a camera store.

The salesman was demonstrating. “Here's one,” he announced, “that even your wife can work.”

“My wife?” Jim repeated. “Why, I've left her at the hospital!” And with that he dashed to his Chevy and raced back to the Cedars of Lebanon.

When the nurse was talking to a hospital attendant about Jimmy's absent-mindedness, the attendant said, “That's nothing. He almost forgot to take his twins out of the hospital, too!”

Jimmy Stewart loves his family, and he hates to be separated from his wife. “That's why I got married,” he once explained.

A few years ago when Jim was making *No Highway In The Sky* in England, he insisted upon taking Gloria and the two boys with him. After a few months Gloria decided to take the boys and go home to wait for the next baby. Jim had to stay.

When Gloria got home, she learned that the baby would be twins and called Jimmy in London. Jim merely said, “Wonderful, wonderful. So glad you called.”

Ten minutes later he began to think about it and called her back.

“Darling!” he shouted. “Did you say twins?”

JIMMY LOVES old clothes and will continue to have his favorite sports coats patched and re-patched. When he orders a new suit, he will take it back to the tailor time and time again until he feels completely satisfied with it. One tailor who has worked on Stewart's clothes says, “You can't believe it. He seems so easy-going and he speaks slow and soft. But if his collar is one-hundredth of an inch out of line he can't wear it!”

Pat O'Brien observed a man on the circus set of *Ring of Fear* who was thoughtfully looking at the camels. He picked up a straw, placed it on the camel's back and waited. Nothing happened. “Wrong straw,” the man mumbled as he walked away.

Sidney Skolsky in
The New York Post

His wife says, “You'd expect him to be grumpy once in a while, but in the five years we've been married, Jim has always been pleasant.

“He always does his best to please and he never forgets anniversaries or birthdays. He's given me cars and diamonds and so many things. And lots of times, he's very cute about the way he gives things.

“For example, he'll buy me a red cashmere sweater. On the box he'll write, ‘This is a red cashmere sweater.’ Then he'll hand the box to me and say, ‘Put this away some place. It's a gift for you, and I don't want you to know what's in it.’”

Gloria finds it very difficult to buy gifts for Jim. So far she has given him two presents that she's satisfied with—two paintings by Utrillo.

Jimmy Stewart is a fine artist. As a boy he developed a marked talent for sketching. At Mercersburg Academy, he was art editor of *The Karux*, the school yearbook, for three years.

He is also a good accordionist and pianist. At Princeton he played an accordion solo, “So Beats My Heart For You,” in his first Triangle Club musical. The Falmouth Players, a stock company in Massachusetts, relied on his accordion, too. Now, it lies hidden somewhere in the cellar, and Jim plays the piano at home. This simple family entertainment—playing for the kids to sing—is his idea of a good time. And because it is, he has never become the prototype of the sought-after movie hero.

Before Gloria married Jimmy she was told that he was shy, that she would have to bring him out of his shell. She found that he is not shy, exactly. He has great humility and respect for others. And he will not compromise on his principles.

He doesn't believe in making “problem” pictures, for example. No matter how much money he is offered he refuses to star in

such films. Nor will he discuss politics for publication. Nor will he permit his own war record to be exploited.

JIM WAS ONE of the first screen stars to enter the service. On March 22, 1941, nine long months before Pearl Harbor, he became a private in the Air Force. A year later, because of his previous flying experience, he was commissioned.

As an officer he served first as a pilot instructor. Early in the war he was sent overseas with the Eighth Air Force. In December, 1943, and early 1944, he flew on spectacular raids over Bremen and Berlin. He led his bomber squadron on the famous aircraft factory raid over Brunswick, Germany, for which he was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross. At the end of the war Jim was a colonel commanding a bomber wing.

There is no star in Hollywood whose service record can top Stewart's but, of course, Jimmy will not talk about his service record for publication. He has a deep love for the Air Force. That's why he made time to star in *Strategic Air Command*.

Jimmy Stewart is one of the most faithful of Hollywood's church-goers. Drop in at the Beverly Hills Presbyterian Church any Sunday, and chances are that you will find Jimmy down front singing hymns and his two stepsons, Ronnie and Mike, passing the collection plates. Mrs. Stewart will be teaching a Sunday School class.

Jim was brought up to attend church regularly. He insists upon each member of his immediate family's fulfilling the same requirement. Religion to him is a fundamental part of existence and while he doesn't talk about it, he can always be recruited for a good cause.

He believes in work, too.

"Some actors consider Hollywood a lark. To me, making pictures is a career. I give it everything I've got. It's a serious business, and I like to keep busy in it."

BEFORE JIMMY agrees to star in a film he studies the script industriously. He makes suggestions to the producer, not only about his part but about others. He has amazed directors by saying, "I've got too many lines. My part should be cut."

Jimmy is always vitally interested in the success of an entire production, for the good reason that he usually works for a low salary and a percentage of the profits.

Except for *Harvey*, this gamble has paid him well. He has about \$4,000,000. Jim made *The Glenn Miller Story* for no salary but fifty per cent of the profit. He'll probably earn \$2,000,000 on this one production.

He does not believe in squandering his money. Before he invests his surplus funds he has his business manager, Guy Gadbois, investigate all the angles of any particular proposition. As a result, Jim has a considerable fortune in cattle, oil, real estate, tv and several other lines.

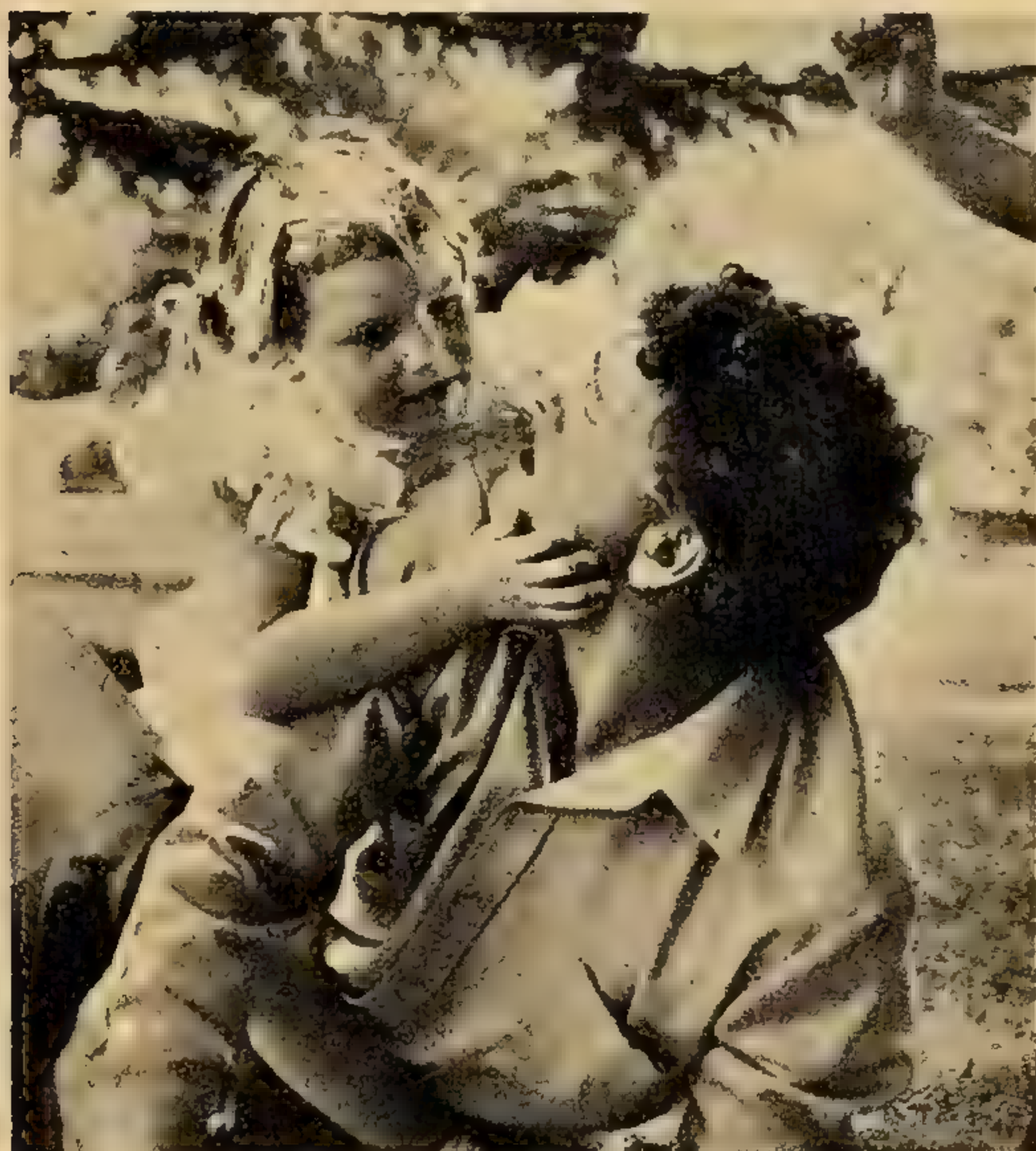
You read a lot about big-city guys who invade small towns, bringing with them their fancy ideas, store-bought suits and immoral ways. In the end, of course, after disrupting and corrupting a good percentage of the townsfolk, they are converted to paths of righteousness and become quite homey. But there's a different twist to the Jimmy Stewart story. This one features a small town boy who made his way to one of the noisiest cities in the world and climbed quietly to the top without a noticeable change in his habits. Jimmy hasn't reformed anyone and he hasn't tried—but if his home and his homelife seem a little set apart from the run of the Hollywood mill establishments—well, they are. As far as his way of life goes, inasmuch as it can be said of any guy with a few million dollars. Mr. Stewart has never left home! **END**

On screen, Burt Lancaster is rough and tough. Off screen, his kids decided, a really talented mob of desperadoes could take him on!

Photographed in Mexico, on location for United Artists film, Vera Cruz.



Following a diabolical plot, James Stephen (back to camera) distracts Pop while Susan Elizabeth attacks from behind. Mom, William Henry, Joanna and a friend try to look innocent.



A treacherous moll, Susan Elizabeth assures Pop she has repented—but she's just stalling for time while the mob prepares!



William Henry (dangerous gang leader known as Somewhat Toothless) leads the mob in a surprise leap on—and off—Pop's back.

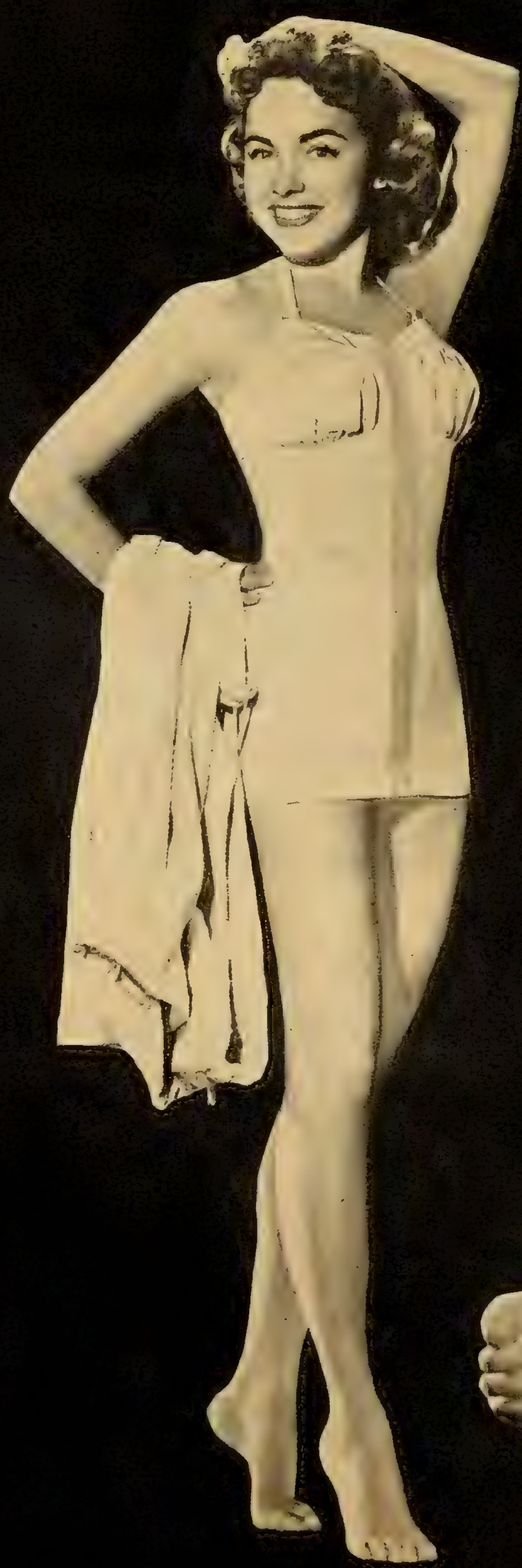


Foiled in the mass attack, James Stephen fights it out man-to-man with Pop while Susan Elizabeth stands by to patch up the loser.



"It was a tough fight, Ma, but I made it!" Victorious as usual, Burt returns to Norma for congratulations—and to catch his breath.

Belle of The Beach



■ Eye-appeal, that's the ticket!

Twentieth Century-Fox star Terry Moore makes a big splash in this wardrobe of Jantzen beau-catching swimsuits—each one with dash, luscious color and figure-flattering lines. *Far left:* Lastex and acetate faille (halter neck strap). Pink, pale blue, yellow, jade, navy, grey, black or white. About \$16. *Left:* Luralame, combination of gleaming acetate and elastic yarns (halter neck strap, Pellon bra interlining). Copper, gold or silver. About \$19. *Right:* Lastex and acetate faille with nylon eyelet lace (double straps, bloomer leg). Pink, blue or white with black lace; red, black or royal blue with white lace. About \$23. The terry beach robes and Jandal beach shoes are also by Jantzen. All the Jantzen merchandise on this spread at leading department and specialty stores.





"Cute Tomata"

■ Color, the sweetheart of fashion, challenges style for top honors. A sizzling new shade of red "Cute Tomata" by Cutex couples the fire of the sun with the mellowness of moonlight to create a nailpolish and matching lipstick color that will give plenty of dash to you as well as all your clothes. Cole of California uses "Cute Tomata" as inspiration for the one-piece cotton swimsuit worn here by Debra Paget—it has "Cute Tomatas" dancing all over it. Swim cap by Playtex. Debra is now in the 20th Century-Fox CinemaScope production, *Demetrius And The Gladiators*.



MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

irish lullaby

(Continued from page 29) most certainly could, Ann explained her bundles.

"Oh, this is a television script, Louella. You know I've been doing tv right up to ten days ago when I started to show. This is the script I'm going to do a few weeks after the baby is born.

"Those other bundles are samples. I'm not taking any chances on having the wrong welcome for either a boy or a girl. The nursery so far has blue furniture, blue rug, blue wallpaper and a pink sofa—but I think I'll add a few yellow touches. My close friend, Jeanne Crain, tells me yellow has become very chic for nurseries. Jim and I want our baby to have the latest fashion gasp.

"That sample over there," she pointed to one of the bags piled on the table, "has a combination of pink, blue and yellow in a lovely organdy. And that bundle holds some plain diapers. You know, all the gifts I got at showers were so fancy—diapers, if you please, with rosebuds!"

Ann threw back her lovely head and laughed with a heartiness completely new in this girl who has always been so restrained and demure even when amused.

THERE ARE SO many new things about Ann these days, perhaps the most noticeable being the new maturity of her beauty. Despite her pregnancy, her face is thinner, revealing the lovely bone structure.

In her soft, pale pink maternity dress with an embroidered collar and a petticoat trimmed with rhinestones she looked like a lovely modern Madonna—until she spoke. Then her down-to-earth humor, particularly about her "interesting condition," was very much that of this world.

"For a little while," Ann smiled, "I thought I was going to be sort of a wonder of nature, not showing my condition until the baby arrived. Until a few weeks ago I don't think you could tell I was going to have a baby, do you?"

I certainly didn't—and said so. At the Academy Awards, singing the Oscar-winning song, she looked so slender that many people criticized Donald O'Connor for remarking that the number had been sung by "Ann Blyth and family."

As I told you in *Good News* last month, the person least upset about Don's description was Ann herself! "Such a fuss about nothing," she said at the time, "since when is having a baby in bad taste? Or even mentioning the fact?"

I said, "Ann, I can't remember any girl expecting a baby who has been as busy professionally and socially as you have been while you were *enciente*, to put it Frenchly. Many about-to-be-mothers for the first time make a point of taking it easy."

"Why shouldn't I keep busy?" she asked, sipping her tea, "I've felt much too well to be idle.

"Besides, I've had such a wonderful sense of security—especially with Jim's being the fine obstetrician he is. Jim is the one who has encouraged me to keep busy as long as I felt well. Do you know," she added, her eyes wide, "I didn't even have morning sickness!"

"Once in a while I've felt like being lazy," she laughingly admitted, "but my Jim kids me out of it. If I just sit for hours, doing nothing he'll say, 'Ann, do you want to have to take off a lot of weight after the baby comes?' That sets me to jumping, you can bet.

"I believe that one of the best things that happened to me was that Jim put all kinds of books on childbearing and the care of infants into my hands."

Ann went on, "I wasn't exposed to a

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lot of gossip about terrible pain or any of the old wives' tales about prenatal influence. Jim particularly insisted that I wasn't to think of myself as an invalid."

"Well, you certainly took him at his word," I laughed.

I KNEW, for instance, that while pregnant Ann had started and finished her picture, *Rose Marie*; that she had appeared on countless tv shows; that she had been rehearsing her nightclub act which she will open in Las Vegas later in the season, and she had been flying!

"Oh, yes," she affirmed, "we've flown to San Francisco and to Las Vegas. It was so much fun going to Las Vegas with Jim and my aunt and uncle and Mr. and Mrs. Newt Bass, from Apple Valley. We also spent a vacation there.

"You know, I think I'm going to like my nightclub experience in Las Vegas. I want to take the baby with me. I couldn't bear to leave him—or her—for a minute."

"Ann," I laughed, "you're going to be singing Irish lullabies in a streamlined fashion. Imagine finishing a song number in one of those gilded gambling palaces and then dashing backstage to give the baby its bottle."

"The baby won't be backstage. It will have the best and quietest suite in the place," she assured me.

"Do you think Jim will mind your taking

the baby to Las Vegas," I asked, "or haven't you had your first argument yet with that good-looking Irishman?"

SHE SAID seriously, "No, we have never had an argument—and I hope we never have our first one. I just can't believe that every marriage has to have its ups and downs, even minor battles during which little cruel things are said. I just don't believe this is necessary where two people share love and respect *equally*."

"If Jim and I are thinking a little differently about even the smallest thing, we talk it out. It doesn't take me long to see his side and it doesn't take him long to see mine. Insisting on having one's own way all the time is sheer stubbornness."

"Ann," I said, "you are such a sensible little girl and, to me, you are still very much a little girl. Just a few years ago you were having chaperoned dates."

Ann said with dignity, "But the important thing is that *inside* my mind and heart I'm no longer a little girl, Louella. I'm a woman experiencing the most miraculous things that can happen to a woman—marriage and motherhood."

"There is not a night that goes by that I do not thank God for my womanhood. Right now I can think of nothing except my baby who will soon be here."

"I have such wonderful thoughts for him—or her. If it's a boy his name will

be Timothy Patrick McNulty. Nothing would make me prouder than for him to follow in Jim's footsteps in the medical profession. But if he wants to be a trapeze artist—well, his ma will be ring-side rooting for him.

"The same thing goes for Maureen Alanna—that's the name we've selected for a daughter. We found that name in an Irish book with 3000 names. If Maureen Alanna is interested in acting or singing—her parents will be happy."

I laughed, "Suppose Timothy wants to be a singer and Maureen wants to be a doctor?" I suggested. "That's the way the best laid plans of parents usually work out, Ann."

"Believe me, that's all right, too" smiled Mrs. McNulty. "All I hope is that I shall have many, many children," Ann hesitated a moment before she continued, "so I can just *mother* them."

I KNEW she was thinking of her own mother, the wonderfully kind and understanding woman who died in 1946 when Ann was in her early teens and needed her most. Her grief verged on desperation.

As though she had picked up my thought, Ann said softly, "After the first shock of losing my mother, my deepest emotion was bitterness. I thought, 'Why should this happen to me? Why, *why*?'"

"But luckily, I had my Aunt Cissy and Uncle Pat (Tobin), those beloved people with whom I came to live. They said to me: 'Ann, we can go just so far with you in your grief. You must find your own way. Your mother isn't lost to you if you seek her through prayer and faith and the knowledge that she is still with you forever and forever. But you cannot find her if you are bitter and nurse a sense of betrayal.'

"I know now how right they were, Louella," Ann said. "But how wonderful it is going to be to put my arms around my babies and hold them close and warm to—their mother! We're getting awfully serious, aren't we?"

In a lighter tone, she continued, "I don't think there's much doubt but that Jim and I will have a large family if heredity helps. Jim's parents have five sons, a daughter and twenty grandchildren."

We both laughed again—good laughter. It's very easy for Ann to laugh these days. Seemingly, she has everything in the world to make a woman happy—a fine and respected career, a family started and the devotion of her wonderful Dr. Jim.

Although Ann had been a contented girl ever since she found her way after losing her mother, I think her supreme consciousness of happiness came when she met Dr. McNulty.

"How did he happen to date you the first time?" I asked Ann.

SHE SMILED, "He did it very reluctantly. His brother, Dennis Day, asked Jim if he'd like to go to dinner with his wife and himself and he said I'd be along."

"Jim said, 'You mean Ann Blyth, the movie actress?' Dennis replied, 'That's the one.' Later, Dennis told me that Jim had said 'No, thanks'—but for some odd reason he came along."

I asked, "What first attracted you to Jim?"

"Well, first," Ann laughed, "I liked his looks. He looks so Irish with his dark hair and blue eyes and I have a weakness for the Irish."

"But almost immediately I was conscious of his kindness. I thought when I first met him, and I still think, that he's one of the kindest men I've ever known."

"It's a quality that does not always go with a young man—but I think my Jim was born with it. Dennis says so. Dennis and Jim are brothers next-to-each-other."

Who Will Win the Silver Cups?



For three months, starting with this issue, the editors will be counting your votes to determine the winners of the famous MODERN SCREEN Popularity Awards! Don't miss your chance to vote for your favorite stars of 1954—and tell your friends to rush their ballots in, too! Be sure to fill out all the blank spaces below and send your ballot to us at once. Winners will be announced in the February issue, on sale January, 1955!

I VOTE FOR _____

MY FAVORITE FEMALE STAR OF 1954

I VOTE FOR _____

MY FAVORITE MALE STAR OF 1954

MY OTHER FAVORITES FOR 1954 ARE:

1. _____ MALE

1. _____ FEMALE

2. _____ MALE

2. _____ FEMALE

3. _____ MALE

3. _____ FEMALE

4. _____ MALE

4. _____ FEMALE

5. _____ MALE

5. _____ FEMALE

FOR THE TOP NEW STARS OF 1954, I NOMINATE:

_____ MALE

_____ FEMALE

MY THREE FAVORITE STORIES IN THIS ISSUE WERE:

1. _____

2. _____

3. _____

THE STORY I LEAST ENJOYED WAS _____

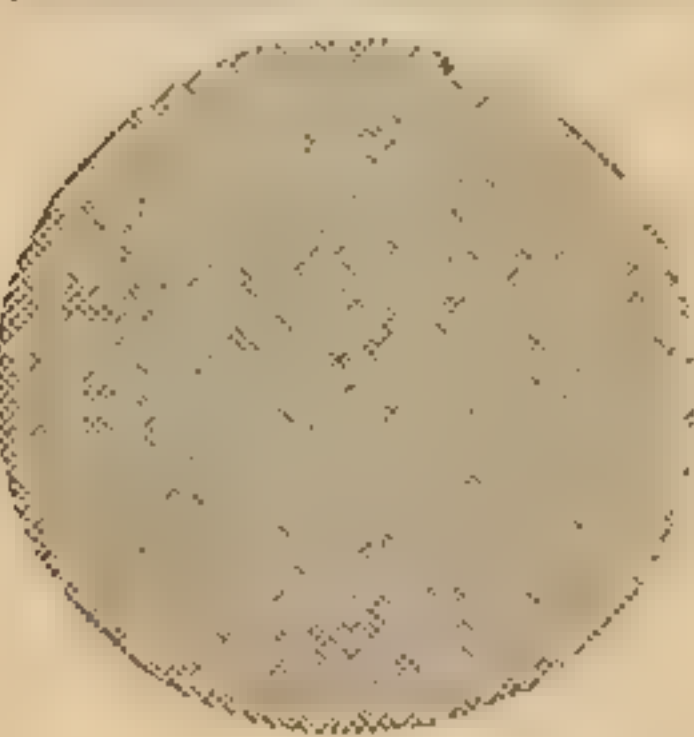
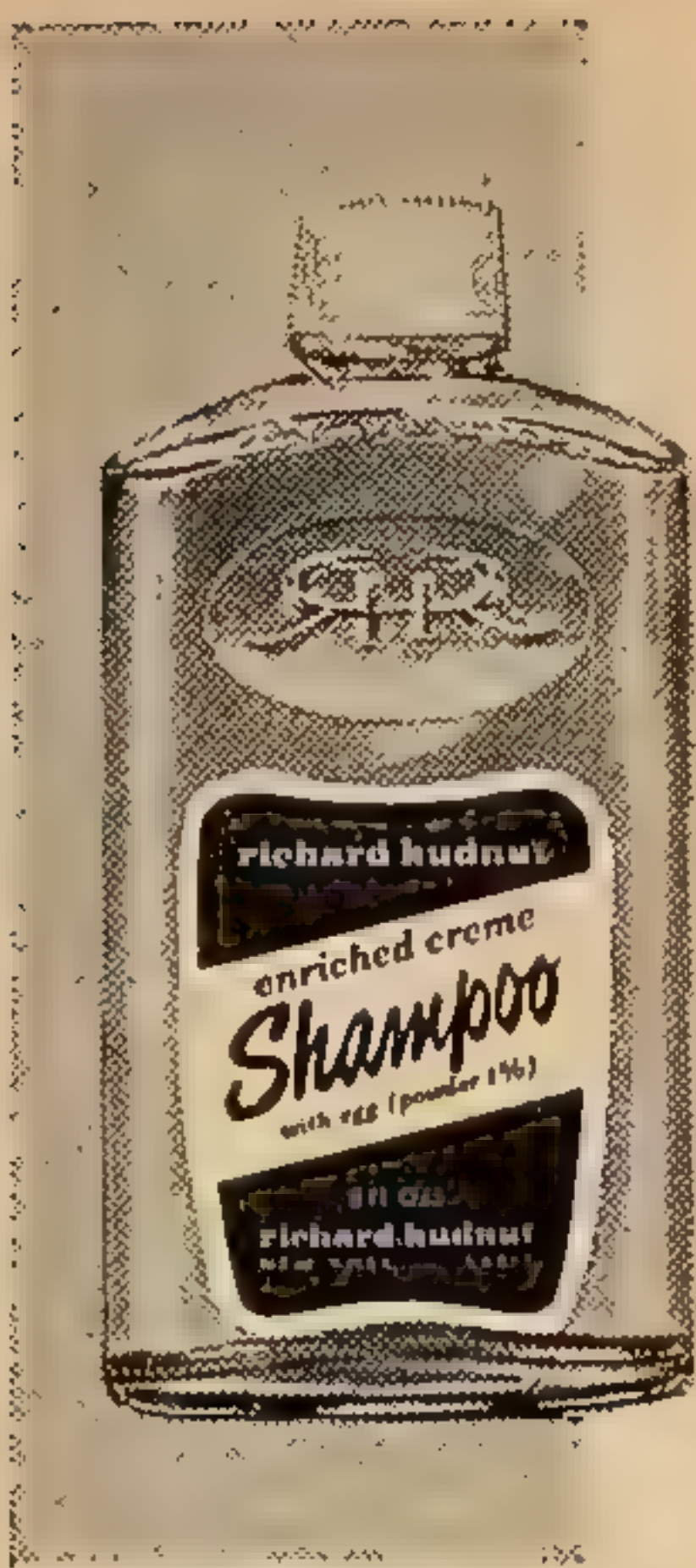
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RICHARD HUDNUT
OF FIFTH AVENUE

They always have been very close."
"Was it love at first sight?" I prodded.
"All I can say to that is that I *hoped* he would call me again and again—and again. And he did!
"We went together for six months and I think we both realized we were growing closer and closer. One evening Jim said, 'Ann, you and I are beginning to look a little alike.' And it was true.
"But still, he didn't get around to popping the question," Ann laughed. "I was beginning to wonder. Later, Dennis told me Jim had bought a ring and had been carrying it around for weeks without getting up enough nerve to ask me.

OH, DADDY!



A few years ago Clark Gable passed through our town and walked into a little store in my neighborhood. My family and I were in the store, too, and joined the crowd around him. We were right beside him when my little sister started screaming, "Where is he, Daddy? I want to see him!" We looked down to see her pulling on Mr. Gable's coat-tail, thinking it was her father's!
Alice Dickenson
Panama City, Florida

"One night he came to pick me up—I think we were going to an industry dinner—and he sort of grabbed at his pocket, fished out the ring and said, 'Here, Ann. Do you want this?'"

"Do you know what I *did*? It was such a surprise and I was so happy, I got sick to my stomach! My aunt made me go and lie down a little while. Isn't that a fine and romantic way to accept a proposal?"

Before I could answer, Ann was chatting on happily, "The funny part is that Jim told me he felt a little like fainting himself! That is the first and last time we've made each other sick!"

THE AFTERNOON shadows were lengthening over the garden when Ann arose and said she had marketing to do yet.

"No, no," I cried, "not more bundles to carry?"

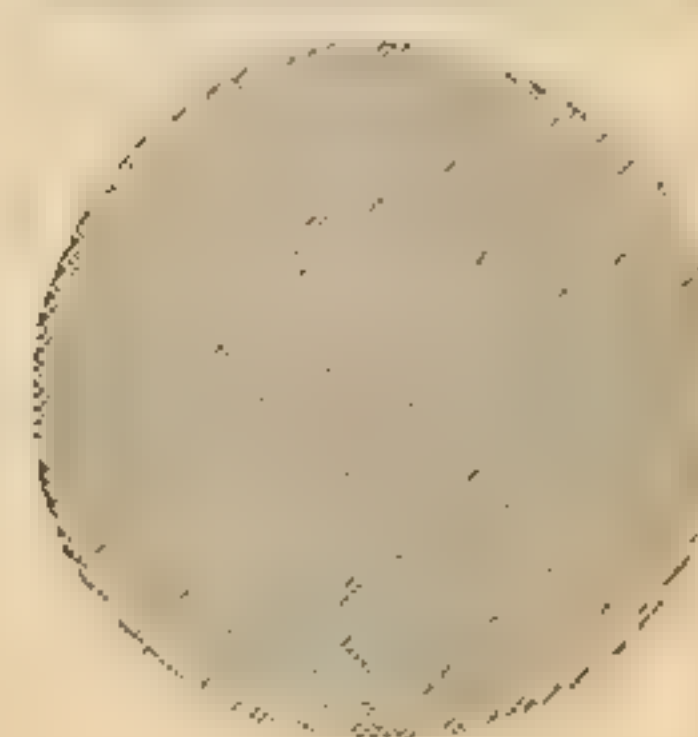
"And dinner yet to cook," she chuckled, "Believe it or not, I'm becoming a very good cook, balanced meals, right number of vitamins and that sort of thing. I really have to keep on my toes because Jim is a very fine cook. I think that when men are good cooks they're much better than women, don't you?"

Never having been lucky enough to have been close to a man who was tops in the culinary department I couldn't speak with authority on this subject. But I did congratulate Ann on her good luck.

On second thought as I watched her leave, her newly awkward figure burdened down with samples and materials and scripts, I questioned whether the happiness Ann has found can be attributed to luck.

In the case of this really fine and religious girl, isn't Ann's luck more a manifestation of the lovely things she so richly deserves—a reflection of the kindness and goodness she herself brings to her career, to her home and to her friends?

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RICHARD HUDNUT
OF FIFTH AVENUE

if she could only cook

(Continued from page 44) try to do an interview with Jean Simmons. She'll just sit around and resent you!"

This conception of her as an aloof type came only after she had left England and arrived in Hollywood. She had been essentially as lighthearted as ever then—though without the former need to be wildly impetuous about it. Her youthful curiosity about gay living had been so well satisfied that it wouldn't matter to her if she never got inside another nightclub.

She had been as happy when shortly after her arrival in California she eloped to Arizona to marry her Jimmy—the Jimmy Stewart who had to change his name to Stewart Granger when he became a star in a screen world which already had one Jimmy Stewart.

THEN CAME her legal fight with Howard Hughes (and Jimmy made it his fight too, of course) over an extended contract for her services which Hughes claimed to have and they insisted he did not. It was then that Jean, who felt that her rights were being threatened, and who resented the columnists' constant references to the fact that her husband was so much older than she, began to wonder about Hollywood. She used to ask, "Do all people here behave like this?"

Hollywood, she came to realize, could learn to like new-comers quickly only if they fitted into a familiar pattern. She and Jimmy obviously didn't; what was the use of kidding about it? Their personalities were not to be gathered up and catalogued in one quick look or scratchy interview. It was to take time for Hollywood to get to know Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger—and for them to know Hollywood.

Now something has occurred which indicates that the time may have arrived. Jean was talking to one of her studio's publicists and she quietly agreed to be interviewed—her first real interview in almost a year. That happened toward the end of the filming of *The Egyptian*. Not once during the shooting of *The Robe* had she consented to talk for publication. So her words were a pleasant surprise.

"You mean you're not peeved at the world of journalism any more?" he asked.

"I don't think I ever was, really," Jean replied. "I was angry only at the people who have tried to hurt me by being very careless with their words and suppositions. And you know, when you are in that sort of mood your resentment tends to overlap and take in others as well."

Jean is too friendly and open to continue a remote social existence in a community where she and her husband are establishing themselves successfully, and among whose citizens they will probably be living for many years to come. He has had his troubles in Hollywood too; not only on her account, because he has always been quick

to shield her from attack, but also because he never soft-pedals any of his opinions.

This habit of making the forthright response, which has hitherto rubbed people the wrong way, now and then seems to win Stewart respect and even friendship. His handling of the ticklish question as to whether or not he and Jean plan to become American citizens (a step that always perturbs British actors, not to speak of their British fans) is one of the most blunt, yet adroit, noted in Hollywood.

"After all, you've been in Hollywood more than four years," a columnist said to him. "And you are making a living here. Don't you think it's time to decide to become an American?"

"Why, I'll leave it to you," said Stewart. "Suppose you, born and bred an American, had worked in England for four years. Would you think it time enough to decide whether to become a British subject? Or would you want to deliberate some more?"

The writer, unable to contemplate giving up his citizenship at any time under any conditions, grimaced and then smiled weakly. "I see what you mean," he said.

JEAN KNOWS that the sweetening of her relations with Hollywood and the press means that she is going to find herself busier than ever fulfilling publicity and industry obligations which will be sure to start piling up. This will be troublesome because Jean has been and is going to continue to be a very busy girl.

The Egyptian is her twenty-fifth picture. By the time you read this she will be working with Marlon Brando in *Desiree* and other productions for her are in the planning stages. She hopes to manage anyway. She is bothered by the possibility that she and Stewart will not be able to live as quietly as they have. She enjoys the quiet informality of their life.

They spend a bit of time with the Michael Wildings. It is getting so that when Jean Simmons and Elizabeth Taylor sit together now they look enough alike to be sisters. They see a few other friends, but mostly they are "home bodies."

When they lunch out occasionally they like to lose themselves in the crowds at the Farmer's Market. They seldom dine at the flashy steak tabernacles, preferring the more solid, if quieter, establishments like Scandia and the Cock and Bull.

Their home today is a three-bedroom, ranch-style house high on Mulholland Drive. They bought it after deciding that their first home—a \$125,000 Bel Air residence which they have not yet been able to sell—was too large a pile of stone for one couple. "Stewart was like any new husband," says Jean when defending his purchase of this extravaganza. "He felt like starting off with his bride in a house that was built for the ages. The only trouble was that it was like a forgotten castle; and you could easily get to feel the same way yourself, tucked away in a corner of it. That wasn't so good."

Just as they have been trading homes, Jean and Stewart have been doing some automobile trading as well. Stewart had a blue Jaguar until last year when he decided to give the Jag to Jean and get himself a new Mercedes-Benz. Then Jean decided she wanted a Mercedes-Benz, too, and traded the Jaguar for one.

And Jean is no slouch at driving. She used to hit 100 miles an hour between London and the movie studios at Pine-wood in her little English racer. In her Jaguar she has been clocked out on the desert at 135 miles per hour which is just about as fast as it can go and faster than it should.

STEWART took over the cooking as soon as they were married and still does it. They cannot understand why people persist in thinking this an extraordinary arrangement. As Jean has said a hundred times: "It isn't that I don't want to cook. It's that Jimmy is so much better at it! Isn't it silly for an amateur to be cooking for an expert?"

Jean explains to anyone who is interested, that she had tried sometimes to do the cooking. The last time she announced that dinner was to be barbecued chicken. Well, the chicken wasn't so bad when it finally came off the spit. The green vegetables she cooked were not bad, nor were the baked potatoes—nor the appetizer and salad. The trouble was the timing. They had reached edibility at staggered intervals—badly staggered. Jimmy has not been unkind about it, but has proposed that they use a bit of common sense.

"You stick to acting, darling, and make some money," he advises. "I'll try and do the same, but also handle the cooking."

Jean thinks this is common sense and she plans to do just that; keep acting and keep making money until something happens that she hopes will happen soon in her marriage; Jean wants children. Stewart, the father of two children by his first marriage, even talks about retiring from pictures some day to become a farmer, and Jean is perfectly caught up with the idea. "I'd love to raise youngsters on a farm," she says.

As it is, Jean no sooner gets home from the studio than she transforms herself into a farmhand, donning either jeans or slacks usually topped by one of Stewart's sweat-shirts. She always orders light lunches at the studio to make sure she will have a good appetite for Stewart's dinner, and the meal is invariably served, not in the diningroom, but from a tray set in front of the television set in the living room. A third diner will be Bill Rushton who has been Stewart's chauffeur, groom, dresser and general factotum for years. Occasionally they will have a guest for dinner and most often he will be Spencer Tracy, a friend ever since Jean and he starred in *The Actress* together. Spencer loves to eat Stewart's steaks and belittle his politics.

THERE IS almost always an argument about the choice of TV programs. Jimmy and Bill want to watch boxing and can always dig a fight program out of some channel. Naturally, they don't force their preference on her—they are democratic and always take a vote, which, unfortunately, is always two-to-one against her. Jean, who wants to look at such favorites of hers as Groucho Marx and Burns and Allen and Jack Benny and *Omnibus* and Sid Caesar, most often finds herself, like so many long-suffering wives, watching "Kid Something Or Other" wallop the stuffing out of "Kid Somebody Else."

Spencer Tracy told her at one dinner she should assert herself in this unfair situation. "Insist on seeing what you like," he had advised.



Before marriage settled her down a bit Jean enjoyed living it up with sports cars, night clubbing, dusk-to-dawn parties with her friends.



Now fully domesticated, Jean prefers to let Stewart do the cooking, barbecue chickens in the "African den" that he designed himself.

"Tonight?" she asked.

"Hm-m-m. Not tonight," Spencer stalled. "There are some special fights on tonight and I'd sort of like to see them myself."

Stewart's choice of television programs is about the only kind of decision he makes that Jean criticizes. She leans heavily on him for advice about her career, her clothes and even her make-up. His judgment and taste are excellent, she thinks. "Mine isn't by any means," she reports.

It was Stewart who decorated their home and if it seems a bit extreme (original paintings hang alongside his African trophies—the mounted head of a giant Cape buffalo, for instance) she believes it's just because style and custom haven't caught up with him.

STEWART HAS a set of personal values which Jean is catching up with and beginning to understand. If she scores a professional victory at the studio he will be pleased, but he can be more highly impressed, sometimes, by evidence of self-improvement in personal traits. When Jean decided to quit smoking his admiration was unexpectedly overboard. "Good girl!" he kept telling her. "Stick to it!"

Unfortunately, Jean proved to be more ordinarily human than heroic in this little drama. In a few days she found herself sneaking puffs in the bathroom. She quickly decided she couldn't go on living any longer in a false light and that it would be best to confess. Such as she is, and such as he is, they have been getting along famously. She didn't want any lie to come between them. And none ever will if she can help it. **END**

PHOTO CREDITS

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bob francis

(Continued from page 55) Summer stock? Operettas? Nightclubs? Vaudeville? Circuses? Fairs? Resorts? Modeling?

"You don't understand," said the perspiring press agent. "This guy's brand new. He's never done anything before."

The lady snorted. "Do you think I was born yesterday? Don't give me that Cinderella-boy stuff. It just doesn't happen in Hollywood any more."

The outraged cynic was absolutely right. It doesn't. And yet, to all appearances, it certainly had for the tall, husky and handsome specimen of young American manhood named Robert Charles Francis. The press agent was making true talk. Fame suddenly pegged big Bob Francis right out of left field. Until he took on the prize romantic role of Ensign Willie Keith in *The Caine Mutiny*, Bob had never earned a nickel from any kind of performing.

If it hadn't been for a sizzling Fourth of July five years ago, the idea of emoting for a living wouldn't have entered his head.

Bob Francis had rolled down to the Santa Monica beach with Nanette Burris in her

The Cocktail Veil '54—interpretation by John Frederics



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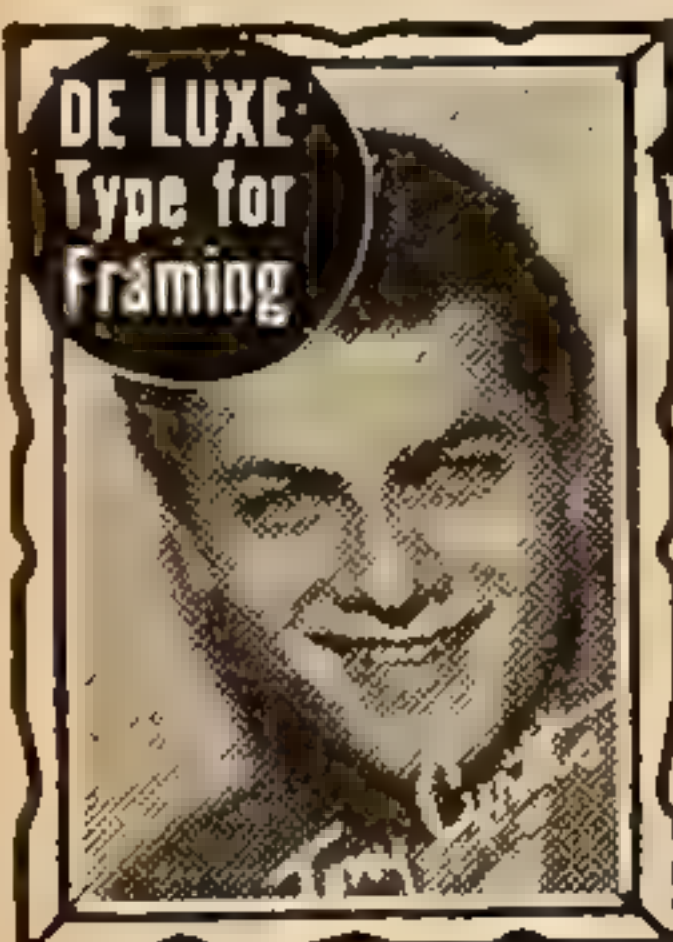
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midget Crosley runabout—to make parking easier. But when he tried to park his own long legs on the sands there was barely room in the mob—and how could he ride the waves when the surf was a pudding of bobbing heads?

It took Bob Francis exactly ten minutes to realize that seaside sport on the Glorious Fourth was a bum idea, shake out the beach blanket and drive off with Nanette. Those ten minutes changed his life.

A HOLLYWOOD talent scout spotted his dreamboat physique and features and jotted down the license number as the Crosley dug out. Next day he called Nan and Nan called Bob. Today Robert Francis is the hottest young actor in Hollywood.

If you call Bob a Cinderella boy, you'd better smile when you say it. In all this, luck obviously figured but hocus-pocus did not. It took five years of hard study to learn his stuff and prepare for his break. But when it came he was ready, and now that glory's here he can handle that too. He still lives in the small Pasadena cottage where he grew up with his mother and his postman dad, and a home town girl is still his sweetheart. The nightcap he still prefers is bread crumbled in milk, and he still takes acting lessons twice a week.

Keeping his feet on the ground but also steadily moving ahead has been a habit with Bob Francis ever since he was born in Burbank, California, twenty-four years ago last February 26. "A perfect picture baby," his mother recalls proudly, "golden curls and all—but with a mind of his own beneath them."

Nine days after he came home a doting grandmother sewed him a frilly cap and placed it on the ringlets. At an age when most mites can't raise their arms, Bob shot his up and yanked it off disgustedly. He hasn't worn a hat since. Nobody around his house remembers a time when he cried either, even when he banged into the furniture. Baby Bob never bothered with crawling; he just reared up and walked.

BOB'S CONFIDENT, independent attitude toward life traces to a bunch of basic blessings he's enjoyed all along. For one thing, he comes of sturdy stock. From his parents he inherited bold characteristics and a heroic body. It was a help to have a big brother, Bill, ten years older, a sister, Lillian, eleven ahead, to advance his outlook. "I was an afterthought baby," Bob grins. "But nobody babied me much." His dad confirms that. "We looked after Bob, but we let him take care of his own affairs," he says. "That's the way to make a boy a man."

Bob's dad was an electrician when Bob was born, but three months later when that job ran out, he moved back to his home town of Pasadena and turned postman. Bob grew up in the modest frame cottage his dad built thirty-two years ago.

At both Hamilton Elementary and Wilson Junior High Bob is remembered as a hard-working, good, steady student, the kind of dependable kid that teachers invariably picked as a monitor and street-crossing guard. Being the leader type and big, Bob starred in all the playground sports—football, baseball, track until today he grins honestly, "Sports? You name it, I can do it." He never missed a Sunday at the First Baptist Church where his pop taught a Sunday School class, also acted as Scoutmaster for Troop 49, B.S.A. Bob sang in the boys' choir there. For a while, he dutifully plugged at the dancing, piano and violin lessons his mother insisted upon.

WHAT BOB FRANCIS really craved—and still does—was the outdoors. With a Scoutmaster dad and an Eagle Scout big brother, Bob contracted a fever for outdoor life he has never lost. Even several close calls with angry rattlesnakes didn't intimidate him—or his Scoutmaster father. "I always knew Bob could handle himself wherever he was," says William Francis. Sometimes Bob's mom wasn't so confident.

Like at the beach where the Francis family camped every summer in tents.

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It's harrowing for a mother to spy the bobbing head of her twelve-year-old boy out past the breaker line, see him take reckless headers off a thirty-foot pier or watch him ride the hissing crest of giant rollers that could break his neck if he made a split-second miscalculation. Lillian Francis knew what lifeguards meant when they sighed, "I like that kid—he's got nerve. But when you people leave—thank God, I'll get a day's rest!"

Bob Francis never was in the perilous plight that he seemed to be in eternally. He caught on quickly with the instinctive coordination and savvy of a natural athlete.

Everyone took him for years beyond his age. He was oversized early—six feet at thirteen—and knew his stuff. Once down near Oceanside a bunch of Marines, spotting Bob in his Sea Scout suit, thought he was a gob and invited him back to the Pendleton base. He yanked off the telltale Scout insignia and had a whirl—although his dad later bawled him out for posing for what he wasn't.

BOB WAS THROUGH high school at sixteen and went to Pasadena City College, although his academic career was mostly a case of going through the motions. He made his grades of course, did all right socially as a "Deezer" (Delta Sigma Rho fraternity) and knocked around with a little football but all the time his heart and mind were somewhere else — skimming mountain slopes on a pair of skis. That was such a big teen-age charge with Francis that it never occurred to him that he might be in anything but the ski business the rest of his life. He hadn't thought of acting.

"I never was even a bunny in an Easter play at school! I never went to movies. I couldn't stand to stay indoors that long. Yep, there was the Pasadena Playhouse right in my own home town. Famous too, but I never bothered to look inside the place. Just wasn't interested—then."

This skiing kick (which still haunts Bob) started when his brother Bill, an expert, put him on waxed slats at eleven and pushed him down a hill. He almost knocked down a pine tree, but Bob knew right away it was for him. Soon he was racing down the scary slopes of Mount Baldy and winning cups. Nothing much discouraged Bob—not even when in one downhill race he ducked a contestant who crossed his path, broke his pole and ran it through Bob's arm. Bob finished with the stick piercing his flesh—and won the race.

When Bill returned home from the Air Transport Command after the war, he wanted to open a ski shop in Pasadena with his brother Bob for his partner. "The Ski Cellar" started while Bob was still in school and flourished, spreading to Mount Waterman and Big Pines ski resorts. "We did swell," remembers Bob, "and then boom—two winters of no snow, hardly a flake! We lost our shirts!"

AFTER THIS DEBACLE, Bob batted around in a state of confusion as his ski shop dream winked out. Bill got another job (being married, he had to) and today is a successful businessman. But for Bob, "The rug was really pulled out," he says. "I was a pretty mixed-up boy about then. I wanted to finish college to please my folks and for a while thought I'd go over to Colorado U. But when I leveled with myself I knew I wanted to go there for the good skiing. I couldn't be a financial burden to them when I wasn't after any profession. So I just wandered around for a few weeks trying to think things out." He had applied for a gas station job when that hot Fourth of July steered him to the beach—and that changed everything.

"I figured somebody was crazy," he

grins, "maybe me. But I also thought, 'Why not? What have I got to lose?'" So he called the number and made the date, feeling out of place and awkward.

When he tackled a reading for drama coach Sophie Rosenstein, Bob delivered his lines with all the finesse and feeling of a railroad conductor announcing station stops. Miss Rosenstein had to tell him the truth: "You're much too raw for us to consider here." But the attractive qualities that everyone sees today in Bob Francis—his great good looks, manliness and fresh, clean-cut personality prompted a suggestion she wouldn't ordinarily make to one so green. "You have possibilities," she said, "and if there's anyone in Hollywood who can bring them out it's Botomi Schneider. If you're serious about this, I'll call her." Bob allowed he was, although that was an impulsive statement. In his addled state, he really didn't know. Nor did he know how lucky he was when Botomi said she'd take him on. But now he knows. "I owe everything to her," says Bob honestly. "She did it all."

He calls the Schneiders, Botomi and her husband, Benno, "my second parents." Botomi Schneider is a remarkable teacher, blessed with the gift of bringing out talent in young people. She has smoothed the rough edges of such stars as Virginia Mayo, Vera-Ellen, Joanne Dru, Piper Laurie, Lex Barker and Tony Curtis—to begin a long list. "I never had a greener pupil than Bob," she says, "but also never one with greater promise. He was serious, intelligent, quick to learn, and above all, fiercely determined. Besides all that, he has irresistible charm and a natural authority in everything he does. He's still developing, but someday he'll be really great!"

When Bob Francis started his acting lessons he was as inarticulate as a cigar store Indian and sometimes got so mixed up in his scenes that he stamped off the stage in disgust. But after only a few weeks Botomi tested him in the role of an artist who suffers a nervous breakdown. "He broke into such convincing sobs and kept them up so long that I became frightened," she recalls. "After that we both took a phenobarbital and lay down to recuperate!"

BOB HIMSELF never had a weak moment, even though it wasn't all easy. "Sometimes," he remembers, "it was like slogging along a muddy road with loose boots, never really sure you're getting anywhere." It was a long hitch from Pasadena but he managed by bumming rides, borrowing his dad's Chevvy or hopping a jerky bus. Often he slept in the Schneiders' guest house, whipped up his own meals there and babysat with their kids, Nina and Tony.

"We looked on Bobbie as our son," says Botomi Schneider. "He's the kind of boy you instinctively have complete faith in." That went for all of Bob's classmates, too—David Brian, Danny Arnold, Jody Lawrence, Piper Laurie and the rest. As one of them, Don Oreck, who is Bob's best buddy today, says, "All of us knew Bob was going places even though he hadn't done a thing. The only question was when."

Where Bob went first however, was into the Army. Although he expected his "greetings," it was still a blow. "I thought sure I'd sweat it out in Korea," he grins, "and I wasn't sure there would be such an appreciative audience there for what I'd learned." Instead, he landed at Camp Roberts, only 170 miles north of Hollywood, and found a very appreciative audience indeed.

After his basic training someone read "studying to be an actor" on his papers and they gave him a job teaching diction and public speaking in the non-com leaders' course. At Camp Roberts Bob ran



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into his old dramatic school buddy, Don Oreck, and they became barracks bunk-mates. Don is a handsome radio actor with an oversized funnybone and a fertile imagination. They turned into unreasonable G.I. facsimilies of Martin and Lewis.

IT ALL STARTED when Don got the reckless idea to break up a certain long and tedious class. He sent for some Nazi uniforms he'd collected at home and the pair put them on after working up a "Heil Hitler" routine that was sheer zaniness. "We stalked into the middle of class one day," relates Don gleefully. "And the instructing officer almost fainted. But the guys rolled in the aisles. A couple of hams like us went crazy collecting laughs and we really shook the place loose. Then when we were stalking out who should we see parked in the room but three generals—members of an inspection team. Bob stared at me and I stared at him and we both turned green."

To their immense relief, however, the generals were grinning. "Keep it up, boys," they said, "you're great for morale."

So, while Bob Francis soldiered conscientiously for two years he also kept his talents honed. Weekends he could roll down to Hollywood for a brush-up session with Botomi and some of his mom's home cooking. Once he almost didn't make it. The car he rode in slammed into a truck and was completely demolished. Another weekend car crash brought happier results. On leave in Pasadena, Bob saw a car smash broadside and a pretty girl bounce out. He dashed over, picked up the girl, bought her coffee at a drive-in to quiet her shaken nerves. Her name was Dorothy Ross, a co-ed he remembered vaguely at P.C.C. She's his steady today.

BOB WAS MUSTERED out in 1952 with no casualty other than a touch of chicken pox to show for it and no particular martial honors except his corporal's stripes. He took a two-week vacation in Las Vegas without dropping his Army pay savings, then used them to re-enroll in Botomi Schneider's acting classes. It was a month later that what he calls "That Great Day" arrived—only he had no idea it was dawning. Bob still felt he wasn't ready to turn pro, and even Botomi, a perfectionist, agreed. But her husband, Benno, who has a steady drama coaching post at Columbia, had other ideas.

Benno knew what headaches Columbia's talent executive, Max Arnow, had worked up hunting a fresh, typically American young actor to play boyish Willie in the studio's big effort, *The Caine Mutiny*. Where to find an unknown who wouldn't look silly alongside Humphrey Bogart, Van Johnson, Fred MacMurray and José Ferrer? Benno thought he knew where—right at his house. He told Arnow, "I think I've got your boy." Benno doesn't talk much but when he does people at Columbia listen. "Bring him over," invited Arnow. Right then Bob Francis had a straight shot at Hollywood's plum-of-the-year, although he certainly didn't know it.

"The phone rang a long time before it woke me up. So I was still fuzzy when Benno said, 'Can you come to the studio at two today and read for me?' That's all. I thought, 'Good. I'll get inside a studio at last,' but I also thought it was just for experience, maybe helping some contract girl in a test. My folks were gone and so was the car. I called Dorothy at the Jet Propulsion Lab where she works and she dropped hers off for me at the noon hour. I didn't bother with lunch, just rolled over when I got dressed—and the next thing I knew I had the script of *The Caine Mutiny* in my paws, but I still didn't catch on. I'd read the book in the Army but I didn't dream anything was there for me,

especially 'Willie.' That was for someone like Montgomery Clift."

It took almost that whole day for Bob to figure what was going on around him—and ordinarily he's not a bit slow on the uptake. But it just seemed impossible—even when Benno took him in to see the studio boss Harry Cohn, and then producer Stanley Kramer who chatted and sized him up for four hours until it got dark and Bob's empty stomach started growling. Even when he read Willie's scenes for Kramer Bob didn't quite savvy. Of course, he didn't hear Kramer take Benno Schneider out in the hall and whisper, "That's the boy!"

IT WASN'T UNTIL they ushered him into the legal department and he scrawled his signature on a test contract that light on what was up began to break. "Then suddenly I got the shakes," chuckles Bob. "I had an awful time writing my name."

But those nerves were nothing compared to the next few days of suspense. Next morning he made a test with Donna Reed, the first time he'd ever looked into the business end of a camera. But he didn't fluff although they were three of the toughest scenes in the script. They flew the evidence to boss Harry Cohn in Hawaii and for the next five days Bob Francis walked around like a zombie.

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"Those five days were like five years," as he puts it. But the word came back at last and the word was "Okay."

Once Bob Francis tackled the serious business of making *The Caine Mutiny*, however, he settled down, cool as a cucumber. "I'm really not the nervous type," he protests, "when I know what I'm after." The fast star company didn't faze him, nor did the dramatic chores or the love scenes with May Wynn. He'd been prepping three years on his fundamentals. Strangely enough, the roughest job Bob encountered in his picture debut was keeping his carcass all in one piece, never much of a problem to him before.

He spent some bad times aboard the destroyer *Doyle* lying in his bunk with seasickness, thinking he'd die and afraid he wouldn't. He had a close shave with sharks diving from the deck off Pearl Harbor and got dumped with 70,000 gallons of water in a typhoon sequence. Probably the worst moment of all for Bob, who is afraid of high places, was the time he had to climb the ship's towering mast to the

crow's nest as the camera swung 100 feet in the air to record his fright. "Brother, it was plenty real, too," says Bob. "I tossed my cookies when I got down on deck." A Columbia publicity man, however, swears the greatest perils Bob survived were 3000 University of Hawaii co-eds who milled around him on the beach at Waikiki!

SOMETIMES it's hard for Bob Francis to believe all that's happened to him is true. But he doesn't want any of it taken back. "Acting, I love," he says. "I eat and breathe it. It's a passion with me now, just like skiing used to be."

NOT ONE for cities, Bob says, "I've got to stretch out sideways in all directions." Which is his way of saying he's still a western boy who needs plenty of room.

For instance, Bob has his suits expensively tailor made, but he has to get a fit for his big frame. Bob Francis has a high disdain for mere money. "Don't give a hoot for the stuff," he swears, "except to spend. I'll never be rich and I don't want to be." Right now, of course, he's not in the blue chips but already Hollywood business managers and agents are keeping his phone hot. He just laughs at their promises of riches. "Call you when I need you," he tells them, implying that's a long time off. A soft touch, he's always getting nicked.

HE'S JUST as relaxed about Hollywood social life. Bob hasn't shown at a Hollywood party yet although by now he's flooded with invitations. He's obliged for a couple of premières with Columbia stars and starlets, but tags that in the line of duty. That doesn't mean he's a square, just that he prefers to take his fun with the gang he has always known. With them he likes to drive to the beach, desert or mountains, and around town hunts out little clubs and cafes that aren't show-cases, where when he dances, Bob says, "I can just step out on the floor and float around"—usually, of course, with Dorothy Ross in his arms.

"I have to be secure about myself," says Bob seriously, "before I think of marriage. Someday I want a house with land around it and plenty of things to fix up for my family and kids. I want to travel and see the world." He has started seeing it lately. Until *Caine Mutiny* Bob hadn't been out of California except to try out some ski slopes up in Utah and Nevada. But now he has been to Hawaii and New York and he is lined up to junket around quite a bit from now on.

RIGHT NOW it's hard to see what will keep Bob Francis from traveling fast and far—unless he breaks both legs, which hardly seems likely, as he hasn't the time to ski. Physically, there's absolutely nothing wrong with him except a tendency to sleep the clock around and a myopia which makes him wear specs off screen and sometimes turns his pink cheeks red. The other night, roaming around without his glasses at a party of old friends, Bob was muttering, "Nice to see you again—haven't seen you for a long time," to one and all.

"Yes, you jerk," said Don Oreck. "It is nice to see you again, isn't it? Remember me? I only brought you here!"

But sometimes even short-sightedness can be a help in the longer race. Especially if, like Bob, you get the habit of looking hard at what's close at hand, learn it well, and don't knock yourself out fretting about the future. Usually, in Hollywood or anywhere else, the future takes care of itself. The big break comes along if you rate it. At least that's how things worked out for Robert Charles Francis. **END**

mad about the "boys"

(Continued from page 35) not going to marry Leonard. I'm not going to marry anybody. Not yet. My work comes first. And if I cross you up by doing it before your story 'comes out,' I'll apologize in the public square. But you don't have to worry about it."

CHEW-CHEW BABY

In 1944, I was with the Army in England. One day I was wandering through the Denham Studios and came across the set of Caesar and Cleopatra, co-starring Claude Rains and Vivien Leigh. During a break in the shooting I approached Miss Leigh to ask for an autograph. I was chewing gum at the time and before I could say a word, Miss Leigh said, almost wistfully, "Oh, what I wouldn't give for a stick of good old American chewing gum!" Needless to say, I received a very fancy autograph and Miss Leigh received five sticks of Wrigley's!



James Pearl,
Havertown, Pennsylvania

Well and good. Back to men.

"All right. But only if we leave words like 'middle-aged' out of it. I think every girl should know older men, even go with them, before she sails into marriage with a man her own age. And I certainly don't see any reason why she shouldn't marry one if she happens to love him. Older men have a great deal to offer that the younger ones don't have. That's not hooting down my own generation. I guess I've made it clear I like them all ages. But the age isn't the factor. It's the individual.

"Now I go out with an older man—let's say forty—and he has a tolerance a younger one might not have. His years are in his favor that way because he's apt to be more polished and more courteous and—well, every bit as interesting conversationally. To say the least.

"I don't mean in a high-brow sense. And I don't mean young men are dull. But it simply figures that the man who's lived longer has more to say and is better equipped to say it. Of course you might have more in common with a boy your own age. But a girl should grow, too, and she'll grow by learning, and she learns from her—well, seniors."

PIPER HAD EXPRESSED a universal fondness for the male sex. It is not to be construed from this that she is indiscriminate. On the contrary, she is discriminate as all getout. That's easy to spot. She's a red-haired party with perfect skin and exceptionally delicate, sensitive features.

"You see," she said, "there are so many small things a man should learn if he hasn't. There are so many small ways to embarrass a girl. And other girls will know what I mean. For instance, there was this man I used to date—he was fortyish—and on one of our first evenings out, he parked the car in a restaurant lot, got out and just headed for the entrance. And there I was, waiting for him to open the door for me on my side. I hadn't realized he wasn't going to, or I would have opened it myself to save him embarrassment. But I waited a few moments too long, and he was coming back while I was opening it.



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It sounds like a small thing, as I say, and it *was* a small thing—except that it spoiled the whole evening. He had been made overly conscious of a slight slip, and I was the one who'd made him conscious of it. We both lost a little that evening. But always after that, he was much more courteous in the—you know, trivial ways—so it worked out all right in the end. But he was insensitive to begin with and I don't think girls like that, not that I'm setting myself up as a spokesman for American womanhood, but I don't. If I were writing a manual for escorts, it would be full of things like opening doors, seating your dinner partner and not stranding her in a crowded room. But what was funny about this episode was that he *was* an older man."

Had Piper any occupational preferences—in escorts, that is? She has dated actors, students and other non-professionals. Before her much-publicized attachment to Contino and her steady companionship with Goldstein, she had gone with Rock Hudson, George Nader, Vic Damone and independent producer Frank P. Rosenberg, a man of forty by now.

"No. No preference. Only in men. Of course, actors can be a lot of fun. It's a natural part of their make-up. I don't like a man to be too much of a sobersides, but even there, it depends on the person."

"I'm afraid of generalities and I can't be pinned down on an idea. There are too many ifs, maybes and on-the-other-hands."

NOT EVEN ON so safe a topic as Hollywood wolves? Seems a girl couldn't make an error decrying these.

Piper laughed—an agreeable sound. "There are wolves and wolves. I've thought some of itemizing them. There's the one with the brotherly approach, just two kids together out for fun and laughs. Oh, so platonic! Only by and by it turns out that isn't *entirely* what he had in mind. That one's a sneak, I'd say. Even the forthright wolf is better and the forthright wolf is the most insensitive male there is. The older ones may warn you of the snares a young girl is subject to, without bothering to mention they're one of the snares. Then there's the wolf who doesn't care how much he throws the word love around, as if it were a volley-ball, and that's pretty disgusting. Need I go on?"

Thank you, no. Instead, could we return to the subject of Mr. Contino?

"Dick? What can I say? Dick—Dick has a lot of living to do, a lot to make up. The lost years and—well, you know." Contino, for the benefit of those who have been residing in Tibet, was jailed for draft evasion but later served honorably in the Army in Korea. He's paid up in full. Also for the Tibetan annex, he is a very highly paid and able accordionist. "People never knew the whole story of what happened to Dick—what was behind it all. I don't mean politics or anything like that, but if they knew it as well as I do, they'd be a lot slower to blame him. Anyway, it's done now and behind him, and I don't think the American people are going to want him punished any more. He's living it up now, and I don't blame him."

And Mr. Goldstein?

"We're just good friends," said Piper, producing the laugh again. "The Hollywood press would save itself a lot of trouble if they had a rubber stamp made of those words."

Piper hadn't been giving her contemporaries much of a shake up to now. Wasn't there something to be said for *young* males as well?

"But certainly!" cried Miss L., getting quite a lot of zip behind it. "Haven't I made that clear? Men are just wonderful —younger men, older men! Except for the

ones that aren't. Some of my best friends aren't a jot over twenty-four. They aren't entirely mature yet, but then neither am I. And I guess that's what I like about them. It's a matter of occasion, too. For the concert or the theatre or dinner, perhaps, an older man might fit the bill better. But dancing or hiking or just a general fun party, you like people your own age. To tell you the truth, I don't know many men over thirty-five that I'd risk on a hike. They're all right when the going's level, but when you start uphill you leave 'em. And I'm an uphill hiker from way back."

Still and all, though, the young 'uns were prone to be less courteous?

"Usually. In the small things, remember. Not always. Here's another example of what girls don't like—and this was an older man, too. He took me—I forget, but it was some banquet downtown in a hotel. We came in through the bar. It was jammed. But instead of staying with me and helping me through the crowd, he just plowed on ahead like some kind of half-back. I couldn't move. Finally I got mad and just stood still. He was all the way to the dining room entrance before he missed me. *Then* he came back. And there was another evening half-ruined, because he'd



Piper, with her frequent date, producer Leonard Goldstein, claims older men are usually more tolerant and courteous than youngsters.

been thoughtless and I'd made him realize it. Not that it ruined our friendship or anything like that, because it didn't. Maybe in the long run it did some good. But I'm not glad it happened. I repeat, men are just wonderful—but the little things, the little things, *the little things!*"

PIPER'S PROTESTATIONS to the contrary, half of Hollywood would not be surprised if she married Contino in the near future, meeting in the process his alleged demands that she confine her energies to being Mrs. C. and nothing else. The other half of Hollywood thinks it can't happen. This is the half that is dead convinced, correctly or otherwise, that Piper is a careerist before she is anything and that no trifling interloper such as love is going to derail her progress. It has been pointed out that she's had some mighty handsome matrimonial offers, and that nothing has come of them. Yet there is something wrong with the type-casting of this particular beauty as an inflexible careerist. She is small with a bell-like voice, almost wholly unassertive in casual conversation and professes no far-flung ambitions beyond an urge to be a better actress.

"For two or even three years I want to go on with my profession, grow as a—oh, there must be some better word than 'artist'—well, as an actress. After that, I just couldn't make a prediction. But right now I'm definitely not in love and I'm definitely not getting married."

THE LEGEND that Rosetta Jacobs, to give our heroine her proper handle, places the career of Piper Laurie above every

other consideration may have its roots in one of several circumstances.

One is the amazing information that while still in grammar school this *wunder-kind* wrote, produced and directed quite a few complete plays. Single-mindedness may be evidenced here.

Another is the testimony of a fellow player—not one of Piper's most devout rooters—that she can be a pretty dynamic personality when crossed unfairly.

A third is a matter of common information: between acting bouts, she likes most to act. That is true. After one take of a picture is made and while she's waiting for the next, this tireless mime dragoons fellow-members of the company into running through scenes from other pictures or from some totally unrelated play. Strictly for fun. Thus it cannot be said Piper doesn't know what she likes best to do.

Still, it is hard to envisage her as an unbending careerist, subject to no distractions in the way of *amour* or anything else. The steely set of the jaw is missing—and there is nothing peremptory in her regard for the male animal.

PIPER IS A Detroit girl of Polish and Russian extraction who moved to Los Angeles in time for high school, and thereafter latched on to pictures in practically no time. She was seventeen when Universal-International signed her, and eight months after that she was playing a lead opposite Tony Curtis in a number titled *The Prince Who Was A Thief*.

The picture remains and will forever remain the most memorable for Piper because it was her first. Some say it also whetted her appetite for fame to its present alleged dimensions. Piper says it's artistic fruition she wants. And it is only fair to point out that she ought to know.

Well, after *The Prince*, a pretty big deal of another sort took place, one over which Piper is still beaming. Los Angeles High School, at which she was a very bright student, never had seen its way clear to casting her in one of its plays. Now her doting alma mater invited her back for the unequivocal purpose of honoring her as an actress. *That* for the LAHS drama beagles!

And *that* for three other major studios as well; not one, before U-I, had let her through the front gate more than once, each time for unsuccessful interviews.

Piper first came to national attention, though, not via the screen but by dining on camellias. There happened to be a cameraman present and the picture got rather wide distribution. Camellia-nibblers are uncommon except in the minds of publicists, where they are a dime a dozen, but other people were startled.

But to put this forward as still another proof of over-weening ambition is silly. Camellias don't taste bad, and besides she didn't eat the whole thing.

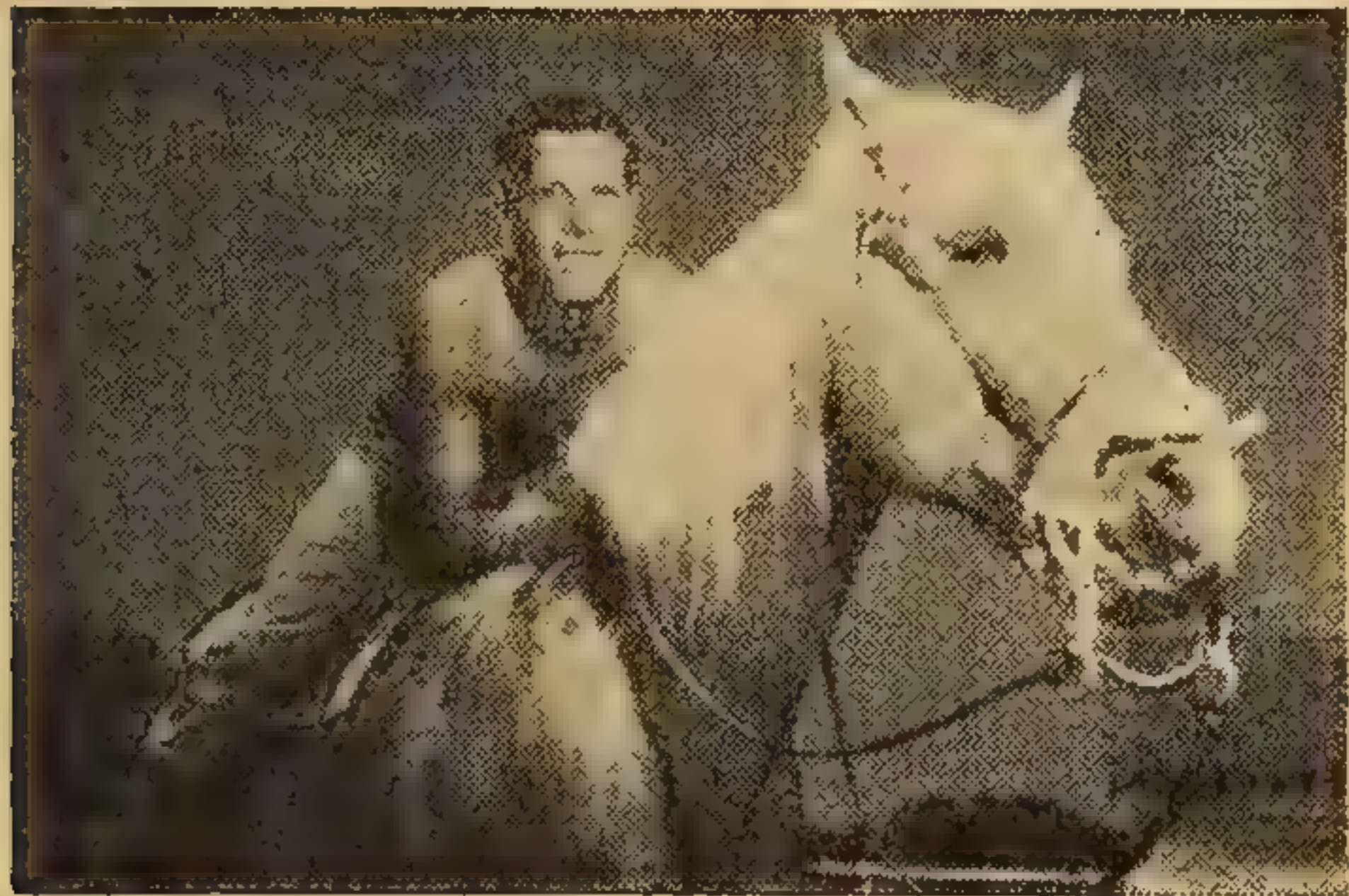
Except for this mild eccentricity and the drinking-of-tea-at-teatime, Piper is not a bit different from any other American girl who bumps maybe a bit more than a thousand dollars a week and looks like a prospector's mirage. She likes small parties, simple, tailored suits, peasant garb in summer, younger men, older men, in-between men, and strapless gowns for evening. She's a pretty fair hand with both oil painting and sketching in charcoal, and riding and swimming seem to her almost as much fun as walking uphill. She's a rather droll little character, too. Says funny things in that wisp of a voice.

Universal figures she's going a long, long way, and so, according to the poll, do the readers of this magazine. It is not simply a point of beauty, according to the studio's sharper judgment, but a quality that seems to detach her from a more or

less mundane earth. One U-I attaché, not given to high-flown prose, has observed that she is not unlike a camellia herself.

"It's strange to me," said Miss L. now dunking the tea-bag a last time, "that anyone sees anything contradictory in my going with both Leonard and Dick. Or strange. Or why they say I've switched from Leonard to Dick, or the other way around. It's not a gap between a young man and an older man. They are simply two separate and distinct persons, and that's how I think of them.

"If you want to generalize—and you know I don't—you might say a young man's a little more possessive or dictatorial, the older man mellower and more tolerant. But there you're in trouble, because how can you do it without specifying?



STRANGER ON HORSEBACK

When I lived in Los Angeles my mother and I often went driving in the country. One day we got stuck on a muddy road and, hard as we tried, we couldn't get out. A stranger came by on horseback and offered to help, but after struggling and pushing, we were still as stuck as ever. The man then offered to find a farmer who could pull us out with a tractor. In about fifteen minutes the farmer came and freed us. I never guessed who the helpful stranger was until my mother whispered that his name was Dick Haymes!

Sandra Sue Doty
East Alton, Illinois

ing? Which young man? What older man? You have to give me names. These rules of thumb don't work. I mean, they don't necessarily work. It's like saying, 'Youth calls to youth.' Not always, by any means. I have seen youths and youths with not so much as a whisper between them. There are individuals and that's all there are, so far as I'm concerned. Quote me no general quotes, please."

THE LAST WORD on the Contino deal was that Piper is very strong with Dick's grandmother. This good lady, who by all accounts is a superb cook, had called from San Francisco a few hours before tea time and asked her up there for a bowl of spaghetti—*spaghetti Contino*, that is, which is something rather special.

Piper was thinking of making the trip. And if Dick happened to be up there at the same time, what of that? Something suspicious about a boy's being with his grandmother? You'd like to make something of it?

Pardon. Contino's not a boy, he's a man. And men are just wonderful. You heard the lady. And as for so-called age, what's that? A state of mind—and a state of mind not shared by Piper Laurie. **END**

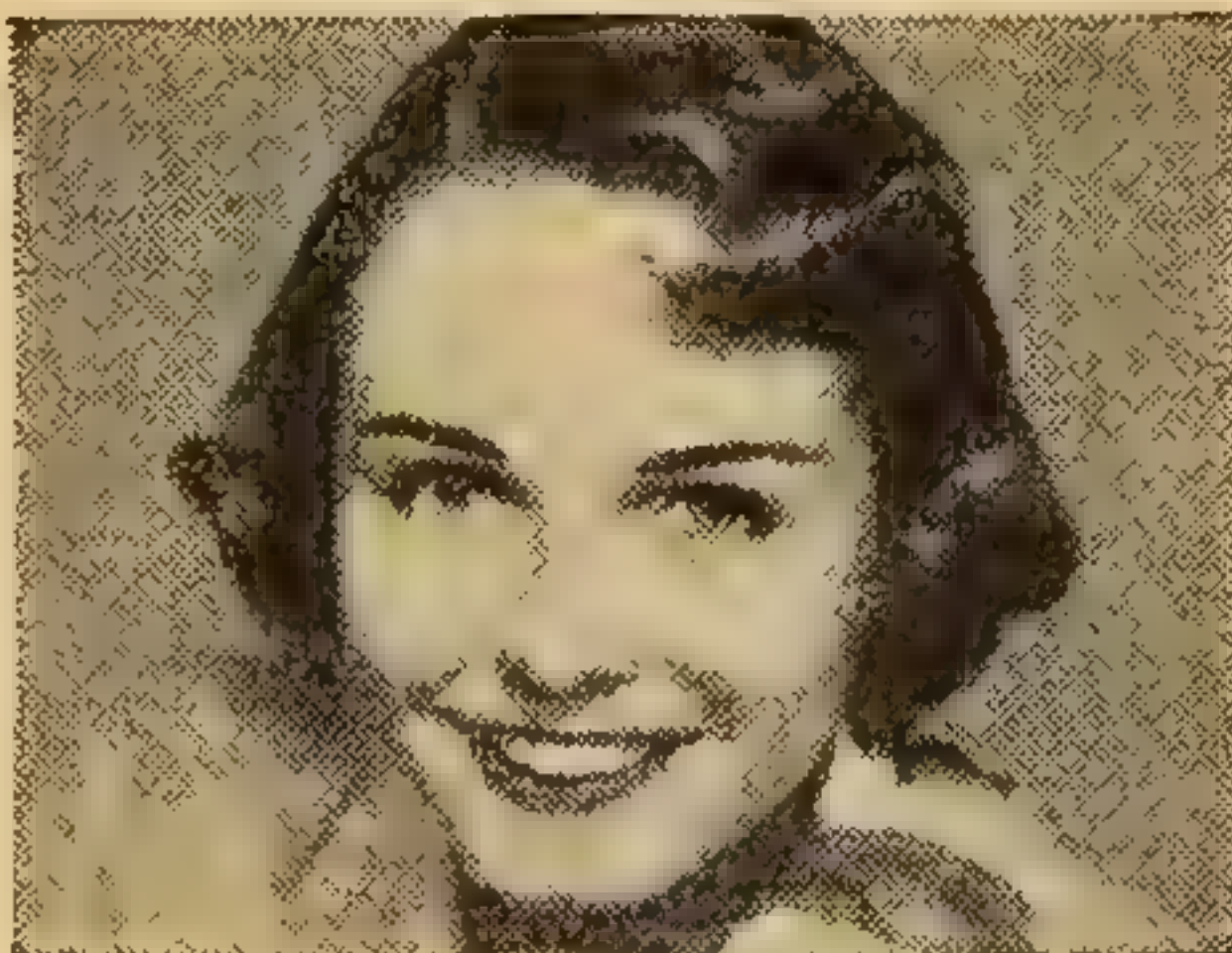
(Piper Laurie is soon to be seen in U-I's Dawn At Socorro.)

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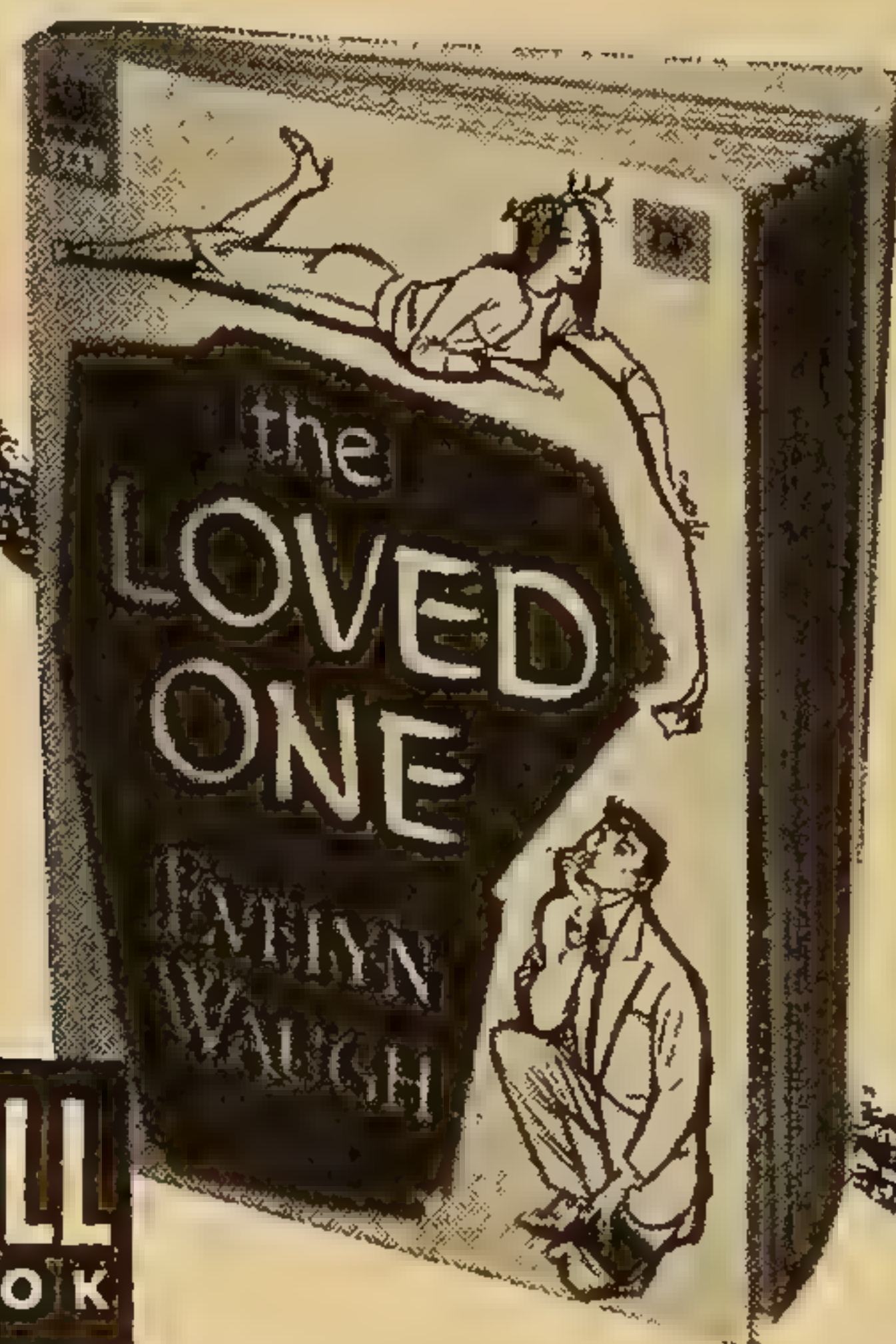
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AT ALL NEWSSTANDS - JUST 25¢

the lady said yes

(Continued from page 37) can clear them.

Then precisely at eleven-thirty—accord-
ing to unusually reliable sources—Bob
asked Ursula a question he had been some
time getting around to. The exact German
equivalent is not available, but in Ameri-
can it goes: "Will you marry me?" At the
same time, he produced a ring.

Hollywood, as well as a large part of the
rest of the civilized world, had been won-
dering for quite a spell when Bob and Ur-
sula were going to get this show on the
road. Some even were making book on it,
pro or con and name your own odds.

Until then, the closest Taylor had come
to conceding anything was when he told
MODERN SCREEN, three weeks before the an-
nouncement, the following, in reply to a
direct query:

"That question has a familiar ring. I'll
say this much, though. The lady's name is
pronounced 'Teece.' You muffed it, I'll
also say we are keeping company. And I
don't mind telling you she was with me
yesterday when I bought some Adler sil-
verware. I figure it's time I began keeping
a hope chest. Furthermore, I instructed
that the monogram 'T' be put on the silver-
ware. I'll even go this far; I'm house-
hunting, sometimes as many as three and
four houses a day, and sometimes Miss
Thiess is with me. You may now con-
jecture your head off."

BUT THE NEED for conjecture is over. Miss
Thiess and Mr. Taylor are married and
the marriage has changed many things for
Bob Taylor, as such happenings are wont
to do. But one strange and spurious sup-
position about him, it has failed to dent—
and this is the peculiar notion that Robert
Taylor, married or not, is the loneliest
man in Hollywood.

He may never shake that delusion.

For Bob Taylor once explained to the
press, "I never go anywhere because no-
body asks me anywhere."

Repercussions from this indiscreet—and
endearing—bit of personal information
have plagued him ever since.

"I keep reading," he said, "that I'm the
loneliest guy in Hollywood. If I read it
five more times, maybe I'll begin to believe
it. Then I could have a hell of a time
wallowing around in self-pity, except I'm
not given to self-pity.

"The picture I get from it is Taylor
slumped in his cell-like room night after
night, surrounded by bats. That's inter-
esting but inaccurate. I don't slump, my
room isn't cell-like and I don't keep bats.
In fact, I lead what I consider a very
happy life, by which I mean a life that
suits Taylor fine. But if I say that, the
weepers insist I'm just keeping a stiff upper
lip or whistling past the graveyard. It
seems almost impossible for a naturally
rather solitary person to convince the
joiners that he's happy the way he is. But
anyone like me—and I'll bet there are
plenty—knows exactly what I'm talking
about. You don't have to feel sorry for us.
We don't feel sorry for ourselves. We like
it."

BRIEFLY, Taylor's allegedly monastic ex-
istence runs like this: He has few close
friends directly connected with the motion
picture industry, but a fair number of con-
vivial acquaintances away from it. He likes
small gatherings where people sit on the
floor and talk about the best ways to pot
a Texas quail. Aside from golf (he's just
taken it up and is not promising) he pre-
fers the more solitary diversions—hunting,
fishing, riding, flying. He is delighted with
his freedom to go where he likes when he
likes as he likes unless his work interferes.

"As I say," he went on after a moment, "this 'lonely' business began when I told that columnist I didn't go to any parties because I wasn't invited to any. Well, that's not strictly the truth, but for her purposes it was, and I guess for years as well, so I'll repeat it. I don't go to any parties because I'm not invited to any."

"But you have to understand that in Hollywood, a party is not a party unless it's one of those where—what is it they always say?—'Everybody who is anybody was there!' What a crushing thing it must be to 159,890,000 Americans to learn that they're not anybody! I think we should all band together to make up a mutual sympathy club. No, I'm not invited to those. I don't know any special reason. Oh, maybe if somebody like Jack Warner were giving a super *soirée*, he might include me, but I'd be an afterthought."

"Usually, I just read about them in the papers and try not to lose sleep over it. You understand I'm not crying. Unruffled, even—that's me. I'm just stating a fact. Only thing you might say about it is this (and I'm not sure even here I'm speaking the truth): maybe I don't want to go to the parties, but I'd like to be invited. *Maybe*. But you can't have one without the other, they tell me, and then I'd be in a fix. The social whirl. And what does that do to my freedom?"

APPARENTLY, to Taylor's way of thinking, that makes him a prisoner of the RSVP set. You can't fly to Jackson Hole, Wyoming, because you're due at Brenda Gushberry's for cocktails. If you don't show, Brenda positively will never ask you again, and where does that leave you?

"In Jackson Hole, Wyoming," said Taylor. "And a very nice place to be, too. For me, I mean. For Taylor. Don't think I'm running down party-goers because I'm not. Start carping at another person's way of life just because it doesn't suit you, and you're not being what you'd call tolerant."

"But this 'lonely' bit—that baffles me. It has a pathetic sound to it, doesn't it? And I'm one of the least pathetic characters I know. It's as if I were to point to my opposite number and say, 'Poor Joe, always surrounded by people,' and then



Don gets tips from his daughter, too!

FANCY FEET

Walking along Times Square, I noticed a crowd watching the dancing of two small boys dressed as gypsies. I watched the coins flip in from the group, and then was startled to see Donald O'Connor among them, flipping coins to the boys and watching their footwork with huge enjoyment.

Elizabeth Rodriguez
Brooklyn, New York

wipe a tear from my eye. Maybe he looks as pathetic to me as I look to him, but I try not to say so. It could be I think he's trapped and within himself more lonely than I—and all the people like me—less inner resource, you know. Or maybe that's not the case. But I wouldn't want to stick my finger in his eye, and out of reciprocal courtesy I'd thank him not to pity me."

Well, that's the root of Taylor's philosophy. Friends contend there are external circumstances, too, that limit his appearances these days at the gatherings attended by everybody who is anybody. Of course, for a long time before his first marriage he was in that state of being known in Hollywood, as in Chillicothe, as "out of circulation."

BOTH BEFORE that marriage and after it ended, Taylor was in great demand. There are less presentable specimens to be sure. When he narrowed his courting range to Miss Thiess, he became non-eligible for the stag-line. Taylor, by fervent testimony of those who know him best, is an impeccable escort; courteous, engaging, non-assertive and positively not the one to stalk his date from Cadillac ambush. This is offered in refutation to those who have Heard It On Good Authority that a girl could do worse than wear track shoes in his company.

IT SO HAPPENS that Bob Taylor, having been around long and successfully, is capable of urbane indifference toward what is mouthed about him—urbane indifference, but not callousness, a state of skin no star can afford.

He may have winced from time to time. After the collapse of his eleven-year—and supposedly idyllic—marriage to Barbara Stanwyck, there were those who said Miss Stanwyck was bitterly angry, whereas Taylor wished to make it the chummiest of divorces. Unhappily for Taylor, Miss Stanwyck was among those who said it. For at least a year, she had no wish to speak to her erstwhile mate. And that agitated a tongue or two. There was talk, as there had to be talk, about Taylor and a girl in Rome, about Taylor and a girl in Palm Springs, about Taylor's alleged wolfishness that heretofore no one seemed to have noted. Taylor gracefully kept his mouth shut.

IT IS SUSPECTED by some that Taylor's extraordinary looks are a key to his personality. He is a diffident man, absolutely unwilling to thrust himself forward in any company, and despite his refusal to worry about it, may on occasion rest on a shaky social basis. That is guesswork, but documented guesswork.

Sometimes he seems to be over-controlled and only recently has he conquered a somewhat mannered habit of raising his right eyebrow while listening. This trick is thought by his handful of intimates to have been simply a product of nervousness, but its effect was superciliousness.

Extreme good looks are not necessarily a psychological asset. Not for a man. And any public reference to his facial appearance cracks his aplomb. It's practically the only thing that does.

For a brief while during the war, for example, Taylor, a Naval flying instructor with lieutenant's stripes, was stationed in Washington. And having led a pretty cloistered existence, he dropped in on one or two nightclubs with some friends. At one of these, a girl came over to his table, did a long, languishing take, and said with next to unbelievable gaucherie: "Gee, you're the most handsome man in the world!" Taylor—quite literally—paled, got up from a half-finished dinner, and left the premises. He had been thrown the unanswerable observation and behaved accordingly. Yet, it is not likely another star

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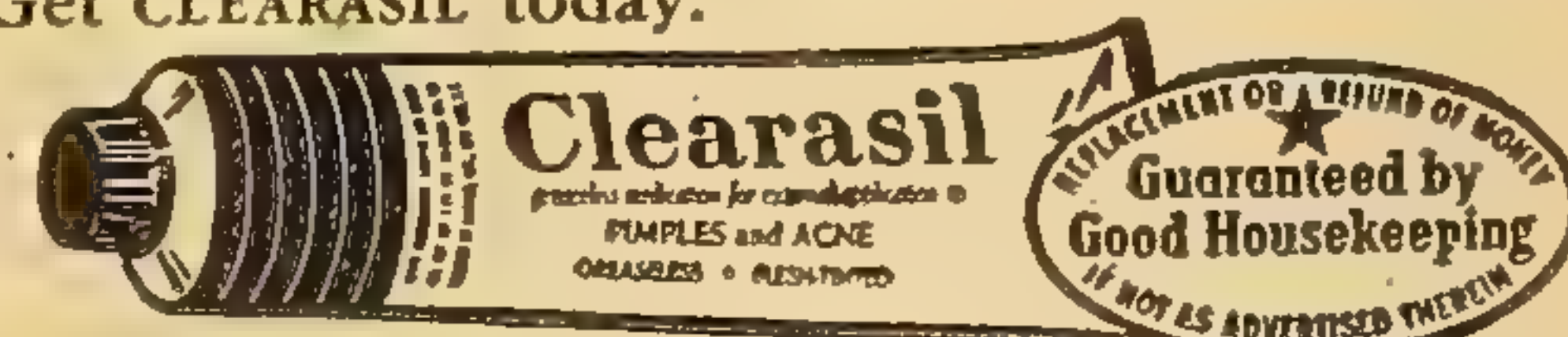
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would have been so completely unhinged—even one with less metallic poise.

MATURITY HAS taken him out of the over-handsome class that once marked him—unfairly, by the way—as pretty. There is nothing un-masculine about his features; they are startlingly regular, that's all. And even this doesn't go for his nose. It is, without a mustache to underscore it, a trifle hawkish. And Taylor doesn't wear the mustache "unless I'm using it"—i.e., unless it is necessary to a picture.

"Bob," a friend has said, "could very well have an inferiority complex. He has it under check, naturally, but did you ever see a normal personality quite so contained as his? This guy *never* lets go. As a kid, he was pretty close to being a male beauty and this may have affected his relations with the other youngsters and set the framework for what he was going to be later. No one can say what he might have been if he hadn't looked the way he does, but my guess is a solid Rotarian type who'd never get to Hollywood except for an American Legion convention. Or a cello player who liked to ride horseback or fly a rented plane weekends. He was pretty fair on the cello. But the face came along and crossed him up. Naturally, that's pretty fair crossing. Big money, fame, the chance to live the way he wants to."

Face or no face, Taylor has no vanity. Witness after witness has firmly deposed that so far as he is concerned, the mirror might as well not have been invented.

Probably the key to the Taylor character is his appreciation of independence. An inch has to be left here for guesswork, since Taylor is not given to self-analysis.

Independence is a better guess, anyhow, than "lonely" or "self-centered" or "solitary." It implies a jealous regard for freedom of action. If this freedom were curtailed he would, in truth, become a morbidly unhappy man.

At the completion of *Knights Of The Round Table*, for instance, Taylor felt, as he usually does after any picture, an overwhelming urge to get out of town. He owns a Beechcraft—an eight-passenger plane that runs into a lot of money—but then, Taylor makes a lot of money.

So he and Ralph Couser, his long-time friend from Navy days and chief pilot for MGM, piled in and flew to Palm Beach. They had nothing special to do there but Taylor wanted to drop in on another friend to see if there was anything worth eating for dinner. There was. Later they flew back to New Orleans, one of Taylor's war-time stations, and renewed a warming acquaintance with a restaurateur who interchanges normal false teeth with a set that are diamond encrusted. Still later they caught up with New York, where they dined one night with the entire chorus of the Copacabana nightclub line. It was reported in Hollywood that Taylor alone had taken the whole chorus out!

It was a junket at once aimless and genial, and Taylor happens to like that sort of dido. He flies to Illinois once in a while for no sounder reason than an evening of reminiscence with a Navy friend there; to South Dakota or Texas or northern California to hunt or fish; or to Alaska because he'd never been there.

ROBERT TAYLOR was born Spangler Arlington Brugh in Filley, Nebraska, a little more than forty years ago, the son of Ruth Adelia Stanhope and Dr. Spangler Andrew Brugh, the latter a sort of self-made physician. That is to say, the late Dr. Brugh, a grain dealer by vocation, adopted the study of medicine in middle life to try and find a cure for his ailing wife. His efforts paid off.

Eventually the family moved to Pomo-

na, not far from Hollywood, and young Mr. Brugh did well in Pomona College's senior class play, *Journey's End*.

The rest of this is paralyzingly familiar. Talent scout. MGM contract. But no parts. Discouragement. Encouragement—from L. B. Mayer. Small break. Big break—opposite Irene Dunne in *Magnificent Obsession* in 1936. Then the next eighteen years could not be called unalloyed clover, but they were pretty smooth going. There were no serious interruptions to Taylor's screen career. The war arrested it but did not deflect its upward curve.

TAYLOR IS in most respects an exemplary fellow. Punctual. Clean-cut. Doesn't get loaded. Never, in lots of ways, left Nebraska.

The anecdotes that pursue him most often go like this one. He and Couser, his pilot friend, break down while en route by car to a fishing trip. Truck driver helps them out. Truck driver, who had at first regarded Taylor with truculent suspicion, warms to him over a few nips of Taylor-owned Scotch. Would have warmed to him anyway. "Tyler," guy finally says, pronouncing it the way it's spelled there, "you're awright. First, I thought you were some so-and-so movie star."

Then again, Taylor and Couser were flying once over some country—that wouldn't have been easy to sit down in, when the wings iced up and the propellers failed. They lost 10,000 feet before things got back to proper. Taylor, by solemn testimony of both, said nary a word during the whole excruciating experience. Stayed with the controls in taut-faced silence, just like in the movies.

"How could he talk?" Couser has said, in moving tribute. "He fainted!"

"That wasn't it," declares Taylor. "I was just scared speechless."

Dennis Day at the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick banquet: "The Benny-Baker wedding was really a gorgeous ceremony. I think Jack is the first father of the bride who ever wept and validated parking tickets at the same time" . . . Also: "Jack just found a new use for old razor blades. He shaves with them" . . . Also: "Jack's had one cake of soap for three years and you can still read the word IVORY on it."

Mike Connolly in
The Hollywood Reporter

The median fact is that Taylor is a competent, experienced pilot, and one who loves to fly. He's a good shot, either hunt or skeet, a good man with a fishing rod and a better than good horseman. His tennis is inoffensive, his golf woeful and his knowledge of—and talent with—foods very commendable. He likes to eat simply and well—and he does like to eat.

"So," said Taylor in summation, "we go back to the loneliness. If you want to regard it mathematically, it could be true. I have exactly two friends in Hollywood. Two. That may be counting it kind of close but it's a good, round number. But if the way I live is loneliness, then it's a different word from what the dictionary says it means. For me, it's the happy way. And I still have a dollar that says there are lots like me. And we mean it. We're not taking a defensive attitude."

And it was on approximately this note that the loneliest man in Hollywood went his lonely way, looking completely happy about it—happy as a clam or a guy who'd just knocked over a big lie about himself. And every bit as happy as bridegrooms are said to be.

END

salt water dillies

(Continued from page 50) in twenty seconds, and adjourned to the beach—a beautiful stretch of clean white sand, punctuated at water's edge by rocks crawling with all kinds of tiny sea animals. They had a ball game and Bob and Scott proved that each could tote a pretty girl on his shoulders endlessly up and down the strand without getting tired.

At sundown Scott disappeared into the kitchen, emerged some time later pounding on a pail with a big spoon and yelling, "Come and get it!"

"You know," Kim Novak admitted to Scott afterward, "after all I've read about you, if anyone had told me that you could whip up a dinner like that with your own two brutal hands, I'd say your press agent had gone crazy."

"I'm a homey type!" Scott retorted. "Remind me to get your phone number."

Then they all went outside to feed the sea gulls who live, they decided, much more comfortable lives than movie stars. When it grew dark they came inside and collapsed around the room.

"Nobody goes home," Scott announced, "until you say enough about yourselves so that I can report it to a magazine called MODERN SCREEN, which in turn can tell your future public. Kim, you kick it off."

"I feel a little silly," Kim hesitated. "Don't be silly about being silly," Scott advised.

"Well, all right. My name was Marilyn Novak and for professional reasons, there being another blonde Marilyn around, I changed it to Kim. I'm twenty-one years old and I've done quite a bit of modeling. My first big break came at the auto show when some kind photographers made a little fuss over me and a kind Hollywood agent named Louis Shurr became interested. He introduced me to talent director Max Arnow at Columbia Pictures and I got a screen test. My new pictures are *Pushover* and *Phfft!* and everything's happened so fast this year I just can't believe it. I can't remember any more the time I was so discouraged."

Scott interrupted, "Can you, just for me, remember your phone number?"

Kim: "I live at the Studio Club and the number's in the book. But like I was saying, when I was young I was skinny and anemic."

"Wow," exclaimed Bob Francis. "Look now."

"Stop interrupting," Kim shushed. "I was too skinny, and the doctor put me on an endless fattening diet. I had such a terrible inferiority complex that he prescribed little theatre work. I was terrible, I know, but gradually I gained confidence and experience and finally landed a radio show job with *Calling All Girls*. In between all

that I ran an elevator, clerked in a department store, and for a while I was a dentist's receptionist."

"Lucky dentist," Scott suggested, and before Kim could bat him down, he turned to May Wynn. "It's your turn now—and don't spare the details."

SAID MAY: "It's easier when someone else starts it off. My family was theatrical so I just naturally gravitated toward show business. First, though, I think any girl, whether her family is theatrical or not, should have experience in other fields. So I was a clerk in a real estate office. Then after a while I got a job at La Guardia field as a page girl. Then when I was seventeen I modeled a bit before I got a job as a chorus girl in the line at the Copacabana. I danced there for two and a half years before I finally got a spot of my own as a singer and dancer. My name was Donna Lee Hickey then, and I thought I was really on the way when I signed a 20th Century-Fox contract. It didn't work out, though, and now I know that whenever your boss wants to let you go it's usually the best thing that could happen to you, even though it doesn't seem like it at the time. On a hunch, I took the name of the role I play in *The Caine Mutiny*—May Wynn—and that's me up to now. You turn, Bob. And don't forget to tell them about your engagement."

Bob: "Oh no! I'm not saying a thing. I've just been interviewed by MODERN SCREEN. Let's make Scott Brady talk about himself."

Scott: "Not a chance. I've been interviewed so many times that any fan who can't recite my life story backward can go sit in a corner."

THE GIRLS were burned up (they said) because the men had made them do all the talking, so they let Scott and Bob wash the dishes.

"I got to warn you," Scott growled at Kim, "if some day we grow up and get married, I cook like a fiend, but I do not wash!"

The time was late, so the party broke up because they were all acting type people and had six a.m. studio calls. Let it be said, however, that this is not the end. Fast friendships were formed at this casual Hollywood party. Three future stars made their debut through the courtesy of Scott Brady and MODERN SCREEN. Wish them luck!

There's news of a romance brewing between Kim Novak and Scott Brady and if you ask Scott, it wouldn't be a bad idea. He's busy right now finishing a picture called *The Law vs. Billy The Kid*, but after that, who knows?

END

Don't miss LOUELLA PARSONS' new 8-page gossip section in next month's MODERN SCREEN

I found God in the streets

(Continued from page 53) What was this? She had me. She knew I was lying. I was willing to fight her off, but what kind of a dirty trick was she trying to pull by saying she believed me? And apologizing? I'll never forget how shocked I was. And then suddenly I realized it wasn't just a trick, that some kind of thinking and feeling—thinking I could only dimly be aware of as being in this world—was going on, that this teacher of mine had already figured out she didn't want to prove me a thief; she wanted to show me that there was nobility in the world and here was a chance to give me a great, shining example of it.

I stood there swallowing, my anger gone. I wanted to cry. And I knew that as long

as I lived I could never be guilty of putting myself in such a spot again.

Redeemed: one dirty little thief. How? Someone wanted to help a fellow man up rather than kick him down.

WHAT HAPPENED in that classroom didn't die there. I had to ask myself questions about everything I was part of from then on, and the trouble with thinking is that once it starts it won't quit. Mine led me to answers I didn't want at first, and from these, painful as they were, to a new way of living.

I never considered myself a thief when I took that pencil box. No, sir. I, in the back of my mind, rationalized that being a poor boy, denied ordinary advantages, it was natural that I must help myself. (You notice that first I helped myself to a fine

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excuse, after which it was easy to help myself to the pencil box.) The danger in that kind of thinking should be obvious. With the right kind of excuses nothing would be impossible for me—burglary, murder, what have you?

Or let's apply it less spectacularly. Let's see how it could work (and does work for a lot of us) in an everyday way. In my line of work if I don't get the part I want in a certain picture I don't have to waste any time analyzing my own possible inadequacies for the role. I didn't get it because, clearly, the producer of the picture is stupid or a bum or prejudiced against me. So I complain to my friends and they comfort me. Or I tell my wife and she babies me.

After a while, if I keep on being this sort of fellow, I'll get to depend on blaming someone. It will never be my fault.

This is what my teacher did when she helped me; she taught me *me!*

To help your fellow man you have to understand him. To understand him you have to understand yourself. I thought I had figured this out as a personal piece of philosophy when one day, while I was still a kid, I heard someone read something startling from the Bible. "Know thyself." So somehow what I was learning by such slow degrees was connected with the faith of men.

LET ME GO back to the streets of New York and the boys I knew. The most characteristic thing about us was that we held the other fellow cheaply; his suffering, his problems, his reputation. This enabled us to cheat him, to play tricks on him, to forget him. Let's take one of these tricks and look at it.

The automobile speed limit was about twenty miles an hour in our block, but most cars would shoot through at a rate closer to fifty miles an hour. And of course, we kids would be playing right out on the street—we had no other place.

When a car would pass we would pretend that it had hit us. We'd stand so close that it would brush our clothes, and at the last second we'd slam the rear fender with one hand and then fall flat. To the driver inside the slamming would sound exactly as if he had hit something, and when he looked back there would be one of us writhing on the street.

The scared looks on the faces of the drivers when they stopped their cars and came running back would tickle us. But what we were after was money. A lot of times they would pull out a bill and throw it at the kid, telling him he would be all right. And then they'd drive off again. What easy dough! And then one day the understanding of what we were really doing hit me right between the eyes.

We were holding human life—our own lives—as cheaply as they could be held. We were saying that a piece of silver could set to rights a broken body. Suppose I actually *was* hit by a car playing this trick? Of course I wouldn't accept a dollar then. Yet that didn't change the fact that a dollar was what I had established as the value of whatever might happen to me. The day I figured this out was the last time I ever bet my limbs, possibly my whole life, against a dollar or two! And I decided, too, that I was estimating people too much in terms of money and material possession; that I must start looking for other values.

WHAT WAS a gentleman? At first the definition was easy for me. If I were a shoe-shine boy then the man whose shoes I shined was a gentleman. I was a shoe-shine boy around Seventy-second street and Second Avenue, but I learned 82 that a lot of my customers were not

necessarily gentlemen. Once my father, who was an actor-forced-to-turn-tailor, gave me one of his old whisk brooms to brush my customers' clothes. "They'll like that," he told me. "Yeah!" I said, enthusiastically. "That's a good idea."

I tried it on my first customer. The whisk broom was old, as I said, and kind of frazzled looking. The man glanced at the whisk broom and knocked it out of my hand into the street.

"Keep that filthy thing off my clothes!" he said. Then he threw me a nickel for the shine and walked away.

I don't know what made me do it but I ran after him. I wanted to remember his face. I was thinking of the kindness of my father in giving me the whisk broom, and how warm I had felt thinking how it would please my customers. And then it flashed into my mind that this was no gentleman; this was a monster of some kind because he didn't know how to live with other people, and that it was this which made the difference between a brute and a gentleman. This and nothing else.

WHAT WAS a lady? Surely she was one of those women you see sitting in the back of the limousines that sweep up and down Fifth Avenue. She couldn't be the girl you know who lives across your own street, could she, or the one you call mother? It took me a while to be able to separate the quality of character from the appearance of respectability, to be able to recognize it out of a limousine as well as inside, against a background of poverty

GUEST OF HONOR

Some time ago I was invited to a dinner in honor of Gloria Swanson, whom I had always considered a very aloof sort of star. Seated beside Miss Swanson at the table was the elderly film critic of one of the St. Paul newspapers. He had just broken his arm and wore a sling. I was amazed to see Miss Swanson help him throughout the meal by cutting his steak, buttering his bread and generally making things much easier for him.

Mrs. Helen Erickson
Minneapolis, Minnesota



as well as riches. One day I met a girl I classed as just a pretty kid a fellow might neck around with. Before many days had passed I knew her as a lady for whom my admiration was boundless.

I was acting with a small theatre school then and she dropped in one evening to see our presentations and talk to her brother who was in our group. He introduced us and I took her out. She told me she worked at Gimbels, and did some modeling, too. As we talked on I became conscious of a fine mind working in her head and an appreciation of the world and its people that made my own knowledge seem pretty puny by comparison. This was not just a pretty kid—this was a person! It was wonderful being with her even if I didn't get to hold her hand—which I did.

As soon as I could, I asked her brother about her, and what he told me confirmed my opinion. It was because of her help

that he was able to attend an acting school; he had a \$65-a-month G.I. grant but she made up the difference he needed to get along. She also contributed the major upkeep to the home so that two younger brothers could go to school.

I laughed. "You know," I began, "when I first saw her I just thought she was beautiful. That's all."

He nodded and smiled back. "My sister is beautiful, inside as well as out."

The memory of that girl stayed with me. When I met another one like her I knew it right away. This one was twenty-three years old, beautiful, too, well known, very busy at her own work, yet without telling anyone about it she was also busy just being a fine person. I don't want to go into too much detail because I don't think she would like me to. But she's still at it. It has to do with contributing to the maintenance and happiness of a large orphanage—and that side of this girl's life was one of the reasons I thought it a great privilege to marry her.

YOU KNOW, when you go to school you learn things in a clear order. But in life, especially in the dog-eat-dog kind of life I started out to live, you have to pick up things helter-skelter. I developed my faith, my philosophy of living, as you might if you picked up a Bible and read a page here and a page there, going backward as well as forward, and from the middle toward the beginning and end. And, as a matter of fact, what I learned from the whisperings of God in the noisy, dusty streets of New York, and for a long time thought to be my own exclusive wisdom, I later read in the Bible. The words were almost the same!

Let me say here that I am not a bit sorry I learned my faith on the streets first. That's how it came to the men and the saints who wrote much of the Bible. That way it sticks with you.

It works out in funny ways for me. Take the Biblical injunction, "Do not bear false witness." I apply it to my work every day. I do not bear false witness for others and I do not ask them to do it for me. I am not talking about telling great lies, just everyday small ones. I never go to a friend and ask, "What did you think of my work in my last picture? Now tell me the truth. I want honest criticism." I don't do this because I know from experience that I don't want him to be honest—I just want him to tell me I was great!

How did I learn this? Well, too many times I have been told I was great, too many times I found out later I wasn't, and too many times I blamed the friend for fooling me. Now I know it wasn't his fault. In such circumstances people instinctively know what the other fellow wants to hear and that's what they tell him, feeling they would be cruel if they didn't. So truth dies and a form of larceny takes its place.

In my earliest memories all life was defined sharply and simply, everything was black or white, sweet or bitter. From this I went on to the gradations. I began to see the greys and be more subtly appreciative.

From liking ice cream, which comes naturally, I went on to like music, which is more of a developed taste. From music I branched off to literature. At the same time I began to sense the beauty there can be in a snowflake, a leaf or a sunset. With these awakenings experienced, I no longer laughed when I read a poem or listened to it; now it meant something as the world was beginning to mean more to me. And not until then, I maintain, was I ready for the most subtle experience of all—the experience of being one with the whole meaning of existence, the experience of faith.

END

the lonesome road

(Continued from page 31) wrote that book. The hero, of course, was himself. The theme stuck with him. Today he calls himself Jeff Chandler. And at thirty-five, although he is already a busy and famous Hollywood star earning \$3000 a week, he is restlessly and ambitiously pushing every one of his talents.

Jeff has embarked on the long shot, uphill career of a popular crooner.

He has organized Jeff Chandler Enterprises to produce his own pictures when his contract expires.

He is working on a nightclub act.

He is preparing a radio serial based on the files of a big metropolitan newspaper, in which he will star. Later he will adapt it for television.

He is writing and sketching ideas for Jeff Chandler adventure publications.

This flurry of ambitious activity is a matter of curious speculation both among the people who know him and those who don't. It has coincided with the breakup of his marriage, which looms as a contributing cause. In securing her divorce from Jeff last April, Marjorie stated in her plea: "As a result of his complete and continuous absorption in his career, he was not a companion in any way. . . . He was chronically fatigued so that he would fall asleep wherever we were. . . ."

Humphrey Bogart tells of a movie role he once had, a role which was to show him as the meanest, toughest guy in the rackets. The problem was how to establish this characterization quickly. It was Chaplin who suggested an easy, quick way: It would show an old charwoman carrying brushes and pails of water up the stairs, staggering under the burden all the way. Then Bogart would rush out and push her and the pails down all the flights.

"Then Bogey comes down," Chaplin suggested, "picks up the old lady tenderly, tips his hat and says to her, 'Pardon me, Madam—I thought you were my mother'."

*Leonard Lyons in
The New York Post*

Jeff himself allows that the reason he is pushing himself to the limit is to make more money. "I decided to be an actor when I was fourteen years old," he says, "because I'd heard they made \$5000 a week. I still want to make that kind of money. I have responsibilities to my family. I want enough to be able to retire and relax when I'm forty. That gives me five years. I'm not sure I'll make it."

JEFF'S AGENT, a dapper little man named Meyer Mishkin, whose office adjoins Jeff's, has a different explanation. "Jeff is just naturally a terrific bundle of talent," he says. "He's easy, sure-fire, no temperament, no trouble. Why shouldn't he spread himself? He just likes to work."

But there is another reason why Jeff Chandler is striking out in all directions at an age when he thought he'd be philosophically looking back at his struggles. He can't believe he's a success until he makes the best of everything that's in him—and that, in his own opinion, is quite a lot.

This is not conceit. Jeff Chandler is humble about his good fortune. His favorite phrase about himself is still "the luckiest kid on the block." At his studio he is known as a "sweetheart" to work with, serious, conscientious, prompt and

ready, and exhibiting no temperament since he grunted imperiously, "I am Cochise," and became a star. He still bends over backward in a self-effacing manner both with his associates and his admirers. "Jeff always talks as if he's asking me a big favor to help him out on a deal," marvels Meyer Mishkin. "I have to ask him, 'What am I for, anyway?'"

His self-consciousness about what others think about him is demonstrated constantly. Once, when Jeff was making \$800 a week, an interviewer wanted to take his salary and break it down for an article, showing how taxes, fees and expenses shriveled that sum down to almost nothing for Jeff to keep. Jeff considered the idea briefly, then shook his massive head. "If you were making \$50 a week and read about poor me making \$800," he asked the writer, "would you cry for me?"

After he had separated from his wife, another reporter tried to get Jeff's opinions on what qualities he admired in women. Again Jeff pondered and begged off. His reason: the qualifications of such a dream girl might imply they were those which his wife had lacked.

"I like being a celebrity," he'll tell you candidly. "I like being recognized. Except, of course, by guys like our aforementioned ginned-up friend."

Jeff Chandler always says what comes into his mind, and often answers questions as though he were talking to himself. He takes time to think before he replies and then he gives an honest answer. Explaining his drive for success, he says that from the time he was an awkward, overgrown kid in East Flatbush, Brooklyn, he always believed that he towered not only physically but in destiny, too, above the other kids, although he was at least as poor as the rest.

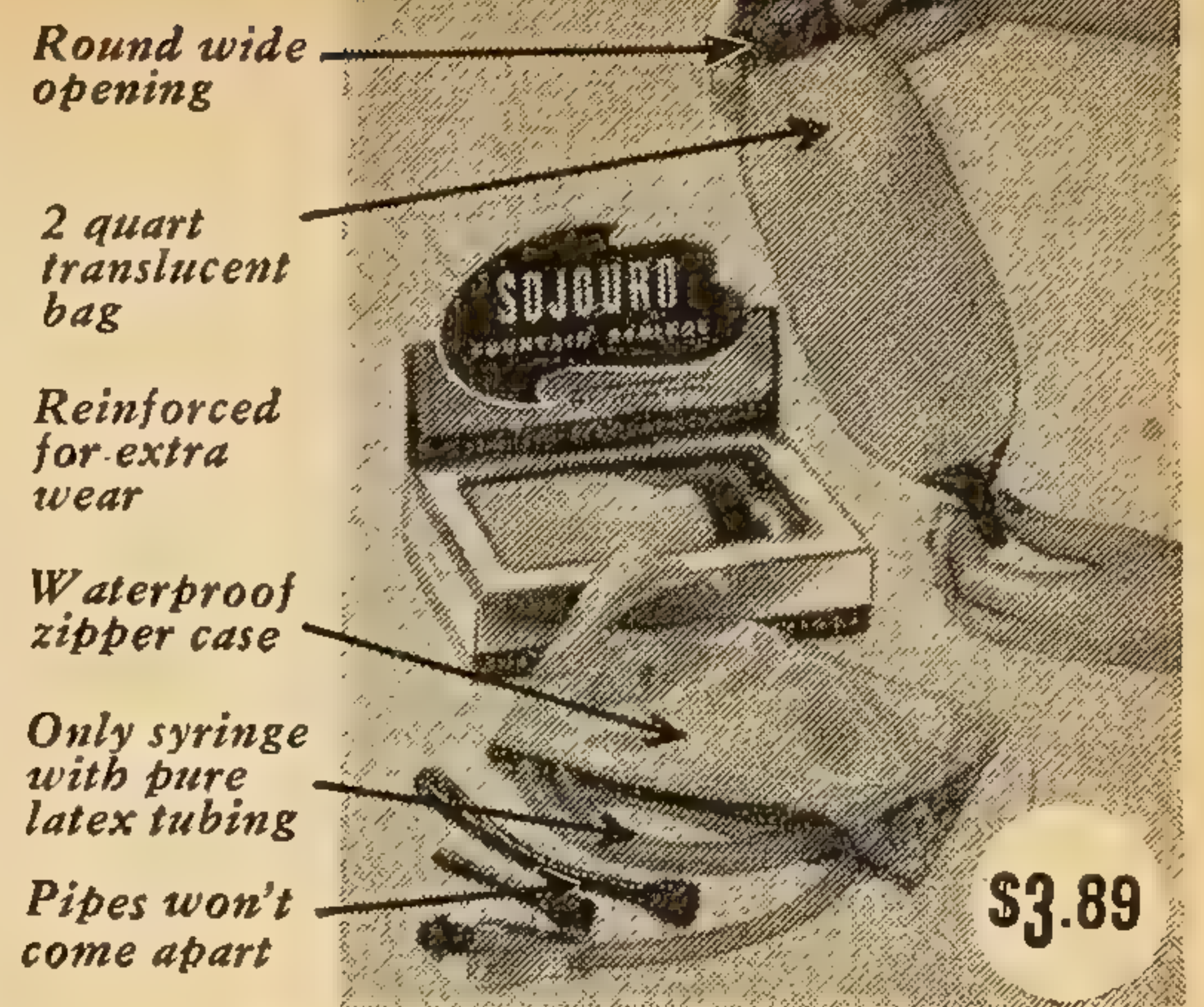
That feeling of being apart and having a special superiority is common to all actors in some degree. Maybe it helps them to act. In spite of Jeff's faith in his own powers, he has great humility. It is no inferiority complex however. He has been unhappy only when he has been prevented from doing everything he thought he was naturally equipped to do.

JEFF HAS had an oversized physique and bold, impressive features since he was a tot. Today he is a kingsized man—six feet, four, 210 pounds, 13 shoe, size 7½ hat. Once when his agent suggested him for a romantic leading man role, the reply he got was, "Jeff Chandler? He's a mug. But I've got another job in mind for him. If I can't get the plug-ugly I want, I'll call you."

Jeff has a regal bearing, moves easily, and his deep bass voice comes out softly. He uses meticulous grammar, not slang. When he wore a toga for *Sign Of The Pagan* he looked as though he had stepped out of the ruins of ancient Rome. The Indian chief "Cochise" in *Broken Arrow* missed an Academy Award by three votes. But it was this same strength, suggesting leadership, that gave Jeff Chandler his first movie break as the stoic Israeli in *Sword In The Desert*. In his radio acting days, Jeff had been called on no less than seven times to play the *Christus* role. There is no small doubt that Jeff Chandler, consciously or subconsciously, believes himself specially gifted and destined.

Jeff Chandler was born in Brooklyn, and he lived most of his boyhood in a moderate neighborhood, on East 37th Street. His father and mother were separated when he was three and he grew up in a house with his grandparents and an aunt and uncle. He was an only son, and a fatherless one. He thinks perhaps his burning desire to distinguish himself stems from need for love from his father.

Despite his size and his environment, young Ira Grossel was no roughneck.



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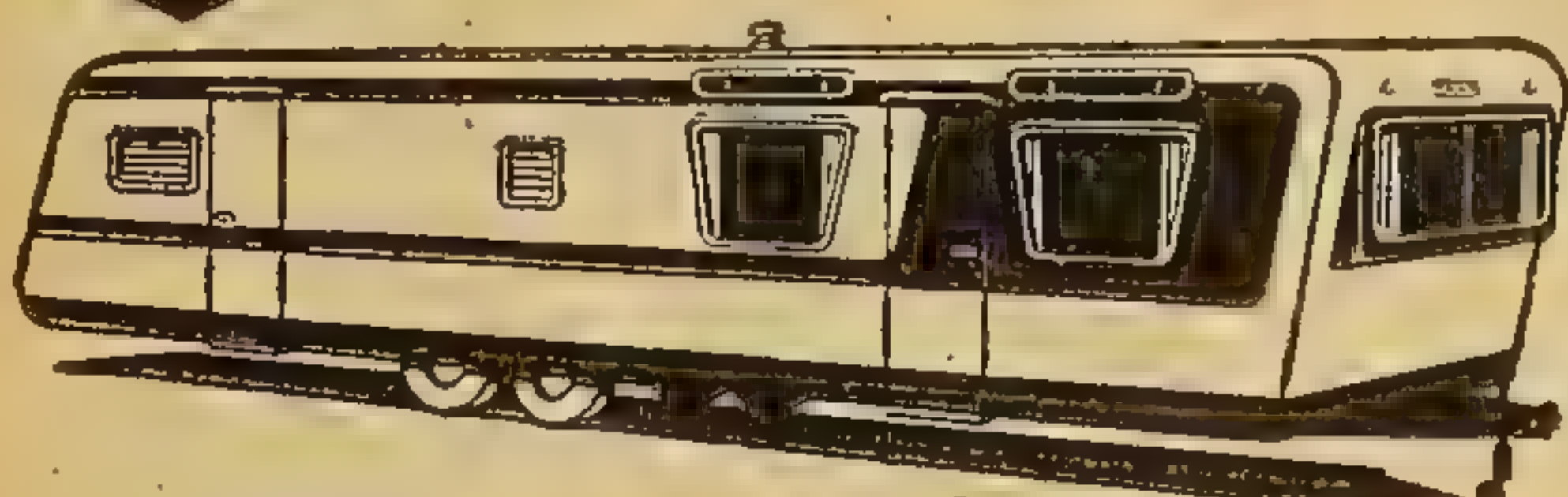
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"I suspect I was lucky," he says. "Because I was big the kids left me alone. It was a good thing. I was not aggressive or belligerent. Maybe by their standards I was a sissy. I don't know. I remember—we lived once across the street from a family of five boys, all rough and tough. I used to cross the street before I came to their house. One day I forgot and ran head on into the most hard-boiled one. To my great surprise—and relief—he quickly crossed the street. Later, they told me that all the time I was afraid of them, they were afraid of me!"

Jeff Chandler has never hit a man in his life, except for his faked scripts for the cameras. He learned to box for *The Iron Man* but he would rather remain a spectator. And while he played some football and basketball in school his real joy in sports is baseball. He played sand lot ball all his youth and became a fervent fan.

All his life Jeff Chandler has had ambitions, interests and desires that had no connection with his naturally husky body. He traveled a lonely path as a boy and he still travels it as a man, prodded on by a feeling of obligation and guilt. "I'm still not up to what I've become," he observes at times, adding cryptically, "and yet what I've become isn't enough for what I should be."

FRUGALITY IS so ingrained in Jeff that his happiness over a good trade or bargain sometimes backfires.

Jeff was having dinner with a girl he had known in drama school fourteen years ago, now happily married in the East and visiting Hollywood for the first time. It happened that he had recently acquired his first Cadillac, a distress sale car which he got at a sizable discount. Excited about it, he mentioned the price to his friend—only \$4,300 for a \$5,300 car.

"Why," she exclaimed, "the down-payment on our house was a lot less than that!" The thrill of the new car was destroyed and he felt guilty as he drove it home. Jeff's personal wardrobe is built around six suits he had tailored for his first out-of-costume role in *Because of You* only three years ago. He waited until then to properly outfit himself and bought the suits at half-price from his studio. He likes to roam around hardware stores. Not long ago a five-way tool called a shopsmith and priced at \$229 caught his eye. He strolled by admiring it for five days, telling himself wistfully, "I wish I could afford it." One day he stopped still and said aloud, "What am I saying? I can afford it!" So he bought it. Jeff's business manager is always telling him, "You ought to spend more money!"

Jeff's thrift flies out the window where

others are concerned. His alimony and support settlement was very generous. Around his studio he is known as a cotton-soft touch. For ten pictures he co-starred with actors making twice what he made without a squawk. "Jeff," says one friend, "wants to own the world—so he can give it away."

This trait is a hangover from Jeff Chandler's boyhood, which he perhaps ponders too much. The result is an idealistic, socially conscious, and somewhat conscience-tortured man whose past is always cropping up to influence his present. For instance, although he was an adoring dad to both his little girls, Jamie and Dana, Jeff could never bring himself to buy them a pet. When he was a little boy his pup got sick and he watched it die, unable to help it. He has shied from owning any kind of pet since.

JEFF CHANDLER, despite his formidable appearance and assured manner, is a shy, sentimental and self-critical character. That's why many of the legends about him don't stand up. The lone wolf idea has been wishfully tacked on him ever since it was known he was having trouble at home. Because Jeff has sought companionship with women (and except for publicity, premières and such, they are almost all women he has met professionally or known before) it is widely hinted that he is a quiet but deadly operator in the romance field.

Actually, Jeff Chandler verges on being a social flop—and has been more or less all his life. As Tony Curtis, one of his best friends, says, "You say 'hello' to Jeff at a party—and when you try to say 'good-bye' he isn't there." Publicity people who have tried to pair him with young actresses for Hollywood affairs testify that it's difficult. Only when he calls on his good friends, Janet and Tony, Patti and Jerry Lewis, or Sheila and Gordon MacRae (whom he knew way back in his Millpond Playhouse days) are his visits relaxed and easy.

This has been baffling to predatory ladies. Usually they have been kept at a distance despite their persistent efforts.

Jeff is no hermit nor has he ever been, although he says "I'm not even thinking about marriage again." He always has been a one-girl man. When prodded about his early romantic dreams he says, "They weren't romantic, nor adventurous. The dream I had was always the same. It was of a depression kid—like me—meeting and marrying a poor girl and together struggling out of poverty and obscurity to riches and high position." That, in effect, is the dream that he made come true—only to lose it—and ironically because of

THE GOOD HUMOR MAN



Liz gets ice cream from Lou.

My route as a Good Humor Man once took me past a beach. One day a flock of kids came running over, dragging along a young girl and shouting, "Oh, Paul, we want you to meet a movie actress!" I thought it was a joke and said, "Hello, what's the name?" "Elizabeth Taylor!" they yelled. Giving her a slap on the back that almost keeled her over, I said, "Glad to meet you, Elizabeth, I'm Clark Gable." Then I gave her an ice cream cup. As I was on my way home that night, a lady came out of one of the cottages and asked, "Are you Paul?" I replied that I was and she said, "My niece, Elizabeth Taylor, said she met you today. She's visiting me." I wish I had given her a pint!

Paul G. Boyle, Sr.
New Haven, Connecticut

the struggle. There are so many reasons for every marriage failure that no one can pinpoint a single cause. Jeff's boyhood can supply a clue. Even then his all-absorbing devotion to one particular responsibility caused other responsibilities to suffer, quite without intention.

UNTIL HE was a sophomore in high school he was a leader at school, wrapped up in a dozen activities and outlets that he enjoyed. But that year his grandfather's slow death from cancer, coupled with hard times all around, forced his mother to open a small candy store in their home. Jeff was called on to help out after school. He dropped all his scholastic ambitions and activities. He was a great help to his family, but to do that he abandoned everything else. There are strong hints that this is why Jeff and Marge found their marriage in conflict with his career.

At that divorce hearing, Marjorie Hoshelle said, "We could never come to any agreement or compromise . . . He said he was fond of me but found it impossible to live with me because of the many con-

feel I'm accomplishing something." Jeff's office is next to Meyer's and they work as a business team.

His picture scripts are neatly bound in leather on shelves, efficient gadgets are carefully aligned on his desk, his files are in shape and the walls neatly decorated with his various awards, his sketches of baseball heroes and photographs of his two daughters. In one drawer is a carefully stacked pile of the children's drawings and their notes to him over the years—a crayon coloring labeled "This is a cat" or a bunny effort and the scrawl "To Daddy—for making all Easters very happy." Jeff has sentimentally saved all these and plans to bind them neatly in books. He sees the girls once a week.

JEFF LIVES in an apartment in Westwood Village although he's usually there only to sleep and not often for that. Because he has been racketing off in all directions breaking ground for his projects. Recently he tape-recorded 200 spot announcements to be played by disc jockeys all over the country with his record, which has already reached the 125,000 sale mark and needs only a few thousand more to make him an official hit as a crooner. He has been commuting to San Francisco to raid the *Chronicle* files for his radio reporter series, due to start in the fall. He has just finished *Sign Of The Pagan*, one of U-I's first CinemaScope productions.

This gives Jeff Chandler a program of all work and very little play—but that doesn't bother him. He never has been able to mix work and play. When Jeff went to Italy for his third picture, *Deported*, he might as well never have left home. He saw only Naples, where the picture was filmed. He has contemplated no other foreign scenery except the bleak Aleutians where he served two years at a lonely anti-aircraft outpost during his four-year Army service. "Some day," he occasionally promises himself, "I'm going to take off in a new car to tour America, all by myself. I'll go where I please, see what I like and stay as long as I want wherever it's interesting. I won't be in a hurry and I won't give a damn." That's probably just talk. The only place Jeff has been known to relax is Apple Valley, up on the Mojave Desert. He hasn't had any regular exercise since he played right field for the Martin and Lewis "Aristocrats" softball team. His pals seldom suggest tennis or golf any more. They know what he will say: "Too busy."

"But," shrugs Jeff Chandler, "you can't do everything you want and have everything you want at the same time. I don't know whether everything I'm trying will be a success or a flop. It's really not important. I do know that if you don't make a bid for everything you feel you can do, you're a failure, any way you look at it. You've got to get things out of your system. I've always wanted to know more about music, I've always wanted to sing. If I hadn't made this record, there would still be plenty of things in my life to fill it. But since I have and there's a certain success to the effort, why, that makes more things to do and it makes everything else I try easier. Everything could change for me in thirty seconds, but right now I feel that I'm getting somewhere at last."

THAT'S A curious statement from a man who has just seen his home break up under the pressure of an expanding career. But Jeff Chandler can't help himself. This is his last chance to prove to himself what he believed as a boy—that he is different, special, above the crowd. It's his last chance to write that novel that he plotted years ago, not with a pencil but by living it—but its title might be, *The Lonesome Road*.

END



SIC TRANSIT DOROTHY

During a War Bond Rally in 1944 or 1945 Dorothy Lamour visited my home town, Lawrence, Massachusetts. She was scheduled to make a speech in the park opposite Lawrence High School, so during recess we all went over. After the speech, Miss Lamour gave out autographs and everyone was wild with excitement. I had no paper except my Latin homework with me, so I handed her that to sign. She smiled and took it and just then was whisked away into a waiting car, Latin paper and all. I still wonder what happened to it!

Mrs. Marie Sibonia
San Francisco, California

flicts . . ." Yet Jeff had known Marge since 1941 when they were both in little theatre work around Illinois. Their romance grew out of two careers. It was Marjorie who helped Jeff learn the Hollywood ropes, bore him two children, shared his life for eight years. Yet the harassments of married life along with those of his professional existence took too high a toll. No other woman nor any other man entered into the rift.

Jeff yearns to have his life perpetually in order. Since he became a star he has tried to discipline himself. He diets religiously and is almost a teetotaler ("Soda pop tastes better"). He dresses more like a broker than an actor. He showers twice a day, keeps his tight, wiry thatch cropped once a week (barbers recently voted him "America's best male head of hair"). He is meticulous about appointments and worries considerably about a tendency to procrastinate, which business friends say he does not do.

Every day when he is not making a picture and is not out of town, Jeff reports to himself at his office bright and early like any businessman. "I like to play 'office,'" he admits. "It makes me

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pat crowley

(Continued from page 54) "I don't know about you two but I'll never even make it to Sunday sitting around in my room," she said. "Why wait and suffer? We all have expense accounts from the studio. The least we can do is have a good time in California while they make up their minds. Let's have dinner together. Let's hire a car. Let's have a wonderful weekend instead of a terrible one!"

The girls she was talking to, Sally Hester, who is now in Europe, and Christine White, again working in the East, not only cheered Pat but blessed her. The three dined together that night. They rented a car and on Friday they were sunning themselves in the emerald waters off Laguna Beach. By Saturday they were dancing in U. S. Navy officer territory at the Coronado Hotel, on San Diego Bay. Sunday afternoon they hunted souvenirs in Tijuana, Mexico, sat in briefly at the bullfight arena, and that night, their money gone but their nerves in fine shape, they drove back to Hollywood.

On Monday when the studio notified them that Pat had won, nobody fainted. Sally and Christine offered congratulations, and Pat kept repeating dazedly, "I didn't think I had a chance! I just came out for the plane ride!"

ACTUALLY, the decision wasn't so astounding. Even if Pat was only eighteen then she had already been in a number of plays, including two Broadway flops, and any number of TV shows, not excluding a thirty-nine week run in the lead role of *A Date With Judy*. But she wasn't thinking of this. She was thinking all the way back to a small, hard-coal mining town in Pennsylvania where she was born, and finding it hard to believe that the road she took out of there could lead to such a dream-like destination.

The picture for which the girls had tested was *Forever Female*. Before Pat had even finished this one her studio had her working in a Martin and Lewis starrer, *Money From Home*. She not only did a fine job in this production, but not once did Jerry Lewis let fire with his water pistol at her. Soon afterward she was cast in her first Technicolor musical, *Red Garters*, with Rosemary Clooney, Guy Mitchell, Jack Carson and Joanne Gilbert. And, it might be added, Pat, who said she came out to Hollywood just for the plane ride, got a lot more rides. The studio sent her out on personal appearance tours, one schedule binding her to visit thirty-five cities in thirty-five days.

On these trips Pat took part in radio broadcasts, telecasts, stage shows, industry dinners, cocktail parties and, of course, a whole series of civic functions. She used to have to talk so much about

herself that at night she would tumble into bed hating the name of Pat Crowley. Yet she will appear this summer in the little theatre presentation of *Hazel Flagg* at the Dallas State Fair. Such energy and ambition have not always been characteristic of Pat.

More than a hundred newspaper men around the country, and almost as many disc jockeys, have interviewed her since she got into movies, and almost all have pictured her as a youngster who dreamed unceasingly about making good, then schemed and fought her way to grabbing distance of the top with grim determination. It's not what she tells them but that's what they tell their audiences.

THE WAY IT happened really is that Pat drifted into show business, nudged every now and then by her sister Ann, who is three years older and who had worked in Broadway shows as a singer at fourteen. "Left alone I think I'd have been a nurse," says Pat. "It still sounds good to me."

Nurses became a factor in Pat's life early because she was the kind of little girl who is always sick. Not only did the minor ailments of children befall her; colic, measles, flu, croup and a whole series of poxes, but also diseases which generally wait around for a person to grow up before trying to kill her. Double pneumonia, for instance. She had it three times before she was nine.

All this took place in Olyphant, a coal and mill town near Scranton, of less than 10,000 people. Her father, Vincent Crowley, now in the coal and oil business in New York, was then a section foreman in one of the anthracite mines. Pat loved the house they lived in and thought (and still thinks) its location was romantic. A branch line of the railroad ran right past the front door, and, she points out, "You could sit on your own steps and wave to the engineer!"

Her first boy friend, Bill Sweeney, the undertaker's son, does not appear to have been very considerate of Pat's frailty. When they were both about eight he introduced her to corn silk cigarettes. Pat was so ill that for a while it looked as though she would come unglued altogether. To make up to Pat for this, Bill came through with an oft-made but never-before-kept promise—he sneaked Pat into his father's establishment and showed her the corpses in the cellar. This, oddly enough, failed to upset Pat at all.

AS A CHILD, her enforced absences from her playmates were so prolonged that they used to have to re-identify her each time she showed up again—usually by her relationship to her older and much healthier sister. "Here comes Ann Crowley's little sister Pat," they'd say. Last winter she went back to Olyphant for the world premiere of *Forever Female*, and

IT HAPPENED TO ME

One day during the filming of the picture, *Frogmen*, I was standing near the West Indian Company Dock, discussing movie stars with a friend. A man stopped by and joined the conversation. We talked for about fifteen minutes and I asked him, "Do you like Richard Widmark?" "No," he said. I said that I didn't either and he said he'd better be going. He gave me a card and when he had left, I looked at it. It said, "Yours truly, Richard Widmark." He has been a favorite of mine ever since.

Augustine Edwards
St. Thomas, Virgin Islands

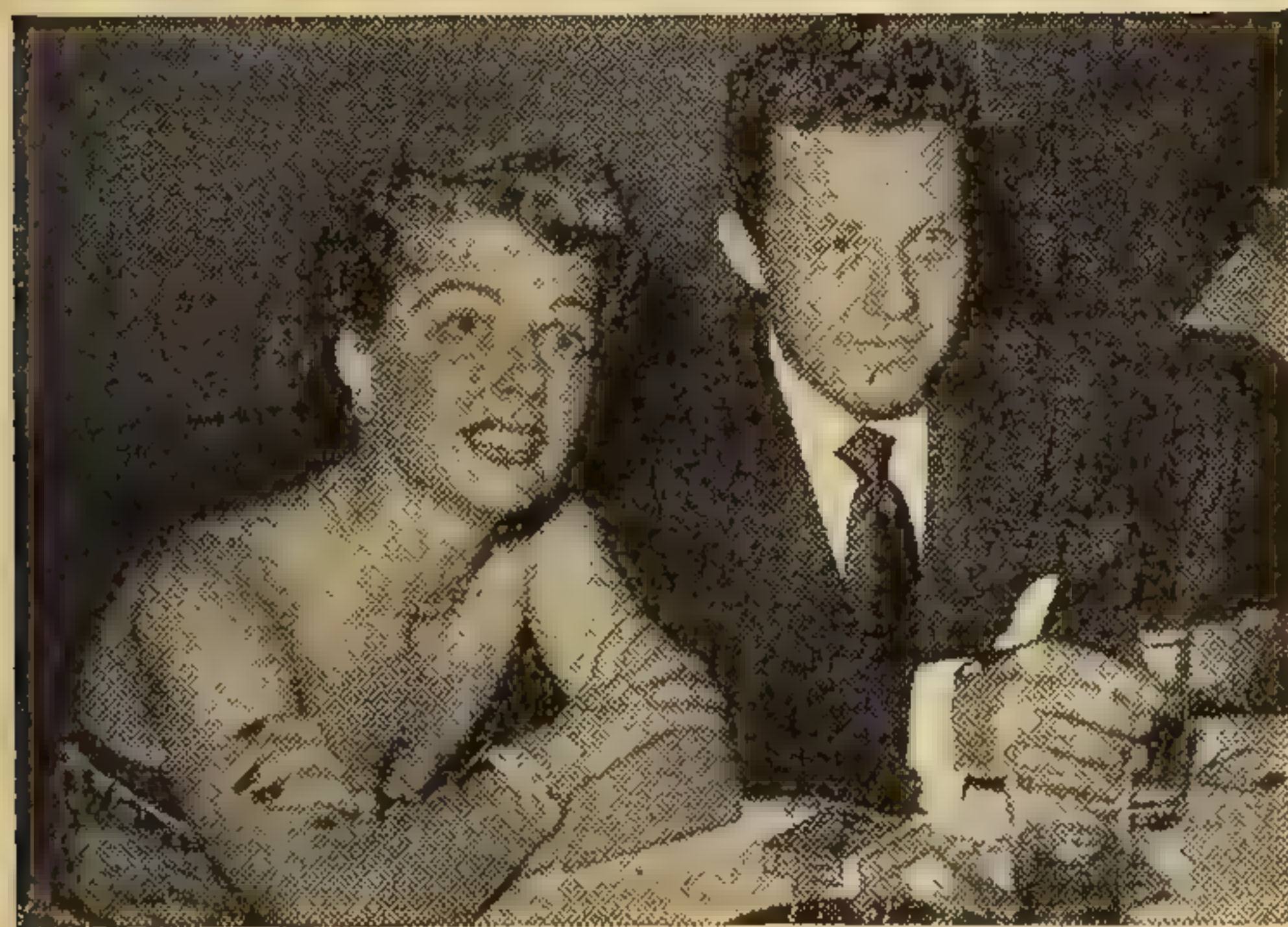


from the crowd came the old cry: "There she is—Ann Crowley's little sister Pat! Can you imagine her a movie star?"

Once Pat got past nine, incidentally, her body seemed to do a flip-flop as far as susceptibility was concerned. Now she's resistant to everything. It is rare for her to catch so much as a cold.

When older sister Ann was twelve she went to New York for voice training, and lived with an aunt there. Pat decided that if Ann could be a singer, she was undoubtedly a dancer. She talked her parents into letting her take ballet and "moderne." Her teacher told her she had a very flexible body.

A year later there was word of fine



LEGAL AGE

In 1946 Ann Sheridan appeared in Lansing, Michigan, with the Ringling Brothers, Barnum and Bailey Circus. She and John Ringling North and some other people connected with the circus stopped in a downtown night-spot for a glass of beer and some sandwiches. To everyone's delight (including Miss Sheridan's) the waitress flatly refused to bring Ann a glass of beer until she had proved that she was over twenty-one!

Mrs. Carl Doxie
Lansing, Michigan

promise being shown by Ann and the family decided to move to New York in two sections, Pat and her mother going first, and her father following soon afterward. A year after that Ann was singing in *Oklahoma!* and in subsequent years playing leads in Broadway musicals.

PAT KEPT UP her dancing in New York. She auditioned for New York's High School of Performing Arts and was accepted as a ballet student.

As Pat reached her junior miss size, she was certainly taking on attractiveness. When she walked into the office of the head of a certain model agency looking for work he took one look at her and said yes, even though his name was Harry Conover and he had hundreds of models. But there was a sour note; although she was putting all she had into her dancing she was beginning to get a feeling that body flexibility was one thing and being a good dancer was another. Maybe, whispered a little voice inside her, she should never have passed up the nursing idea!

THEN ANN, with a true, sisterly double edge, pointed out something intriguing. Pat, she recalled, had been quite a little snitch as a youngster, never taking the blame herself and avoiding it with such a flow of language that no one else could get in a countercharge. Of course, Ann went on quickly, this was no longer true of Pat, but if she thought she could remember the kind of girl she was and portray such a character on the stage, she might find a summer theatre job.

Naturally, Pat first denied Ann's accusations (and she swears she hardly ever snitches on anyone these days) but said

she was willing to try out for the part anyway, just to show her good sportsmanship. Two days later the director of the Fayetteville Playhouse, just outside of Syracuse, New York, was listening to Pat read the lines which are spoken by Dinah, the brat-sister in *The Philadelphia Story*. When she finished he beamed with delight and said she would make the nastiest Dinah he had ever heard. Pat, whose personal nature today is really rated very much on the sunny side, gulped and signed. When the play, with Diana Barrymore starring, opened and won good notices, which included words of praise for Pat as well, she got a completely new feeling about her future. For the first time in her life she felt that she actually might get somewhere if she tried—and she thought she would try now as hard as she could.

She was still attending school, but this did not stop her from picking up any engagements that might be filled evenings and weekends. She was only thirteen when she had a walk-on bit in *Carousel* in which Ann played the ingénue lead. Television, for the most part, was still rough and ready, production-wise, and there was more work than reward for the actors, but Pat got started and stayed with it. She had a reputation as a girl who could register quick affability in front of the tv camera and who didn't run out of aplomb when things went wrong, as they often did. (She still has that reputation. On a Lux radio program she twisted an endorsement so that instead of saying "I love to Lux" it came out "I Lux to love." A laugh and a quick correction took care of the faux pas.)

TWICE PAT got into new Broadway shows in her early teens only to have both productions die from the box office staggers. There were weeks and sometimes months when no one wanted Pat for anything—stage, tv, modeling, or demonstrating refrigerators. But by now she had a feeling of destiny.

A good break came in the long *Date With Judy* contract, but she believes her luckiest day was the one when she heard that the Westport Playhouse in Connecticut planned a summer theatre presentation of *The Philadelphia Story* starring Sarah Churchill and Jeffrey Lynn. She hurriedly mailed copies of her notices as Dinah in her Fayetteville engagement and asked if she could read for the role. Not until the company was well into rehearsal, and she had given up hope, did word return to her. It was a wire and it urged her to come at once.

Her career took wings then. The interest that was being shown in her work at Westport was not only academic, meaning that critics had pleasant comment, it was professional, meaning that agents foresaw her future slowly turning to gold, or U. S. legal tender for same.

Summer ended, and Pat went back to school for her last term, legally represented as an artist by the well-known Gus Schirmer. One of his first accomplishments was to win for her the Deanna Durbin role in the tv version of *3 Smart Girls*. When Paramount started looking for a new girl to go into the *Forever Female* picture, Schirmer had no trouble arranging for her to be one of those tested. And Ann Crowley's little sister Pat got the studio's nod.

FOR HER FIRST few months in Hollywood Pat, like many newcomers, worked hard and played none. She lived alone in a small apartment, did her own cooking, took the bus to the studio. In due time she got thoroughly bored with the whole routine. She knew what was missing. It was that form of companionship defined

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in simple terms as “boys.” Pat now has escorts in Hollywood and loves to go out. Her dates have included Vic Damone and Tab Hunter. These are her western boys. Perhaps her heart turns tenderest when she thinks of two young men she has known for years in New York, but she won't say which (or perhaps she can't yet).

One of these, Dick Kallman, is a well-known show and nightclub singer. The other is Bill Sapphire, editor-in-chief for Tex McCrary and Jinx Falkenburg, whom Pat has known from her earliest days in New York.

Like many girls in the movies, Pat is beginning to think that the man she marries will be someone in the business. The principal reason is that it is difficult to meet an outsider who can keep on being himself when he meets an actress.

“Something happens to them,” complains Pat. “You will sense that he is a nice boy ordinarily, but now he feels he has to put on some attitude or other because you're in show business. And the funny part of it is that he does it to demonstrate how little your being an actress matters to him. He'll pretend indifference, some-

times he'll take on arrogance, and worst of all is when they make show talk as if they know what it's all about. In any case, you soon realize you're not out with a boy, you're out with an actor—a real ham, too!”

OF COURSE, Pat isn't thinking of getting married right away. There is time yet. She is moving into a new apartment. She has bought herself a new Studebaker in a pastel shade and now nobody ever gets to her place because Pat insists on going over to their places so that she can have an excuse to drive her car. Yet under all this “living” are signs of incipient domesticity. She likes to cook. Her menu for friends she invited to dinner a few weeks ago included broiled steak, a “Shrimp Louie” salad and a cherry cream pie which she baked herself. She keeps talking about Bill and Dick in New York. It is being said also that she has been buying furniture on the side, although the apartment she is renting is a furnished one. Pat denies this. She said she did buy an antique table but that she stuck it in her garage “just to get older!” **END**

the secret romance of marlon and movita

(Continued from page 47) long and hard.

A short while after this party, a magazine came out with an article on Brando. In this article Marlon was libeled an alley-cat who had kicked Movita out of his apartment because she was offensive.

The article went on to say that Movita was so incensed at this behavior that she promptly married someone else. Later when she introduced Marlon to her teenage stepdaughter, the actor immediately moved in and had an affair with the girl.

There is not a grain of truth in this fantastic tale—and Movita is consulting her lawyer about filing a libel suit.

MARLON BRANDO is no angel. Everyone knows that and he is the first to admit it. He is original and exceptional, and for long periods of time, alone and filled with some nameless dissatisfaction, he is driven to seek the help of a psychiatrist. But essentially Marlon Brando is a kind man, a good man and a sensitive man. And it hurts him to know that he is being described as a psychotic bum, callous screwball and a swaggering nut.

When he reads that he loves his pet raccoon Russell more than he loves Movita, he is deeply hurt at such ridiculous lies. And he is amazed and hurt to read that his favorite hobby is carrying heavy cans of garbage to the roof and dumping them on the outdoor diners at Leon and Eddie's, a restaurant in New York.

LAST January, when Marlon had just finished a film in New York, *On The Waterfront*, he was emotionally and physically exhausted. When he works he concentrates with such intensity that at the finish he has no strength left. But MCA, his agent, had signed him for the lead in *The Egyptian*. And 20th Century-Fox wanted to get it started at once.

So Marlon, with no time off, came to Hollywood. The script was ready, and the talented young actor started to learn his lines. He found it difficult. He just couldn't seem to concentrate. He felt badly confused about Movita. He wants to get married. At the same time there is so much of the world he hasn't seen. And he wants his marriage to be perfect, to last forever. The relationship between marriage and freedom, responsibility and recklessness has him puzzled.

He went back to the script. He didn't

like it but a deal's a deal, and he would try to see it through. At the studio he met Jean Simmons and that made it a little better. She would make the lines sound better and raise the level of the performance. His acting would have to compete with hers. He always likes that.

But somehow he couldn't get his heart into the story. As he studied the script, it wouldn't come alive. He would get annoyed with it, then with himself for getting annoyed.

Judy Canova tells about a young boy who accidentally got into the casino room at a hotel in Las Vegas and put a dime into a slot machine. The boy hit the jackpot, and after all the coins had fallen, he started to kick the machine. An attendant came over, told him he was too young to be in the room and asked him to leave.

“I'm not going,” the little boy shouted, still kicking the machine, “until I get my candy bar.”

Sidney Skolsky in
The New York Post

He had been annoyed before in Hollywood when he had expected to be able to help some of his friends with small roles and he had been embarrassed when they did not come through as promised.

Marlon just couldn't concentrate on *The Egyptian*. He was mentally disturbed, and on January 24 he returned to New York. The next day he reported to Dr. Mittlemann for psychiatric help. The doctor telegraphed the studio that Marlon Brando would not be able to work for a period of at least ten weeks.

WHEN THE WIRE arrived at the studio, the front office boys blew their tops. Said one, “He won't get away with it. We're going to sue. We're going to recover the exact amount our auditors find the studio has lost and will lose through the delay in the production he has caused. We can't understand the boy. Only a week ago he participated in a cast rehearsal and a reading of the script. The studio is convinced that his failure to appear has nothing whatever to do with the script or his role

in *The Egyptian*. The studio is compelled to protect its large investment."

In New York, Brando heard about this. So they're going to sue him? Well, they'll have to find him first. How much are they going to sue for? Two million? Four million? He can't make that picture. He's tired. But how can you calm down when you're dodging process servers?

One night a man came to the door of his apartment. "I have an announcement," the man said, "about your nomination for the Academy Award."

Brando smiled and opened the door. Quick as a flash, the little man slapped a summons into his hand. "I'm a process server. Consider yourself served."

He was furious. How could he have been so stupid? Vanity. Pure vanity. Thought he'd won an Oscar for *Julius Caesar*. All he'd won was a summons.

That night Marlon told Movita about the summons. She laughed. He laughed. Movita told him not to worry. Lew Wassermann would take care of everything. Lew is at the MCA Hollywood office. The thing would work out. The studio needed someone to play Napoleon in *Desirée*. If Marlon played in *Desirée*, all would be forgiven. Marlon felt better.

Movita advised Marlon to relax. Why not take a walk along 57th Street? As they walked, Marlon realized it had been three years since Joy Lamont first introduced him to Movita in Taxco. He decided to celebrate with a party and give her a token of his love. A ring—that's what he would like to give her.

Marlon gave his party for Movita and because it made her happy, he was happy, too. But the happiness was short-lived.

A FEW NIGHTS afterward, a call came from his Aunt Olive in Pasadena. "Don't get alarmed, Bud, but your mother is sick. She and your dad stopped by here on their way back from Mexico. The doctor says it's an attack of high blood pressure. He put her in the hospital."

The Brando family is very close. Bud has always adored his two older sisters, "Frannie" and "Tid" (real names, Frances and Jocelyn), and all three children have always admired and loved their parents.

While Marlon was in New York under psychiatric treatment and was being sued for \$4,000,000, his mother was slowly dying.

Night after night Marlon was told of her condition but usually in optimistic terms. Finally, when all attempts had been made to save Mrs. Dorothy Brando and she was not responding, Marlon was told that he should fly to the coast.

The day he left New York, another magazine article accused him of breaking up the marriage of actress Roberta Haynes and his own agent, Jay Kanter. In this article, Brando was branded a boy who spent all his spare time abusing Movita and a few dozen other girls.

Bud and his two sisters, Mrs. Eliot

Asanof (Tid) and Mrs. Richard Loving (Frannie) arrived in Pasadena before their mother died on March 31.

Two weeks later, Marlon's cousin, Myles Gahan, was killed in a plane crash north of Sacramento. Tim Gahan, thirty, was not only Bud's cousin but because they were the same age, they had been inseparable boyhood pals. Tim was an American Airlines pilot who had been called back into the Air Force Reserve. He had cracked up while testing a jet.

The effect of these two deaths on Marlon was devastating. He cried for days. And it was Movita who saw him through his sorrow. It was she who encouraged him to return to the studio for two more pictures, *Desirée* and *The Life Of Edwin Booth*.

Her reward?

ONE MAGAZINE said, "Movita is old enough to be Brando's mother." Another described her as "a man-crazy Latin."

According to Movita, "I never gave any interviews to these writers, so how could they possibly know my thoughts, my attitudes, my ways? Practically everything written about me has been wrong."

Movita Castaneda was born on a train in 1921 between Sonora, Mexico, and Nogales, Arizona. She was educated in a Los Angeles parochial school and later attended Fairfax High School in Hollywood. She is one of eight daughters and two sons.

SHE GOT INTO show business by accident. When she was thirteen she accompanied the dancers Rosita & Moreno to San Francisco. Movita was asked to substitute for a sick performer.

"Just go out on the floor with your guitar," she was told, "and sing."

Pandro Berman, an RKO producer, caught the act and believed that Movita was old enough to work. He offered her \$125 a week to play in *Flying Down To Rio*. Over parental objections, Movita accepted.

She wasn't happy at RKO. Dolores Del Rio was there at the time, and apparently Dolores had the idea that Movita was being groomed as her successor. Movita quit the movies and went back to school. But a few months later MGM asked her to test for *Mutiny On The Bounty*. When Irving Thalberg saw the test, he hired her.

Movita was fourteen when she made *Mutiny* and fifteen when she met Jack Doyle, an Irish prizefighter, at a party.

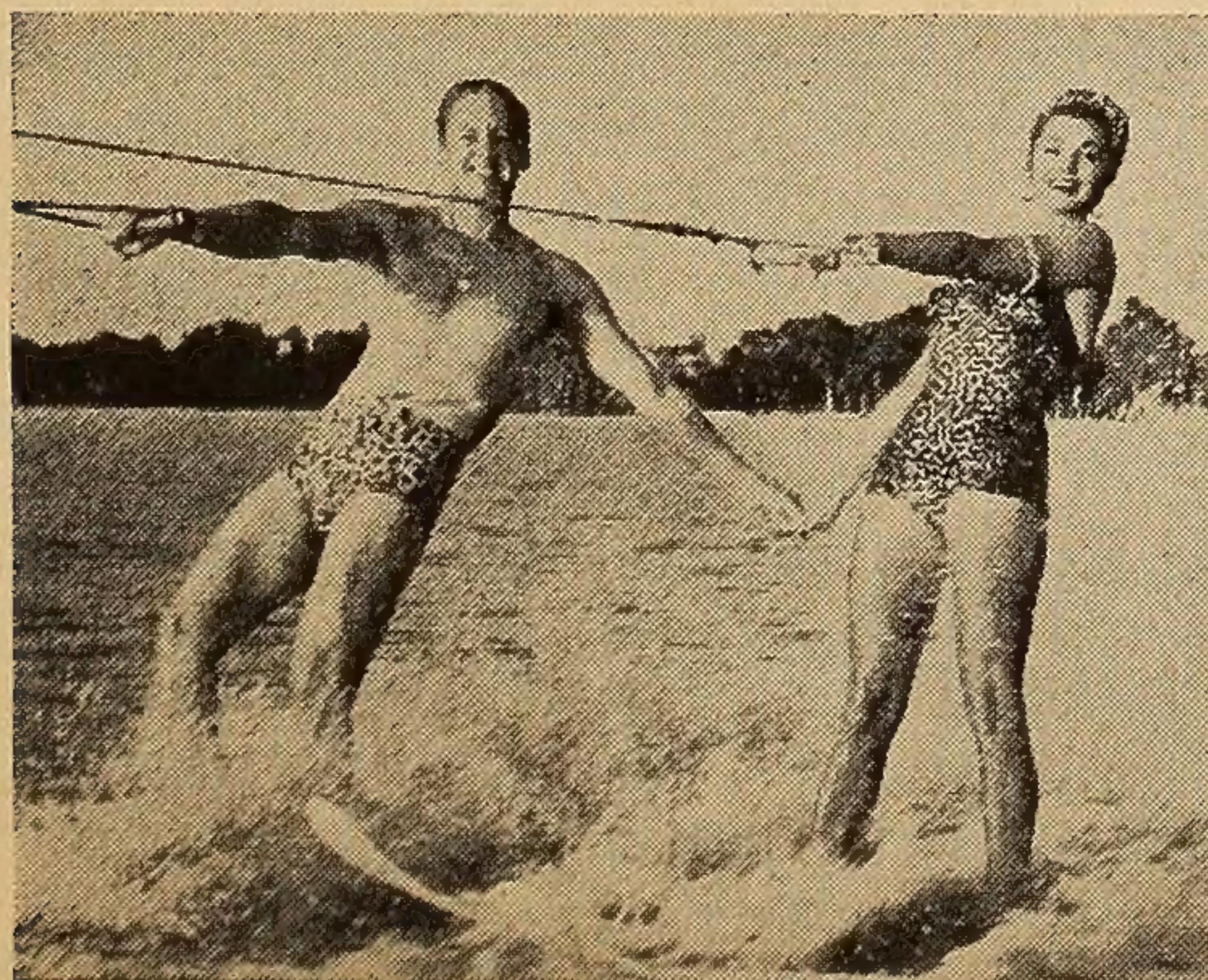
DOYLE WASN'T much of a pugilist but Movita found him irresistible. "After all," she says, "I was very young and naive. He was very handsome and romantic. I believed everything he said. We were married twice, once in Ensenada and once in Dublin!" They were in Britain in 1939 and in London in the blitz.

In 1941, when Movita was six months pregnant, she was bombed out of her home. She lost that child. In 1942 when she was pregnant again her husband sent her

GENIUS RUBS OFF

Last summer while we were riding in an outrigger canoe off Waikiki Beach, our canoe was called upon to rescue several passengers from a canoe which had just been swamped. We helped two frightened women and a gentleman aboard, but there was not enough room for the fourth person. We implored the redheaded, freckle-faced man to hang on to the back of the canoe, but Van Johnson swam easily alongside and said, "Don't worry about me—I've worked with Esther Williams!"

Cornelia Fitch
Seattle, Washington



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Margo's two Eddies . . . Mel Ferrer fetes Audrey Hepburn . . . John Daly's blind spot . . .

to Southampton. There was no escape. Southampton was bombed and Movita was reported dead. But they picked her up out of the rubble, hardly alive. Again she lost her child.

In 1944, after five years of marriage, Movita and Jack Doyle decided to separate.

"We just couldn't get along. He was nice but he was essentially a playboy. His friends didn't appeal to me. So I joined ENSA, the English equivalent of our USO, and I toured the front entertaining troops. I did some picture work, too."

In 1947 Movita returned to Hollywood. She played a few feature roles and then went south to visit her relatives. Back and forth she went between Hollywood and Mexico, working in films sometimes.

In Taxco, Mexico, one afternoon when Fox was getting ready to start *Zapata*, Movita was introduced to Marlon Brando.

BRANDO HAD come down to Mexico early in order to study the Mexican people. He is a perfectionist, and before playing a Mexican, he wanted to immerse himself in the Mexican community.

Joy Lamont, one of Movita's friends, knew Marlon before he came to Taxco. It was she who introduced them in the town square. They took to each other at once and this attraction developed into love. When Marlon went back to Hollywood Movita went, too.

Movita never tried to take advantage of Marlon's fame, never insisted on recognition as his companion. Both of them avoided reporters like the plague.

When Marlon went to New York, Movita followed. He introduced her to his friends and to his family. Everyone liked her then and they like her now.

One of his friends says about Movita, "I honestly think she's done more for Brando than practically anyone. She's matured him. She's showed him understanding. At a time when the gossip columnists were calling him nuts and creating anecdotes about his strange behavior, she was telling him that there was nothing wrong with him, that every man was stuck with his nature, and that he would have to adapt himself to find happiness.

"Bud is a good guy and Movita is a good girl. They complement each other, need each other. It's a wonderful friendship."

Movita knows when Brando is putting on an act. She realizes that his swaggering behavior is merely compensation for his hypersensitivity.

She loves Marlon for his fundamental goodness. Ask any actress or actor who has played with Brando what they think of him, not as a performer but as a human being. You will get such answers as, "He's the most considerate man I've ever met . . . He doesn't have a selfish bone in his body . . . He will do anything he can to help."

MOVITA SAYS that she has no desire to marry Marlon. "I only want to be his friend, to help him find happiness and integration."

Perhaps she's had enough of marriage. Perhaps not. Either way, she is much too smart to pressure Marlon into a wedding.

"With Marlon," she once said, "things spring from within. His heart tells him what to do, much more than his mind does. Not that he isn't intellectual, because he is—more than people seem to think. But he is the kind of man who obeys his instincts. They are almost always right."

Marlon Brando comes from a happy home. When he gets married he wants that marriage to last. Right now he doesn't know whether or not he has the qualities necessary to make a good marriage.

This is one problem with which no one, possibly not even Movita, can help him. **END**

John Daly is such a free and easy-going guy that you'd never expect him to suddenly turn sensitive. But he does—on one subject. His balding head. John (or Charlie, as all his friends call him) never blows his top about anything but his top. He even blushes when you joke about it. You'd think, considering that he worries about it so much, that he'd get a good toupée. But notice, next time you see *What's My Line?* what a bad one Charlie bought. It's mighty obvious for a man who doesn't want to admit that his hair is going, going, going . . . **Frank Sinatra** is pretty unpredictable, but don't be surprised if he shows up on some of NBC's fancy color "spectaculars" in the fall. He's an old friend of **Pat Weaver**, NBC's boss . . . What's with **Walter Cronkite** and **Eve Hunter**? They may be on competing networks, Walter with CBS's *Morning Show* and Eve with *Home* on NBC, but they certainly look cosy when they're together. Eve, by the way, is doing quite well since leaving a local show in San Francisco and heading for *Home* in New York. She lives in one of those fancy new Park Avenue apartments and she recently bought a yacht! . . . Usually when you read that some star gave up her career for her family, you can take it with a few grains of salt. And that's true of **Margo**. Much as she



loves Eddie Albert, Jr., she surely is glad to be back in show business. Her happiness is the reason **Eddie Albert, Sr.**, worked up a nightclub act with her. He didn't need it; his career has never been in better shape, thanks to all his leading roles on tv. But Margo hadn't worked in a long time, and she needed Eddie's help to get her back in the swim. The ironic part is that he wants her to get big, fat, heavy dramatic parts, and he had to put her on the road back to success by singing and dancing with her. Margo has gained a bit of weight in the last few years, incidentally, and her hair is now very red. A hairdressing trick she uses could help lots of people who have to roll up their hair in a hurry—she puts it up with beer! It's a trick that the movie studios have used for years when a star has to look perfect and doesn't have time for a real setting job. It works, too. It dries very quickly and it doesn't leave any odor at all! . . . Next to **Arthur Godfrey**, the hardest man to get to in tv is **Robert Montgomery**. He may even have Arthur beat, in fact. He never is in, and his staff always claim they don't know where he is or when he will drop around again . . . **Marlon Brando** has never been known for his formality, and his dates are no exception. One night recently, when he was going to an opening night at the theatre, he and his

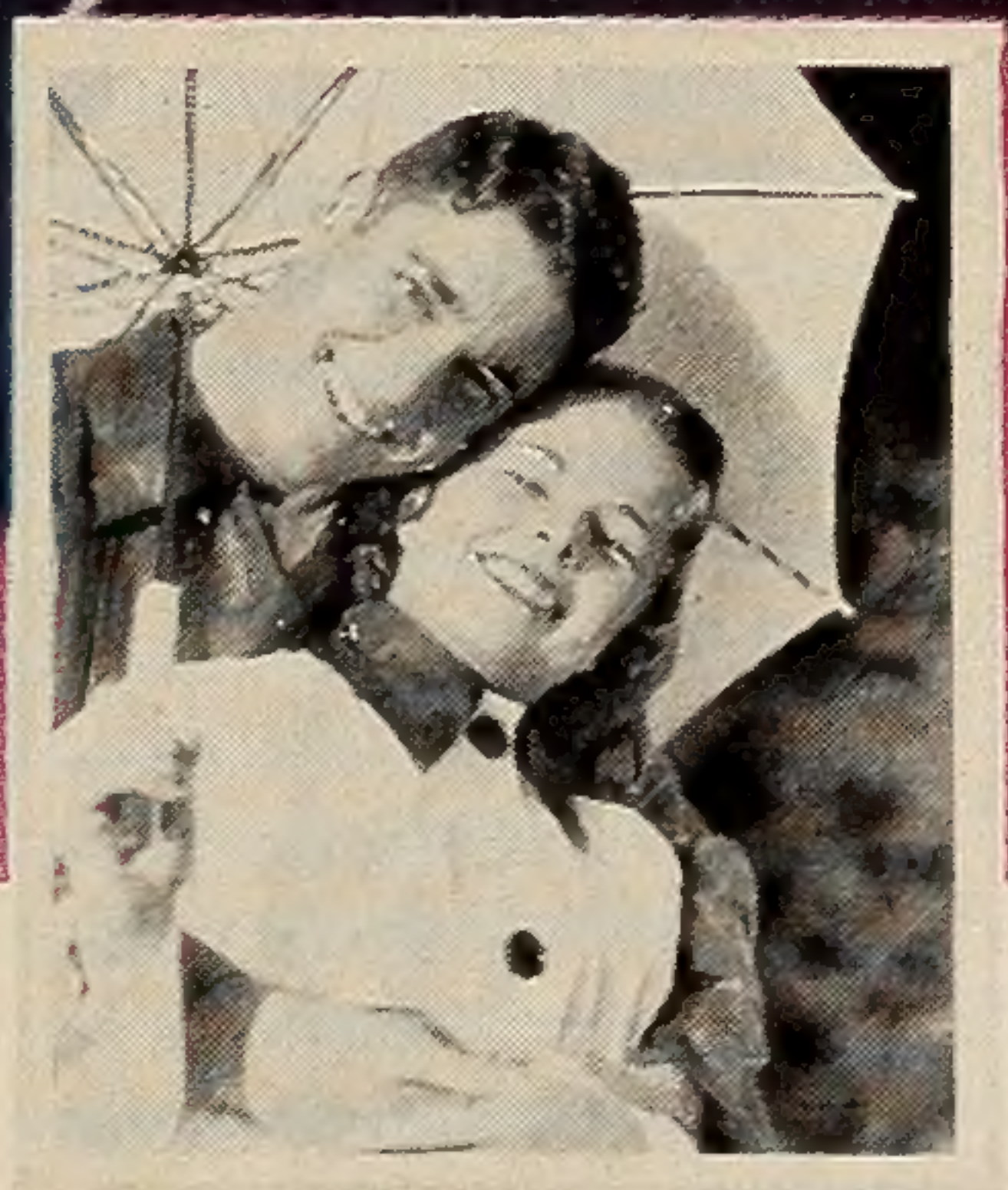
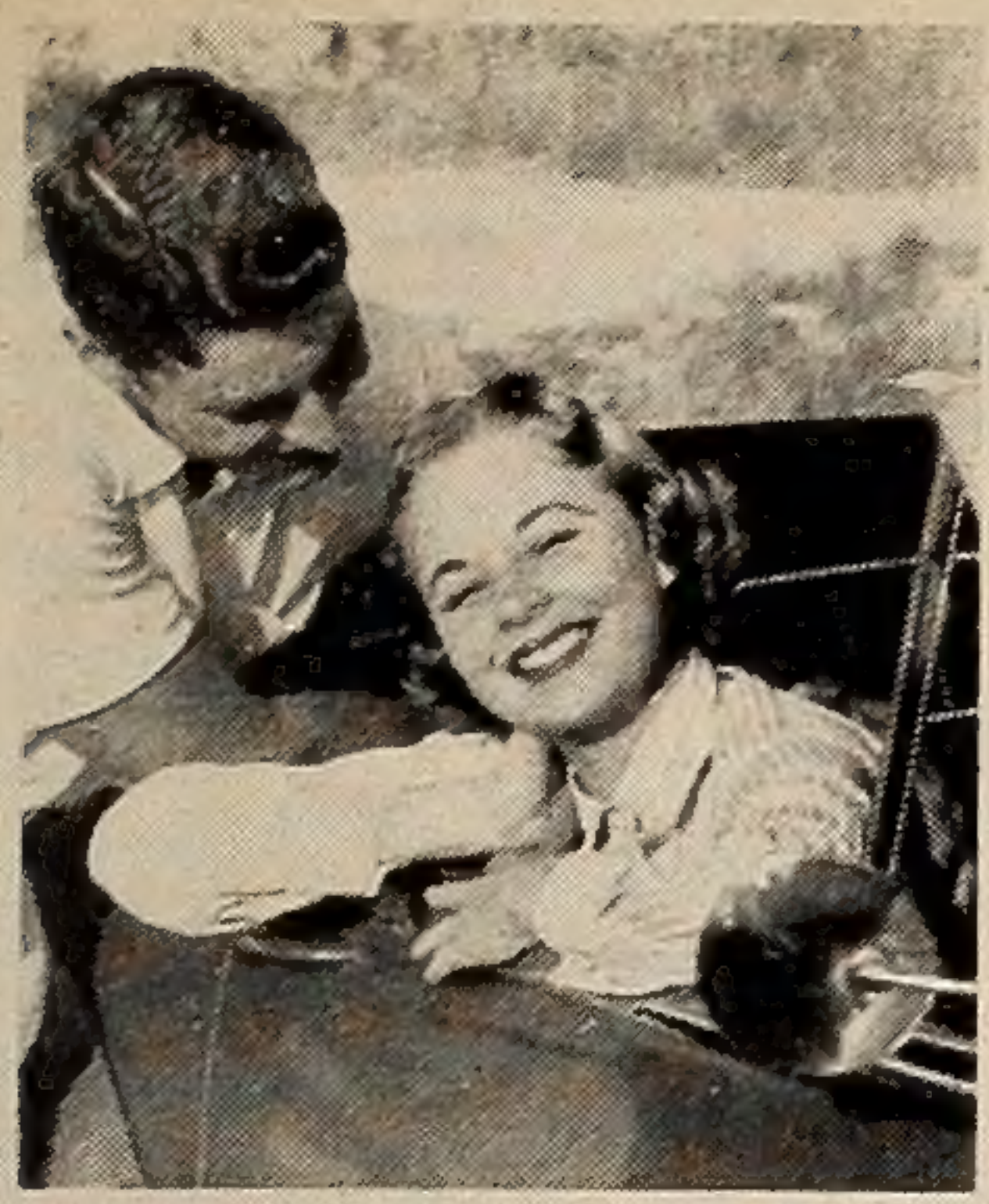
date stood out in the gutter and she combed her hair casually while everyone just gaped.

. . . **Mel Ferrer's** surprise party for **Audrey Hepburn's** birthday (and Audrey swore it was a surprise) was very small, very chic and *not* in Mel's sister's house as was reported in the press. It was in the Ferrer New York town house (he comes, you know, from an old, once-wealthy family) where his brother José lives now. José, of course, is not the José who's married to Rosemary Clooney. No kin . . . **Janis Paige's** career zoomed after she left Hollywood for the stage. And her weight has, too. For her first stage part with **Jackie Cooper**, she had to strip down to black bra and panties, and a mighty fetching picture she was. In *Pajama Game*, she slips off her dress and walks around in a black slip, and you can tell she has been enjoying her lunches at Sardi's . . . Poor **Red Buttons**. He used to have to turn down interviews, he was so swamped with requests. Now he wistfully tells CBS that he's available to anybody who wants to see him. There's isn't a tv personality who rose to such heights so quickly—he was a smash right from his first show—and then slumped so badly. They say that one of his problems is that he's so bossy to his crew. The other people on his show have no voice, and they don't like it. What Red demands, goes. Unfortunately, he isn't always right. . . . Funny, but not all of **Eve Arden's** co-workers think she's the grand girl she seems to be. Some think she's quite the prima donna. Could be sour grapes, of course . . . When you read all those high salary figures, don't believe them completely. Everyone says, for instance, that **Sid Caesar** makes \$25,000 a week. Well, it doesn't say that on his pay check. And that's one reason Sid has separated



from **Imogene Coca**. He didn't own part of *Show of Shows*; NBC did, lock stock and belly laughs. But he does own part of his new solo show . . . You never see **Mary Martin's** husband on tv, but he's in on her tv career all right. **Dick Halliday** runs all her career, in fact. That's all he does. He's her adviser, her guide and her mentor as well as her husband and the father of her little girl, Heller. A tall, slim, grey-haired man with horn-rimmed glasses, Dick even gets up at six or seven to answer her fan mail! And they are two of the most outspoken lovebirds anywhere. You never hear Mary call him Dick, seldom hear her say "Richard." It's "Sweetie" or "Lovey" or "Baby" instead. They talk like newlyweds, after all these years of being married! . . . The main reason **Ed Murrow** is doing *Person To Person* is money. Though he's the highest paid man at CBS taxes eat up most of it.

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